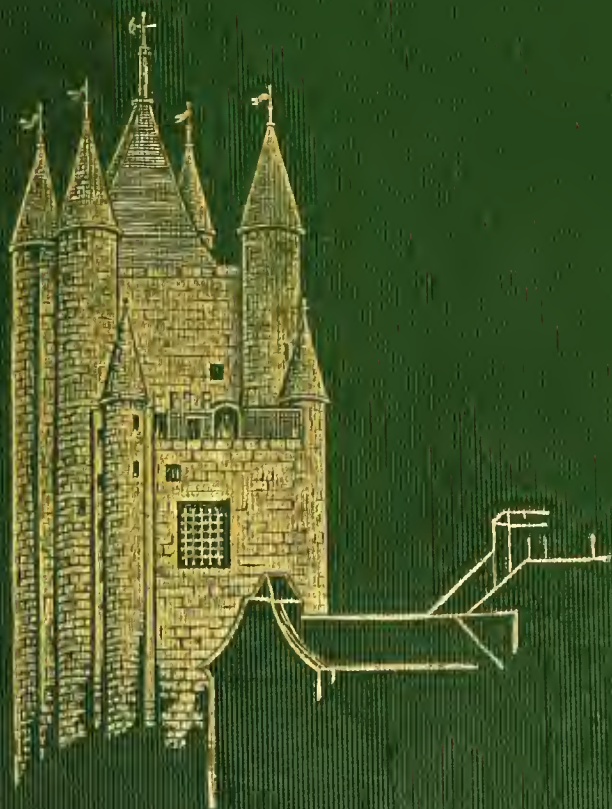


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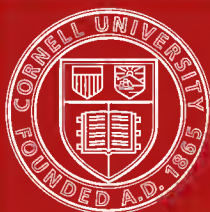
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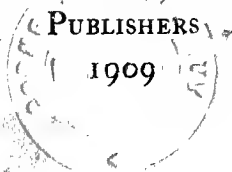


Louis XVII.
From a German Print.

THE KING WHO NEVER REIGNED

BEING MEMOIRS UPON LOUIS XVII BY
ECKARD AND NAUNDORFF WITH A
PREFACE BY JULES LEMAITRE OF THE
ACADÉMIE FRANÇAISE, TOGETHER
WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY
MAURICE VITRAC AND ARNOULD
GALOPIN, TO WHICH IS ADDED JOSEPH
TURQUAN'S "NEW LIGHT UPON THE
FATE OF LOUIS XVII"

NEW YORK
THE JOHN MCBRIDE COMPANY



PREFACE

ONE of the characteristics of our time seems to be curiosity, and especially curiosity about matters of minor importance. Are newspapers responsible for this fact? Or is curiosity answerable for the rage for interviews, tit-bits of information and articles upon topical subjects now so prevalent? Honours are probably divided; at all events the origin is of little importance.

This curiosity concerning past events has helped to insure success to the numerous "Recollections" and "Memoirs" which have been, and are now being, published. The memorialist of old days was a reporter, though he knew it not, for did he not note down daily events and show us celebrities in their homes? And if he was sometimes biassed in his opinions or only told half the truth, after all he was not unlike his *confrère* of to-day.

Another reason for this success is the fact that these memoirs are often quite as dramatic and as exciting as the modern novel; they even possess one distinct advantage, because they are usually true or partly true. Now most readers, now-a-days, love realistic details and what they are pleased to call "dramas in real life."

And thus the taste for history, at least for the history of unimportant events and for amusing anecdotes, such popular subjects for conversation and discussion, became universal. But at the same time, we must confess that many errors and false reports were circulated from time to time by party-men and unscrupulous politicians.

How, then, can we satisfy this taste for the private history of past centuries while strictly keeping to the truth? This question has been answered by those well-known scholars, MM. Maurice Vitrac and Arnould Galopin. Having chosen a celebrated event or personage, they consult some contemporary authority; perhaps they ask the actor himself to make his confession, which confession they verify by other contemporary evidence and complete by numerous documents for which, during the last thirty years, critics have been searching our libraries and archives. And that is not all. Old engravings have been examined, the oldest and rarest have been taken from the portfolios in which they have lain for so many years. And thus, these contemporary drawings, by placing before our eyes the scenery, costumes and gestures of those days, give life and animation to the picture.

Such is the idea of MM. Maurice Vitrac and Arnould Galopin. They have already realized this scheme in a particularly happy manner in a series of volumes upon "*Fouché*," "*La Famille Royale au*

Temple, " *La Régence,*" " *Sous la Terreur,*" " *1814,*" " *Madame de Pompadour,*" " *L'Impératrice Joséphine,*" " *Le Duc de Lauzun,*" etc. We wait impatiently for the continuation of this amusing representation of past events by "Memoirs," engravings and old secrets now revealed for the first time.

JULES LEMAITRE

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INTRODUCTION

THE work which we now publish contains two very distinct and, we might almost say, opposite parts.

The first part comprises Eckard's *Memoirs* upon the captivity and death of Louis XVII, while the second part is composed of Naundorff's *Recollections*. It may be as well to explain why we chose these two works.

Although Eckard's book is no longer very new, it is extremely valuable. Historians who, from time to time, have written about Louis XVII, quote largely from this work ; we may say that these memoirs have formed the basis for all ulterior researches. And it could hardly be otherwise. For Eckard was not content with searching and consulting printed documents and manuscripts treating of this subject ; but he also interrogated numerous survivors of the revolutionary epoch, and thus he learnt, from those qualified to inform him, many details which, but for him, would never have been known. In order to be just, we must confess that, as time went on, several other historians added to the original foundation ; and

the works of De Beauchesne, Chantelauze and La Sicotière contributed in no small measure to the history of the Dauphin, Louis XVII. We are enabled by numerous notes to complete, as much as is necessary, Eckard's text. Thus completed, a new edition of Eckard's *Memoirs* worthily represents the monument erected by eminent historians to the memory of the child in the Temple. These historians, and De Beauchesne in especial, have shown marvellous ingenuity in their researches, and have made use of first-class material. We can see that they had but one object in view, and that object was to search patiently for the truth; and they were aided in this sometimes ungrateful task by their deep affection and pity for this fair-haired child whose last years were so cruelly embittered, and who, familiar with sorrow and already weary of life, sank into the grave at the early age of ten years.

The first portion of our work comprises the life of the Dauphin written by historians who only relate established facts and admit of nothing which has not been proved by reliable documents. This history is scornfully termed "official" by those authors who declare that the little prisoner escaped and survived the cruel treatment to which he had been subjected. If, by this, they mean that the most eminent historians of all nationalities, holding the most opposite opinions, have always declared such an escape impossible, and

that Naundorff and the Dauphin were not the same person, they are right. But we must be just towards the partisans of the theory of escape and survival. Some of these authors have expended an enormous amount of labour, and, in order to sustain their thesis, have tried to rewrite the history of France since the Revolution. Their efforts, however, have not met with all the success expected by them ; after nearly half-a-century of labour they have been unable to produce one single historical proof to support their assertions. Even in a land where “ veiled ladies ”¹ still find people sufficiently credulous to believe their statements, these historians have met with few supporters. They have failed in their task. Why ? Because, even if truth had been on their side, their method of writing history was too faulty. Their judgment was doubly erroneous. They thought that, in order to discover the truth, they need only collect second or third hand evidence : volumes of valueless evidence gain nothing by being placed in juxtaposition, thus : $o + o = o$. They finally agreed to consider the theory of escape as hypothetical, and endeavoured to prove that history could furnish many examples of such escapes. Now, it is a scientific principle that a hypothesis only becomes unconfutable when it is confirmed by facts. However, this method of reasoning,

¹ An allusion to the celebrated “ veiled lady ” of the Dreyfus case.—Translator’s note.

applicable in natural science, is inapplicable in historical matters ; for on one hand historical facts do not lend themselves to experiments, and on the other hand they lack the rigidity of physical realities. And so, although we acknowledge the efforts of the *naundorffistes*, many of whom are thoroughly sincere and disinterested, we think it best to republish Naundorff's *Memoirs*. These memoirs form the second portion of our volume. We shall read, as related by himself, the life of the false Dauphin from 1795 to 1830. We consider that these memoirs prove the fallacy of Naundorff's cause.

Besides the material impossibility of escape as related by him, we shall read the account of Naundorff's life from 1795, date of the pretended escape, until 1810, when he appeared in Berlin. No novelist could be so utterly wanting in imagination as to write such a ludicrous tale. No one could be credulous enough to believe this grotesque narration of peregrinations, maladies and imprisonment in mysterious and unknown places. It is inadmissible that a man can forget his own history from his tenth until his twenty-fifth year. Naundorff evidently wished to say nothing concerning this period of his existence. And again, we can and we do notice in his improbable narrative several gaps, incongruities and contradictions. If Naundorff invented these childish tales, if he voluntarily left in the shade

that period of his life dating from his escape until his reappearance, it was because he did not know enough of the history and the current events of that period to be able to concoct his romance ; he knew nothing of La Vendée, although he declared that he had been there, and he knew a great deal about Italy, where he had probably lived for some time. We find that, when forced to rely upon his own imaginative faculties, he can only invent ridiculous falsehoods. This fact alone would condemn the whole affair, even if we could persuade ourselves to believe in the story of his escape, notoriously false and less ingenious than many of the tales invented by the twenty-five false Dauphins who, from time to time, endeavoured to usurp this same *rôle*.

MAURICE VITRAC AND ARNOULD GALOPIN



PART I

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS UPON LOUIS XVII

By ECKARD

THE KING WHO NEVER REIGNED

MEMOIRS UPON LOUIS XVII.

LOUIS XVII only lived ten years and a few months ; the title of king was only borne by him for a very short time, and he exercised none of the august functions attached to that title. For this reason many writers concluded that his life offered little matter worthy to be recorded by the zealous historian.

And yet it would be difficult to find, either in modern or in ancient history, a subject giving us a more horrible, more interesting or more realistic idea of the cruelty of man and of the nothingness of human grandeur.

Louis-Charles de France was born at Versailles, March 27, 1785 ; he was baptized on the day of his birth, Monsieur, the king's brother, being his godfather and Madame Elisabeth his godmother, as proxy for the queen of Naples. After the ceremony the prince, having been taken back to his apartments, M. de Calonne, chief-superintendent of the Finances and treasurer of the *Ordres du Roi*,

presented him with the *Ordre du Saint-Esprit*.¹ His Majesty, at the moment of the child's birth, had bestowed upon him the title of duc de Normandie, which title had not been given to the sons of the royal house of France, since it was borne by Charles, fourth son of Charles VII, who later became duc de Berry, de Normandie et de Guyenne, and died at Bordeaux in 1472.

Several writers, including M. de Montjoye, in speaking of the young prince, assert that the king bestowed upon him the title of duc de Normandie in memory of the hearty and affectionate welcome accorded to his Majesty by the inhabitants of that province during one of his visits to Cherbourg. But the departure of Louis XVI to inspect the magnificent works executed at his command in the seaport town did not take place until June 21, 1786, fifteen months after the birth of *Louis-Charles*. The childhood of *Louis-Charles* was uneventful. No one took much notice of him until France was bereaved by the death of his

¹ *Ordre du Saint-Esprit*: an order of knighthood instituted December 31, 1578, by Henri III of France in commemoration of his election to the crown of Poland and of his accession to the throne of France on the feast of Pentecost. The number of knights was limited to one hundred, including nine ecclesiastics; they wore a four-armed cross in gold adorned with a dove, the symbol of the Holy Ghost, suspended from a wide blue ribbon. To obtain this order, the postulant had to be a Catholic, a member of the nobility, and to possess the order of Saint-Michael. The order was abolished in 1789, but re-established during the *Restauration*; it was finally abolished in 1830.—Translator's note.

elder brother. The Dauphin, who had reached an age when the nation was beginning to hope that he would fulfil its expectations, died in Meudon, June 4, 1789, to the grief of the Court and of the whole kingdom; and yet he was fortunate to depart this life at the moment when happiness was preparing to take a long farewell of the royal family. By the death of his brother, the duc de Normandie became heir to the crown. He then assumed the title of Dauphin, which title had been borne by the eldest sons of the kings of France ever since Hubert II, dauphin de Viennois, ceded his estates to Philippe de Valois in 1349.

The new Dauphin had just passed his fourth birthday. His shape was perfect, his face noble and smiling, his head adorned with beautiful curls which hung down over his shoulders; his features bore the same kindly expression seen in the countenance of Louis XVI, and traces of the queen's dignity were already visible. Every morning, this charming, vivacious child used to run into the gardens of Versailles and gather flowers to place on his mother's dressing-table before she arose. When bad weather prevented him from gathering his bouquet, he used to say sadly:

"I am not pleased with myself, I have done nothing for Mama to-day; I don't deserve her first kiss."

The king wished to cultivate in his son this love for nature, so well calculated to develop his

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bodily strength. He gave him a little plot of ground situated on the terrace of the palace in front of his own private apartments. The young prince was provided with all the necessary garden tools and spent all his spare time in this garden.

Never did the queen forget her children. At the time when calumnious reports declared that she was engrossed in idle pleasures, she was spending the greater part of her time in fulfilling her maternal duties. Every day at ten o'clock, an under-governess used to bring her children to see her ; in her presence, they received their daily instruction from their different masters. The Dauphin's happy disposition expanded like a flower, thanks to this affectionate care ; he already showed signs of splendid qualities and promised to inherit all the virtues of his august parents.

That few children have ever shown such a precocious mind is proved by the following anecdote. One day, on the eve of the queen's birthday, Louis XVI wished his little son to present his mother with a very beautiful bouquet and to compose, unaided, his little letter of good wishes.

"Papa," replied the prince, "I have got a beautiful everlasting in my garden ; it will serve both for my bouquet and for my letter of good wishes. When I give it to Mama, I shall say to her, 'I hope, Mama, that you will resemble this flower.'" His repartees were admired for their charm and ingenuity. One day, while

learning his lessons, the Dauphin began to hiss. His tutor, the Abbé d'Avaux, rebuked him. The queen, entering unexpectedly, gently expostulated with him upon his conduct. "Mama," replied he, "I was hissing at myself because I had just said my lesson so badly." Another day, while in the garden of Bagatelle, the excited little Dauphin was about to rush through a hedge of rose bushes. "I ran up to him," says M. Hue. "'Monseigneur,' cried I, holding him back, 'one of those thorns might blind you or tear your face.' He turned round and, looking at me with a noble, determined air, replied, 'Thorny paths lead to glory.'"

Alas ! that such interesting details should in future be mingled with the narration of numberless and unexampled misfortunes ! The Revolution broke out. After the taking of the *Bastille* several persons, well known for their devotion to the royal family, were massacred. Among the families exposed to the fury of the populace, none had more to fear than the de Polignac family ; its members had enjoyed too many favours not to have excited jealousy. Fearing for the safety of the duchesse de Polignac and of her family, the queen commanded them to leave her. The duchesse refused to go ; the queen insisted and Madame de Polignac obeyed. Under pretence of going to take the waters, the latter went abroad, but as the royal children's governess could not absent herself indefinitely, she resigned her position. The queen

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chose Madame la marquise (now Madame la duchesse) de Tourzel to fill this important post.

Towards the end of September, the storm which had been gathering in Paris threatened to burst over Versailles.¹ A dinner given by the king's bodyguards and honoured by the presence of his Majesty, the queen and the Dauphin, served as a pretext to give the signal for insurrection. On October 5, a mob formed of the inhabitants of the *faubourgs* started off for Versailles; between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, the procession appeared in the avenues leading to the palace. Shortly afterwards, bands of brigands invaded, and took possession of, the royal apartments. Fearing for his son's life, the king ran to the chamber of that precious child; in order to hide from the rebels he was obliged to pass through a dark, subterranean passage. He carried the prince in his arms; during his flight, the candle which he was holding suddenly went out. He crept along in the dark until he reached his own apartment, where he found the queen, who, having hastily put on a skirt and thrown a dressing-gown over her shoulders, had taken refuge there. Madame Royale, Monsieur, Madame, Madame Elisabeth

¹ For the first part of Eckard's *Memoirs*, containing the events of October, the life in the *Tuileries*, the terrible deeds of August 10, and the captivity of the royal family in the Temple as briefly related by a fervent royalist, we recommend our readers to consult the notes contained in the *Journal de Cléry* recently published by us.

and the marquise de Tourzel had also gone there for shelter. The royal family, thus reunited, were better able to await the fate which threatened them.

At last some of the national guards who, although perfidious orders had hitherto prevented them from doing their duty, had remained faithful to the royal family, rescued several bodyguards from the hands of the assassins, and leading them to the palace, together they chased the brigands from the royal apartments: the lives of Louis XVI and of the queen were no longer in danger. La Fayette went up into the king's apartment and requested him, in the people's name, to come that very day to take up his abode in Paris; he described in the most alarming terms the danger which his Majesty would incur if he refused to do so. Forced to consent to all these demands, the king stepped on to the balcony, and announced his intention of starting with his whole family for the capital. "Let the queen show herself!" cried several voices. The queen appeared holding the Dauphin in one hand, and in the other Madame Royale. A horrible cry went up, "No children!" What a wish! The queen immediately re-entered with her children, whom she placed in the king's arms; then proud and calm, she appeared on the balcony and gazed down at the crowd. The populace, struck with admiration, applauded. The leaders of the rebellion were disconcerted.

The royal family were not even allowed sufficient time to make the necessary preparations for their departure. At one o'clock, the king, the queen, the Dauphin, Madame Royale, Monsieur, the king's brother, Madame, Madame Elisabeth, and the marquise de Tourzel entered their carriages. During the journey, or rather during this seven-hours' torture, they were escorted by a crowd composed of mud and blood bespattered brigands armed with pikes, rumbling gun-carriages and drunken women with dishevelled locks, singing obscene songs and uttering horrible shrieks.

Louis XVI went to dwell in the *Tuilleries*, uninhabited by our kings since the minority of Louis XV. No preparations had been made for the king's arrival; the apartments were totally devoid of any of the comforts usually enjoyed by private persons endowed with a certain fortune. This palace practically became the prison of the royal family. Paris seemed appeased by the presence of this august family. For a few days the populace gave full vent to their extravagant delight. "There will be no more poverty now," cried they; "we've got the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy." Such were the names given by them to the king, the queen and the Dauphin.

Shortly after the king's arrival, the *Assemblée nationale*¹ thought fit to visit their Majesties in

¹ *Assemblée nationale* or *constituante*, an assembly instituted at Versailles, May 5, 1789, under the title of *États généraux*. It

order to offer them their respects. The deputies passed from the king's apartment into the queen's chamber. After having thanked the president for his congratulations, the princess, taking in her arms the heir to the throne, showed him to the *Assemblée*. Cries of "Long live the king ! long live the queen ! long live the Dauphin !" were enthusiastically repeated. For a brief space, Marie Antoinette forgot her misfortunes.

But soon the disturbances recommenced. On February 4, 1790, Louis XVI went to the *Assemblée nationale* and besought the members to unite their efforts to his, so that the people, who had been led astray, might realize his endeavours to promote their interest. "I love my good people with all my heart," said the king, "and when my friends wish to console me for my sorrows, they tell me that my people return my love." His Majesty left the chamber amid loud applause.

was originally composed of 291 members of the clergy, 270 members of the nobility, and 595 members of the *tiers état* (or commonalty). The nobility and clergy having refused to sit with the *tiers état*, the members of the latter body formed themselves into a deliberating assembly which they called the *Assemblée nationale* (June 17, 1789). Louis XVI, displeased by this act of independence, first tried to dissolve the assembly, and then caused the hall at Versailles, in which they held their meetings, to be closed. The deputies then assembled in the *Salle du Jeu de Paume* (June 20), and swore that they would not separate until they had obtained a constitution for France. The king, having vainly tried, during the *séance* of June 23, to intimidate the assembly, was finally obliged to accept the union of the three orders (June 27, 1789).—Translator's note.

A deputation escorted the king back to his palace. The queen, holding the Dauphin by the hand, came to meet them.

"I share," said she to the deputation, "in all the king's sentiments. I join with heart and soul in all that his love for his people can prompt him to say or do. Behold my son ! I shall ever seek to remind him of the virtues of this best of fathers. I shall teach him, while he is still young, to respect public liberty and to observe the laws of his country. I hope that some day he will be their most staunch supporter."

This scene, which ought to have produced excellent results, only irritated the factionists; they excited the populace to commit fresh excesses. In these moments of alarm, the queen entirely forgot her own danger and thought only of her children. Her courage was put to the test on the night of April 13, 1790. The rebels talked of taking the palace by storm and uttered fearful threats against his Majesty. Several shots were fired. The king rose and hastened to the queen's apartment; she was not there; he then went into the Dauphin's room, where he found her clasping this beloved child to her heart. He said to her, "Madame, I have been looking for you: you have made me very anxious."

"Sire!" replied the queen, "I was at my post." What a touching picture !

A little garden, enclosed within the walls of the

palace grounds and situated at the end of the terrace by the side of the river, was given to the Dauphin. Several members of the *garde nationale* served as escort to the prince, and when they were not too numerous, he used to invite them to enter his little garden. One day, when they happened to be more numerous than usual, he excused himself very prettily, saying, "I am very sorry, gentlemen, that my garden is so small, because it deprives me of the pleasure of inviting you."

A company of young men had been formed in Paris under the title of "the regiment of the Dauphin." Many *bourgeois* hastened to put down their children's names. "I belonged to this little company," says M. Antoine, from whom we borrow this anecdote; "we were allowed to drill in the presence of the young prince. On the occasion of our first visit, we found him in his garden surrounded by several gentlemen. 'Will you kindly consent to become the colonel of this regiment?' said one of them to him.

"'Yes,' replied the Dauphin, 'I love the grenadiers of my garden, but I should prefer to be at your head.'

"'That will mean, good-bye to your Mama's bouquets and flowers!'

"'Oh! that won't prevent me taking care of my flowers. Many of these gentlemen tell me that they also possess little gardens: so if they love the queen as much as their colonel loves her,

Mama will have whole regiments of bouquets every day.' ”

“Our cheers,” adds M. Antoine, “proved to him how dearly we loved his august parents.”

Whenever the Dauphin went to visit his little garden, he was ready to welcome any children who might wish to speak to him. He often gave money to those who declared that their parents were in distress. One day a woman entered the garden where he was attending to his plants and begged him to obtain a favour for her. “Ah ! Monseigneur,” cried she, “if I could obtain it, I should be as happy as a queen !”

“Do you think so ? ” answered the Dauphin, “*as happy as a queen ?* I know one who does nothing but cry !”

And yet this unfortunate queen eagerly seized every opportunity to show the young prince to the French nation. On the *fête* of the Federation, July 14, 1790, just as the king was raising his hand in order to pronounce the oath which had ever been engraved in his heart, and by which he pledged himself to seek the happiness of his people, the queen, who was seated in a gallery situated above the throne, took the Dauphin in her arms and presented him to the *Assemblée* ; the lovely child immediately lifted up his innocent hands as if to call down the blessings of heaven upon his father and upon all France. This deed, following the queen's gesture, aroused frantic applause. Cries of

“Long live the queen ! Long live the Dauphin !” were heard on all sides. M. Hue said, “One would have thought from these cries that France had once more begun to worship her rulers !”

The Federates from Dauphiné were especially devoted to the Dauphin. The royal child, although only five years of age, knew how to appreciate their devotion. He looked as if he were proud to bear the name of a province so deeply penetrated with patriotic sentiments.

Louis XVI, who had faithfully followed in the footsteps of the Dauphin, his father and first mentor, wished to be his son's first mentor. He himself instructed him in foreign languages and gave him lessons in history and geography, in which he was well versed.

The queen was no less anxious that her children should possess, not only bodily and mental embellishments, but also those qualities of heart so necessary to persons destined to occupy a throne ; and, as if wishing to revenge herself for all the calumnious reports then in circulation about her, she hastened to distribute charity on every side. She profited by these occasions to awaken in the Dauphin's breast the same tender emotions which beat in her own ; and finally, she taught him to deprive himself of a portion of the sum devoted every month to his pleasures and to use it to succour the poor, thus finding his greatest happiness in depriving himself of some trifling bauble. One

day, her Majesty took him to the Foundling Hospital, and after having ordered what she considered necessary for the inmates' comfort, she noticed in the young prince's countenance the pity awakened by this touching spectacle. "My son," said the queen to him, "all these poor children whom you see here are orphans abandoned by their parents. Do not forget this fact, but remember, whenever you can, to soften their cruel lot." What a happy fate France would have enjoyed under a prince thus carefully educated !

By such means, the queen cultivated in the Dauphin's heart the kindness and compassion which seem to belong to the Bourbons and which he already manifested on many occasions. He was even careful never to wound any one's feelings. One day, in a fit of absence of mind, he placed some marigolds (*soucis*¹) in one of the queen's posies ; having perceived them just as he was about to present the bouquet to her, he immediately tore them out, crying : "Ah, Mama ! you have got quite enough without these !"

The liveliness of the young prince often helped to turn his august mother's thoughts from her ever-present sorrows.

M. Bertrand de Molleville relates a scene witnessed by him :

"While the queen was talking to me, the

¹ The French word *souci* has two significations—marigold, and care or anxiety.

little Dauphin, as beautiful as an angel, was amusing himself by singing and jumping about the room, brandishing a little wooden sword and shield in his hands. Some one came to fetch him to supper, whereupon he flew towards the door.

“‘What! my son,’ said the queen to him, ‘are you going away without making your bow to M. Bertrand?’”

“‘Oh, Mama,’ cried the charming child, still continuing to jump, ‘M. Bertrand is one of our friends. Good-evening, M. Bertrand!’ And he rushed out of the room.

“‘Isn’t he a dear little boy?’” said the queen to me when he had gone. ‘How happy he is!’ she added, ‘to be so young! He does not feel our sorrows, and his mirth gladdens our hearts!’

“Too deeply moved to make any reply,” says M. de Molleville, “I wiped my eyes in silence.”

Louis XVI, having been ill, proposed to profit by the fine weather and to go to Saint-Cloud, where he wished to perform his devotions and pass a part of the summer and autumn. As this journey coincided with Holy Week, the rebels made a pretext of the king’s well-known devotion to the faith of his fathers, to arouse evil passions against him. It was reported that this journey had been planned to facilitate the escape of the royal family. On April 18, just as his Majesty was about to enter his carriage, a crowd of people rushed forward and tried to hinder his departure ;

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the rioters even had the impudence to point their guns at his carriage. The most insolent speeches, the most abominable suggestions resounded in the king's ears. He drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. At last the king, after two hours of continual struggle, unwilling to set one portion of the *garde nationale* at odds against their companions, was forced to re-enter the palace, that is to say, his prison.

This scene grieved the Dauphin, who much regretted that he was not going to Saint-Cloud, where he had expected to pass many happy hours. On returning to his study, he tried to forget his disappointment by reading. As chance would have it, he took up a book entitled, *The Children's Friend*, by Berquin. He opened it and started with astonishment. The Abbé d'Avaux asked him what was the matter. "Guess, *monsieur l'abbé*, what title I read on opening my book? 'Tis a story called, 'The Little Prisoner!'"

The king soon felt obliged to beg the ecclesiastics who officiated in his chapel to leave him. The rebels finally declared that the king and the queen must go, on Easter Sunday, to the church of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois to hear mass said by a priest, an intruder who had dispossessed the venerable curé, only guilty of obedience to his vows. Madame Elisabeth, more fortunate, calm and determined, caring naught for the threatening placards directed against her person, repaired to



LOUIS XVI.
(1791.)

the chapel of the palace, accompanied by Madame la duchesse de Sérent, her lady of the bedchamber, who, faithful to her mistress, had hastened to rejoin her ; this princess then heard mass said by one of her chaplains.

Louis XVI, weary of so many insults, which his patience only seemed to multiply, resolved to free himself from this painful state of bondage. He followed the example of one of his ancestors, Charles V, who, having been kept prisoner in Paris like himself, left the tyrant-ridden capital by stealth. But Charles, more fortunate than Louis, some time afterwards received a deputation from the repentant Parisians, who, overcome with remorse, begged him to return to the capital.

The king's departure for Montmédy took place during the night of June 20-21. Louis XVI and Madame Elisabeth first left on foot by the principal entrance to the palace ; the queen followed them at a quarter before twelve o'clock ; the Dauphin and Madame Royale, accompanied by the marquise de Tourzel, preceded them and waited for their Majesties during one hour on the place du Petit-Carrousel.

The secret of their departure having been betrayed, the carriage containing our unfortunate sovereigns was stopped at Varennes by armed men who were lying in wait for it. The king, by order of the *Assemblée*, was brought back to Paris under escort. During the monarch's absence, the

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Comités had decreed that as soon as their Majesties arrived at the *Tuileries*, a warden was to be appointed under the orders of the commander-in-chief of the Paris *garde nationale* to watch over, and to be responsible for, the safety of his Majesty ; a special guardian was also to be given to the heir-apparent; the *Assemblée* later was to appoint a tutor for the young prince. This decree, containing several other provisions, was executed with the exception of the article concerning the nomination of a tutor for the Dauphin, a post which, we shall see, was for long to occupy the attention of the *Assemblée nationale* and of the *Législative*.¹

The details of the painful return to Paris of the king and the royal family are well known. An immense throng filled all the thoroughfares traversed by the procession. The queen, the Dauphin, Madame Royale, Madame Elisabeth, the marquise de Tourzel and Barnave were seated in the king's carriage. It is said that the calm courage displayed by the royal family made such an impression upon Barnave that, during the journey, he treated the

¹ *Assemblée législative* : an assembly composed of 745 members who, according to the rules of the Constitution, could not belong to the *Assemblée nationale* or *constituante*. This assembly lasted from October 1, 1791, until September 21, 1792. During the first few months of its existence, it passed a decree condemning the *émigrés* and refractory priests—which decree the king refused to sanction. The *législative*, badly seconded by Louis XVI and the ministers then in power, was finally obliged to give place to the *Commune de Paris*, which then took the reins of government into its own hands.—Translator's note.

young prince with the greatest respect and kindness.

The carriages entered through the garden. Several madmen wished to commit deeds of violence; the *garde nationale* restrained their fury. "As for me," said M. Hue, "I arrived at the carriage door just in time, and I held out my arms to receive my master's son. M. le Dauphin was accustomed to me as a sort of big playfellow, and hardly did he catch sight of me when his eyes filled with tears. Although I did my best to take the young prince in my arms, an officer of the *garde nationale* seized him, carried him into the palace, and placed him on a table in the *cabinet du Conseil*. I entered the apartment at the same moment.

"The king, overcome with fatigue, retired to his own apartments, and his family imitated his example. Just then an officer of the *garde nationale* wished to seize M. le Dauphin for the second time; the king protested. This time by his Majesty's orders, I took the young prince in my arms and carried him to his apartment, where I gave him in charge of Madame de Tourzel. Hardly was M. le Dauphin in bed," adds M. Hue, "when he called me. He wanted to tell me all about his journey. 'As soon as we had reached Varennes,' said he to me, 'they sent us back again—I don't know why, do you?' As some of the officers of the *garde nationale* were in the apartment, I represented to M. le Dauphin the necessity of mentioning

his journey to no one. Since that day he never allowed himself to speak of it, at least not in the presence of those whom he had reason to suspect. But on rising the next day, M. le Dauphin told me, in the presence of the guards placed in his chamber by M. de La Fayette's orders, that he had had a horrible dream, that he had dreamt that he was surrounded by tigers and other wild beasts who were trying to devour him. The guards looked at each other but dared not utter a word. These same guards, however, treated him with kindness during all the time that they were in attendance upon him."

This dream, alas ! was all too quickly realized.

After their return from Varennes, the royal family found themselves virtually captives in the hands of the tyrants. It was not until several weeks had elapsed that the queen obtained permission to walk with the Dauphin in the *Tuileries* gardens. The Dauphin often turned his steps towards the gallery of the *Louvre* adjoining the palace. He loved to question the artists, and he always listened to their replies with great attention. The latter admired the young prince's beauty, his noble carriage and his charming little speeches. He particularly enjoyed trying to guess, with the aid of knowledge gleaned during his lessons in mythology and history, the subjects represented by the pictures and statues. One day the Abbé d'Avaux asked him the meaning of one of these paintings.

"I think that those persons are Pyramus and Thisbe ; there is a blood-stained veil, but I can't see any lioness." The celebrated Vien, who happened at that moment to be standing near the Dauphin, said that several artists had already made the same remark.

At last on September 3, the numerous guards by whom the royal family were surrounded were withdrawn, because on the morrow the constitutional act, but lately completed, was to be presented to the king for his acceptance. The *Assemblée* having, in the preceding month of July, suppressed all orders of knighthood, all decorations and marks of distinction, now decreed that the king and the Dauphin (as they then called the heir to the throne) should alone wear the blue ribbon of the *Ordre du Saint-Esprit*.¹

On September 14, his Majesty repaired to the *Assemblée* and declared his willingness to accept the new Constitution. During the president's speech the crowd perceived the queen, the Dauphin and Madame Royale seated in a box. The applause bestowed upon the king was, upon several occasions, directed towards the queen and the heir to the throne. The names of the august family were repeated on all sides. The hall re-echoed with cries of joy and love inspired by their presence as well as by the hope of a happier future.

During the captivity of the king and queen,

¹ See note, page 18.

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the Abbé d'Avaux had been unable to give any lessons to his pupil. One day, when the *abbé* had begun to resumé them in the queen's presence, the young prince wished to commence with his grammar lesson. "Gladly!" answered his teacher; "your last lesson, if I remember rightly, was upon the three degrees of comparison: the positive, the comparative and the superlative. But you will have forgotten everything."

"You are mistaken," replied the Dauphin, "I will prove it to you. Listen: the positive is when I say, 'My *abbé* is a kind *abbé*'; the comparative is when I say, 'My *abbé* is kinder than another *abbé*'; the superlative," continued he, looking at the queen, "is when I say, 'Mama is the kindest and most amiable of all Mamas.'"

The queen, unable to restrain her tears, took her son in her arms and pressed him to her heart.

The young prince, who had sometimes heard the queen speak Italian, asked to be taught that language. He showed such aptitude that his teacher was enabled, in a very short time, to let him read *Telemachus* in the original and converse with his august mother.

Nevertheless this study did not prevent him from making rapid progress in the Latin tongue. We have seen several of his early translations and exercises: at first each of the latter only consisted of very short sentences. We noticed the following: "True friends are useful to princes. I know a

prince who easily flies into a passion. Flatterers are very dangerous to princes." During these lessons, the tutor used to explain briefly the meaning of the theme or apply it to recent events.

At seven years of age, the august child was well versed in arithmetic ; he was familiar both with the elements of geometry and geography. The celebrated Abbé Grenet, professor at the *Université de Paris*, had invented a hollow globe, lit by a lantern which was placed inside ; it was on this globe that the Dauphin took his geography lessons.

During the year following the acceptance of the Constitution, the Dauphin continued to study with the same avidity with which he joined in the games suitable to his age ; but, eager for instruction, he often asked his tutor as a reward to be allowed to prolong the hours devoted to study.

The Dauphin had just attained the age of seven years. At that age, according to a Court custom, the royal child had to be confided to the care of a governor. The *Assemblée Constituante* had endeavoured, as we have already seen, to deprive the king of the right to choose the person to whom the education of the heir to the throne was to be entrusted. The leaders of the *Assemblée législative* wished to keep the whole affair in their own hands and to choose, as governor to the son of the royal house of France, some one whose opinions would

coincide with their own interests. Sieyès, Condorcet and Pétion were the most popular candidates for this post. Several individuals, many of whom were utterly unknown to fame and even vicious and untrustworthy persons, likewise offered their services. The publicity given to this ridiculous list of candidates seems to have forced the *Assemblée* to renounce its no less ridiculous claim. On April 18, 1792, a message from the king, read by Duranthon, keeper of the seals, in the presence of the *Corps législatif*, announced that his Majesty had nominated the chevalier de Fleurieu as governor to the Dauphin. This unexpected news disconcerted the leaders of the *Assemblée*. Later on, we shall see how much truth is contained in an anecdote recently published, in which it is stated that the above-mentioned important post had been promised by the king to a man who later earned for himself an unfortunate celebrity. The king and queen, however, still continued to superintend the Dauphin's education ; not content with giving their advice, they themselves set him an example of the instability of fortune and of human grandeur. This, no doubt, was their only pleasure, the only alleviation to their anxieties amid the incessant riots and insurrections which preceded the horrible events of June 20.

This execrable day proved the sovereignty of the populace in all its hideous, insolent reality. The events of that day were directed against Louis XVI,

who, overwhelmed by the outrages committed on his sacred person, seemed for a moment to cease to be a king, without, however, ceasing, even for a minute, to exhibit all the noble, imposing and celestial qualities common to royalty.

While the rebels were taking possession of his Majesty's apartment, the queen, seated in her own chamber, held her children in her arms and bathed them with her tears. Having learnt from M. d'Aubier, one of the king's gentlemen-in-waiting, the danger which threatened his Majesty, she cried, "My duty is to die by the king's side." Several persons, who were standing close by, represented to her that her devotion would be useless, that she would be murdered before she could reach the king's apartment; that, though she was a wife, she was also a mother; and that her children were in such a state of terror that she could not possibly leave them. The queen was about to yield to their entreaties, when a sudden burst of angry voices made her rush towards the door, crying to M. Hue, "Save my son!"

"At these words," says that historian, "I took the august child and carried him to Madame Royale's apartment, sufficiently far removed to prevent him from hearing the tumult. The young prince, sobbing, asked what the king and queen were doing. It was difficult for me to appear unconcerned. Happily the princesse de Tarente, one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting, now appeared and

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announced that her Majesty had at last retired to her son's apartment. I immediately carried the Dauphin there. Hardly had Madame de Tourzel given him into the queen's arms, when reiterated blows were heard upon the door of the adjoining room. At this noise I rushed towards a corridor leading from the room in which the queen was sitting to the king's bedroom. I opened the door, the queen and her suite took refuge down this passage, the entrance to which was so cleverly hidden by the wainscoting that no one could have suspected its existence. Hordes of rebels now pressed forward into the room. In one moment their hatchets demolished the panelling round the secret door ; but although the wall was completely stripped, they did not find the entrance to the secret passage. Except for this mistake, the queen's last refuge would have been most certainly discovered.

"All communication between the king and queen being interrupted, they were for some time unable to learn anything of their respective fates. The king, utterly at the mercy of the insolent populace, was forced to allow them to place upon his head the infamous red cap, the head-dress and rallying sign of the Jacobins.

"At last Bligny, one of the king's valets, escaped from the apartment and went to fetch help, which he found in the persons of the devoted battalion of the Filles-Saint-Thomas, ever steadfast in their

fidelity to their sovereigns. Already the grenadiers of this battalion were flying, under the command of M. de Boscary de Villeplaine, to the defence of the royal family. They took possession of the *cabinet du Conseil* and at last succeeded in quelling the rebels. The people asked to see the queen. Her Majesty appeared holding her children by the hand and surrounded by the above-named persons who, during the crisis, had never left her. The table in the king's study served as a barrier to keep the multitude from pressing round the queen. The latter stood behind this table, having on her right hand the Dauphin and on her left the princess, her daughter, and surrounded by several members of the *garde nationale*, watched the rebels file past her. . . .

“To crown their insolence, they threw upon the table the red cap, demanding that this disgusting head-dress should soil the head of the Dauphin. The queen having signed to me to yield to the wishes of the multitude, I obeyed ; but M. de Montjournain, one of the officers of the battalion, together with several commanders and members of the *garde nationale*, remarked that, on account of the great heat, the young prince could not bear the weight of such a heavy cap upon his head, so I took it off.

“Night was falling : it was more than time to put an end to this long agony which had already lasted five hours. The king, worn out by heat and fatigue, was brought back to the *cabinet du Conseil*

by a deputation from the *Assemblée* (who had finally decided to come to the king's aid) and by the *garde nationale*. He passed from this apartment into his bedroom, where he was joined by the royal family. There he was able to give way to his sorrow ; he clasped the queen, his children, and Madame Elisabeth to his heart. What an affecting scene !

“Several deputies had crowded round the Dauphin eager to ascertain his mental capacities and to see how much he really knew. They questioned him upon divers subjects, among other things upon geography and the recent division of France into departments and districts. The young prince's apposite replies astonished his interlocutors.

“Amid all the horrible scenes enacted on that day, the Dauphin, like Louis XVI, preserved that calm exterior inseparable from innocence, and stood motionless by the queen's side, gazing at the brigands who were far more agitated than their august victims.

“On the morrow the factionists tried to excite the populace, as they had done on the previous evening, by reminding them that this was the anniversary of the monarch's flight and that they must now make him pay for his desertion. The drums beat to arms ; the queen immediately hastened to join her son, who, when he saw her, asked ingenuously, ‘Mama, isn't yesterday over yet?’ No, unhappy prince, it was not over ;

that horrible day was only beginning, that horrible day when you and your unfortunate family were to be shut up in a prison only to be exchanged for the tomb."

On July 14, the second *fête* of the Federation, the king, followed by the Dauphin wearing the uniform of the *garde nationale*, and accompanied by the royal family, repaired to the *École militaire*. An ordinary carpet indicated the place reserved for them. The effects of June 20 were noticeable on every side, everything showed what a change had been wrought in the hearts of the people by the demagogues' manœuvres: hardly a cheer was raised! Soon the federates finished their task of perverting the mind of the capital, which honest folk, always timid and fearful, hastened to desert and to abandon to the anarchists. Songs full of insolent and scandalous allusions to the king and queen mingled with threats against the royal family. Insurrections and riots became more frequent; at last, on August 3, Pétion appeared at the bar of the *Assemblée* and demanded the dethronement of Louis XVI.

In dethroning the king, this insolent mayor and the men of his party wished to give the crown to the Dauphin, in whose name they intended to govern by means of a *Conseil de régence* chosen by themselves. Pétion was convinced that he would be chosen as regent or chief of the *Conseil de régence*. "I can see," said he in the very hall of the

Assemblée after having read the famous petition, "I can see that the regency will devolve to me ; I am powerless to prevent it from so doing." Pétion's conduct caused the king great pain. "If my person is distasteful to them," he humbly said, "I am willing to abdicate."

It is probable that, according to M. Hue, if the king had consulted only his own inclinations, he would have gladly consummated the sacrifice, but he feared, by abdicating, to compromise the Dauphin's rights and to bring down even greater evils upon his family and upon his kingdom.

Of the fearful catastrophe of August 10, we will only retrace those circumstances directly connected with our subject. During that horrible night, the queen, more fearful for the safety of the king and of her children than for her own person, continually passed to and fro between the apartments of the king and the other members of her family, trying to calm and reassure them. Between four and five o'clock in the morning, while the queen and Madame Elisabeth were in the *cabinet de Conseil*, M. de la Chenaye, one of the leaders of the band, entered. "To-day," cried he to the two princesses, "to-day will be your last day on earth. The people have got the upper hand. What bloodshed there will be !"

"Sir," replied the queen, "save the king, save my children !"

The queen immediately hastened to the

Dauphin's room. The young prince awoke ; his smiles and kisses somewhat softened his mother's affliction. "Mama," said the Dauphin, kissing the queen's hands, "why should they hurt Papa ? He is so kind !"

We know that the king, by Rœderer's perfidious advice, had consented, notwithstanding his reluctance, to take shelter in the *Assemblée*, and to submit, together with the queen, in order to avoid a greater crime, to humiliations more bitter than death itself. The unfortunate sovereigns started at nine o'clock in the morning ; they traversed several rooms in which many true Frenchmen and faithful nobles were waiting to defend their Majesties. With streaming eyes, trembling for the danger which threatened their sovereigns, the courtiers gathered round the king, and begged to be allowed to follow him and the royal family.

"You will cause the king's death !" said Rœderer.

"Remain here," commanded his Majesty.

"We shall soon return," added the queen, trying to reassure them.

Even the Dauphin, in all his youthful charm and beauty, tried his powers of persuasion upon his subjects and his devoted courtiers. He went up to one of them, M. de Saint-Priest by name, and said, "Stay here. Papa and Mama command you to stay here, and I beg you to do so !"

Precautions were immediately taken in order to protect, by a military escort, the royal family during their journey from the palace to the *Assemblée nationale*. The members of the Parliament, with Rœderer at their head, formed a circle round the king, the queen and the royal family. The king walked alone somewhat in advance; the queen held the Dauphin by his left hand while Madame de Tourzel held his right hand. Then came Madame Royale and Madame Elisabeth. A few faithful servants and an escort formed of the *garde nationale* and several *Suisses* completed this mournful procession.

The king, accompanied by the infuriated populace, reached the *salle* of the *Assemblée* with great difficulty and took up his position by the president's side, while the queen and the royal family sat down in the ministers' benches. A horrible-looking man, wearing a sapper's uniform, named Rocher, who had been abusing the king in the coarsest terms, snatched the Dauphin from the queen's arms and carried him to the bureau. A few minutes later, the king and his family were taken to a closet belonging to the editor of a newspaper entitled the *Logographe*. The princesse de Lamballe and the marquise de Tourzel accompanied them.

The heat in this closet, which was only eight feet square by ten feet high, was suffocating. This and many other horrors endured by the royal family

constituted one of the cruellest trials ever borne by human creatures.

During this disastrous day, the anarchists caused the *Assemblée* to declare, in their Majesties' very presence, the convocation of a *Convention nationale*¹

¹ *Convention nationale* : a political assembly which succeeded to the *Assemblée législative* and lasted from September 21, 1792, until October 26, 1795. This assembly had been convoked after the insurrection of August 10, 1792, and the fall of Louis XVI. It proclaimed, on the occasion of its first meeting, the Republic, and impeached the king, who was guillotined January 21, 1795. It soon saw itself threatened by a coalition of all the sovereigns in Europe ; this event was very nearly fatal to France.

The *Convention* was composed of the *Girondins*, moderate republicans, and the *Montagnards*, who professed more advanced opinions. This assembly instituted the *Tribunal révolutionnaire* and the *Comités de Salut public et Sécurité générale*.

The *Montagnards* having got the upper hand, the *Girondins* were forced to fly into the provinces, where many of them perished by the guillotine. At the same time the frontiers of France were invaded by Austrian, Prussian, Spanish and Piémontais troops. The *Convention* immediately decreed that steps should be taken to repulse the invaders, and passed sentence of death upon the *émigrés* who, by their perfidious treachery, had caused such a state of affairs.

The Reign of Terror was now proclaimed. Owing to the bravery of the French soldiers under Carnot's leadership, France once more beheld her frontiers free from any imminent danger, and was even able to take the offensive.

Unfortunately, further dissensions among the members of the *Convention* hastened the end of this assembly, which, although it lasted until the 4th *brumaire*, an III (October 26, 1795), virtually ended with the fall of Robespierre (July 28, 1794).

Among the valuable institutions which France owes to the *Convention* we may mention the *Institut*, *École polytechnique*, *École normale supérieure*, *Conservatoire des arts et métiers*, *Unité des Poids et mesures*, etc.—Translator's note.

and the temporary cessation of the king's authority ; he and his family were to remain as hostages ; a project was to be presented that same day for the nomination of a governor for the royal prince, together with other equally insulting proposals which, with the exception of the three first, were never put into execution. As to the precautions taken to insure the safety of the royal family and the protection of their habitations, all these were scandalously neglected.

Condorcet, whom the revolutionists had appointed as governor to the Dauphin, hastened to draw up a fallacious address in which the *Assemblée* informed Europe of the strange resolutions made by its members and invited the nation to form a *Convention nationale* and thus to decide the fate of France.

It was not until one o'clock in the morning that the king was allowed to leave the closet in which he had spent sixteen horrible hours. No one had been able to obtain any nourishment ; a little fruit and some *eau de groseilles* supplied by a neighbouring *café* was all they could procure.

Overcome with heat, fatigue and want of sleep, the Dauphin dozed in his mother's arms ; it was a touching sight to behold that innocent creature surrounded by noisy regicides.

During the day they had prepared a lodging belonging to the architect of the *salle des séances* ; the royal family were conducted thither. This

lodging formed part of the former *Couvent des Feuillants* ; it consisted of four cells communicating with each other. The first of these served as an anteroom ; the king slept in the second ; the third was occupied by the queen and Madame Royale, while the fourth was for the Dauphin and Madame de Tourzel ; lastly, Madame Elisabeth and the princesse de Lamballe shared, in the same corridor, an apartment separated from these four rooms ; numerous soldiers guarded the doors.

The palace having been pillaged, the members of the royal family found themselves without linen or food. The duchess of Sutherland, wife of the English ambassador at the Court of France, having a son of the same age as the Dauphin, sent the young prince all he could want in the way of clothing.

On August 13, the day fixed for the king's removal to the Temple, the procession started off at five o'clock in the afternoon. The king, the queen, the Dauphin, Madame Royale, Madame Elisabeth, the princesse de Lamballe, the marquise de Tourzel and Mlle. Tourzel her daughter, took their places in the first carriage. They were escorted by a huge multitude formed of cannibals, furies and men armed with divers weapons. During this mournful journey, threats and oaths were heard on all sides. The royal family, overwhelmed with grief, did not reach the Temple until nightfall.

On their arrival, the illustrious victims were

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first taken to that part of the Temple called the palace: there they found themselves bereft of every comfort. There was not a single kind of privation which the tyrants did not inflict upon them; the state of the necessary objects furnished to the royal family was such that M. Hue was obliged to use torn sheets for the Dauphin's bed. While the barbarians of the *Commune*¹ were preparing to convert the principal tower, not only into a prison, but into the most frightful abode imaginable, the king and the royal family continued to inhabit the palace during the daytime; at night their Majesties, together with their attendants, were shut up in the small tower.

Louis XVI slept on the second floor. The queen and Madame Royale occupied a room on the first floor; the Dauphin, Madame de Tourzel,

¹ *Commune de Paris*: this commune, which was organized after the taking of the *Bastille* (July 14, 1789) and took the place of the former town-council, held its meetings at the *Hôtel de Ville*. By the decree of May 21, 1790, the *Commune de Paris* was divided into 48 sections with a mayor at the head of affairs, together with 16 guardians, a municipal council composed of 32 members, a general council of 96 notables, a procurator-syndic and two substitutes. The mayor Bailly, having given offence by his moderation and secret sympathy for monarchy, was replaced in 1791 by Pétion. The *Commune révolutionnaire* was established after the insurrection of August 10, 1792, and quickly became a very powerful institution. The real leaders of the *Commune*, Robespierre, Danton, Billaud-Varennes, etc., organized the *Comité de Surveillance*, of which Sergent and Panis were two of the most active agents. The *Commune* lasted until the fall of Robespierre, July 27, 1794.—Translator's note.

his governess, and Madame Bazire, the prince's waiting-woman, were lodged in a side room, while the princesse de Lamballe slept in a sort of ante-room. Opposite the king's chamber a room, originally intended for a kitchen and still containing the necessary cooking utensils, served as a lodging for Madame Elisabeth and Mlle. de Tourzel.

During the night of August 19-20, two municipal officers came, by order of the *Commune*, to the tower and removed the princesse de Lamballe, the marquise de Tourzel and Mlle. Pauline, her daughter. The queen, her children and Madame Elisabeth, overwhelmed with horror of the present and with fears for the future, held these faithful friends in their arms for several minutes; forced at last to separate, they bade each other a sorrowful farewell.

MM. Hue and Chamilly, together with other persons in the service of the royal family, were likewise removed from the Temple. A few days later, however, M. Hue was brought back to wait upon the king. Cléry, whom the king wished to wait upon the Dauphin, in whose service he had been for some years, was likewise taken into the tower on that same night.

Louis XVI not only found consolation in exercising his religious duties, but he also found much pleasure in superintending his son's education. The hours devoted to study, recreation and

repasts were carefully regulated. The king usually arose about six o'clock, when his valet used to go to the queen's chamber, where he proceeded to dress the prince.

At nine o'clock the queen, her children and Madame Elisabeth went up-stairs to breakfast in the king's room.

At ten o'clock the king descended to the queen's apartment, where he spent the rest of the day. He then gave his son instruction in the Latin tongue, and in history and geography. The queen, for her part, occupied herself with Madame Royale's education.

At one o'clock, when the weather was fine, the royal family used to go into the garden. During the walk, the young prince would play at ball or quoits, run races or indulge in some other game suitable to his age. The prisoners were not allowed to walk in the garden during Sanson's absence. The Dauphin, accustomed to fresh air and plenty of exercise, suffered much from this privation.

At two o'clock the whole family went up into the tower for dinner. After this repast, they repaired to the queen's chamber, where their Majesties played a game of backgammon or piquet; this was the Dauphin and Madame Royale's playhour. Their games were a source of sweet consolation to the king and queen.

At four o'clock the king used to take a short

rest, while the princesses sat round him reading. Perfect silence always reigned during his slumbers. . . .

As soon as the king awoke, Cléry gave the young prince writing and arithmetic lessons. He then took him to Madame Elisabeth's room, where he played either at ball or at battledore and shuttlecock.

At nightfall the royal family would gather round the table while the queen and Madame Elisabeth by turns read aloud some historical work or a favourite book. This pastime usually lasted until eight o'clock.

The Dauphin's supper was then served in the presence of the royal family. The king, in order to amuse his children, used to make them guess riddles chosen from back numbers of the *Mercur de France*.

The Dauphin was then put to bed. The queen or Madame Elisabeth always sat by the Dauphin's bedside while the king was supping. Having finished his repast, his Majesty immediately repaired to his son's room. After receiving his children's kisses and giving his hand to the queen and Madame Elisabeth as a sign of farewell, the king retired for the night.

The princesses then occupied themselves with their tapestry-work. The queen and Madame Royale were often obliged to leave this pleasant employment in order to mend their own clothes,

and those of the king and the Dauphin. Madame Elisabeth, on several occasions, was forced to spend part of the night in repairing his Majesty's garments.

Shortly after the king's entry into the Temple, a municipal officer, formerly master of a Parisian boarding-school, now commissary to the *Commune*, gave M. Hue a note in which he asked to be nominated tutor to the Dauphin, and begged the faithful servitor to speak to the king in his favour. His Majesty happening to appear just at that moment, Thomas (for that was the petitioner's name) swore fidelity to the king's cause, and expressed his indignation at the daily insults showered upon his Majesty's head by several of his unworthy colleagues. "I should demean myself," said the king, "if I appeared to feel their treatment. If God ever allows me to resume the reins of government, they will see that I know how to forgive." The municipal officer seized this opportunity to produce his petition. "For the present," replied the king, "I am quite competent to continue my son's education."

The Dauphin was seven and a half years old when he was first shut up in the Temple. In order to make him familiar with our poetry, the king taught his son to recite numerous passages from Corneille and Racine. He also showed him how to draw maps to help him in his geography lessons. The prince's precocious mind eagerly

responded to the king's loving care. Cléry declares that his memory was so wonderful that he could indicate the departments, districts, towns and rivers on a map covered by a sheet of paper. M. Hue explains his Majesty's method of teaching geography; the king first marked on a sheet of parchment the boundaries of the different departments and the position of the mountains, rivers and streams; the Dauphin then added the names. This was how the king taught his son the new geography of France.

The Temple library was not rich in educational works. The king doubtless regretted the valuable books upon geography and chronology, and especially the herbarium which M. de la Borde, formerly head valet to Louis XV, had delighted in preparing for the education and amusement of the Dauphin. This herbarium would have served not only to instruct the Dauphin, but it would have afforded many a pleasant hour to the royal family. These valuable objects had been destroyed or stolen from one of the royal apartments in the palace during the events of August 10.

One day the Dauphin, while receiving his Latin lesson, mispronounced rather a difficult word; the king did not scold him. One of the commissaries then present had the impudence to remark in a rough tone to his Majesty, "You ought to teach that child to pronounce better than that; at the rate things are going on, he will

probably have to speak on more than one occasion in public."

"You are quite right," replied the king gently; "but he is very young, and I think we ought to wait until time and habit have loosened his tongue."

They were obliged to discontinue the arithmetic lessons. A municipal guard, having noticed that the royal pupil was learning the multiplication tables, declared that he was being taught to speak and write in ciphers. The *Conseil général de la Commune*, upon this man's denunciation, forbade all instruction in arithmetic.

The municipal officers were so touchy upon this subject that when, on September 2, M. Hue was removed for the second time from the tower of the Temple, one of the chief crimes imputed to him by the *Conseil général de la Commune* was that he had employed hieroglyphics in order to facilitate correspondence between the king and queen. These characters, as M. Hue explained, were simply a book of arithmetic tables which he was in the habit of placing every evening upon the Dauphin's bed before retiring to rest, so that the young prince might prepare for the king's lesson before taking his first breakfast.

On September 3, Mathieu repaired to the Temple. He cried to the king in an angry tone, "They are beating to arms, the tocsin has been rung; the enemy are at Verdun. We shall all

perish, but you shall be the first to die." The king listened with the greatest calmness. The terrified Dauphin burst into tears and ran into the next room ; the queen and Madame Royale could with difficulty console him : he thought that his august father had fallen a victim to the anger of the infuriated municipal officer.

That same day, another commissary appeared uttering horrid threats ; he also said, "If the enemy approach, the royal family must perish ; I pity the Dauphin, but as he is the son of a tyrant he, also, must perish."

Cléry describes the tortures inflicted upon Louis XVI by the horrible Rocher, now turnkey in the Temple ; we quote the following anecdote from his memoirs :

"One day, during supper, numerous cries were heard, 'To arms ! to arms !' The municipal guards and the gaolers thought that the enemy had arrived. The horrible Rocher, with blazing eyes, grasped his sword and cried to the king, 'If they come, I shall kill you !' This alarm had been caused by the arrival of several patrols whose commanders had mistaken the password."

However, the horror of the persecutions endured by the royal family was sometimes softened by marks of fidelity and compassion. One of the municipal officers on guard for the first time in the Temple, entered just as Louis XVI was giving a geography lesson to his son. The Dauphin, on being asked

in what part of the world Lunéville was situated, replied with a smile, "In Asia." The commissary noticed the mistake and said to the young prince, "What! don't you know where your ancestors reigned?" The king was delighted with this remark. The queen began to converse in a low tone with the commissary; she concluded by saying, "Our misfortunes would be easier to bear if your colleagues resembled you."

Although the members of the royal family were permitted to walk in the garden, their pleasure often became a veritable torture owing to the insults showered upon them by the horrible gaolers of the Temple. The king and queen might have escaped this humiliation by remaining in the tower, but their beloved children needed fresh air. During these few minutes of liberty, they loved to watch the innocent gaiety so natural to children of tender years, so strangely contrasting with this melancholy spot. For their children's sake, their parents daily endured, without complaining, the cruellest insults.

This brief hour of recreation afforded another touching spectacle to the royal family. A number of faithful subjects, by placing themselves at the windows of the houses situated near the Temple, hastened to profit by these few moments in order to behold their king and queen; it was impossible to mistake their meaning and their wishes. Cléry, on one occasion, thought that he had recognized the marquise de Tourzel; her marked desire not to

lose sight of the young prince whenever he wandered any distance from his august parents caused him to believe that he had guessed aright. He mentioned this observation to Madame Elisabeth. On hearing Madame de Tourzel's name, the princess, who thought that the marquise had perished among the victims of September 2, could not restrain her tears. "What!" cried she, "is she still alive?"

Among the persons who came every day to the vicinity of the Temple in order to catch a glimpse of the royal family, we must also mention M. Hue, who, after having spent nearly a fortnight in the dungeons of the *Commune* in daily expectation of death, had been liberated. Longing to re-enter the Temple, not only did he apply to Pétion, but he determined to see Chaumette, at that time procurator-syndic to the *Commune*; he received a better reception than he had dared to expect. This vain man, who firmly believed that he had been chosen by Providence to govern France, made some grave confessions to M. Hue concerning the treachery of many persons in the king's service who, in reward for their information, received daily sums of one or more *louis* payable in gold. In referring to the royal family, Chaumette displayed some interest in the Dauphin's fate. "I want," said he, "to give him a good education; I shall take him away from his family, so that he may forget his exalted rank. As to the king, he will perish. The king loves

you. . . .” At these words M. Hue could not restrain his tears. Notwithstanding this courteous reception, Chaumette turned a deaf ear to the faithful servitor’s request.

On September 29, while the king was preparing after supper to leave the queen’s apartment in order to retire to his own, six municipal officers who, that very morning, had confiscated all his Majesty’s pens, ink, paper, pencils, etc., appeared and read an order to him stating that he was to be transferred to the principal tower of the Temple. Although prepared for this event, the king was deeply grieved. The queen, the Dauphin, Madame Royale and Madame Elisabeth sought to guess from the expression upon the commissaries’ faces the real meaning of this sudden change of residence. The king bade farewell to his terror-stricken family ; this separation, harbinger of other misfortunes, constituted one of the cruellest moments which their Majesties had yet passed in the Temple.

On the morrow, Cléry having followed the king to his new prison, obtained permission to fetch some books from the queen’s chamber ; he found the august family overwhelmed with despair. Tears glistened in every eye ; sighs and groans were heard on all sides. Their cries were not utterly useless ; the Cerberus in charge of the weeping family allowed them to meet that day for dinner.

This particular order was never mentioned again. The royal family continued to meet at

meal-time, as well as during their walks, and the king was allowed to pursue his son's education uninterrupted.

The queen anxiously awaited the hour when she would be able to inhabit the apartment then being prepared for her in the principal tower. But this arrangement did not please the guards, for they envied her one of her sweetest consolations, that of having her son by her side ; they envied her for being able to take care of him, to find in his kisses a solace for her sorrows ; they asked, and obtained, permission from the *Conseil général de la Commune* to deprive her of the Dauphin, whom they restored to the king. This separation took place at the end of October ; the queen had received no warning ; we may imagine her terrible grief.

The king was now lodged in the principal tower, the royal family's new abode ; a bed was placed for the Dauphin in his Majesty's room, which was on the second floor. The queen, Madame Royale and Madame Elisabeth occupied the third floor.¹

¹ The queen's apartment occupied the third floor of the principal tower. As it consisted, like the other floors, of one big room, it had been divided, by wooden partitions and imitation canvas ceilings, into four small rooms. On entering an anteroom one saw three doors leading to three different rooms. Opposite to the entrance was the queen's room with Madame Royale's bed in one corner ; the window, grated and screened by a shutter through which one could only see the sky, looked towards the rue

Since their Majesties had been once more united in the tower, the hours given to repasts,

du Temple. From Madame Elisabeth's window one could see the rue de la Corderie ; the third room, looking in the rue de Beaujolais, was occupied by the woman Tison. In the anteroom, the walls of which were covered with a paper resembling freestone, were some chairs and a walnut-wood table, together with a couch for the use of any member of the *Commune* on duty on the "women's floor." The paper in Marie Antoinette's room was adorned with green and red disks. The furniture consisted of a four-poster with green damask curtains, a coverlet, three mattresses, including a hair mattress, a bolster and a quilt of Marseilles work, a mahogany chest of drawers with a marble top and a toilet mirror, a sofa with two cushions, a large mahogany folding-screen and two *tables de nuit*. Madame Royale's bed consisted of a bedstead with head and foot boards, three mattresses, a bolster, and two cotton quilts. The second window in this room, looking into the rue de la Corderie, had been blocked up and hidden by a mantelshelf ornamented with a mirror and a clock representing—oh ! irony of fate !—Fortune overturned. The corner turret, papered like the room, served as a *cabinet* for the queen and Madame Royale. The paper on the walls of the rooms occupied by Madame Elisabeth and the woman Tison was yellow. The furniture was much plainer ; the king's sister slept in an ordinary iron bedstead adorned with curtains in *toile de Jouy* lined with green taffeta, three mattresses, a feather bed, a bolster, and a coverlet of Marseilles work ; a chest of drawers in veneered wood with a marble top, a walnut-wood table, two chairs, two arm-chairs covered with chintz completed the furniture of this room ; a mantelshelf and mirror were placed against the window looking towards the rue de Beaujolais. The turret had been adapted as a *garde-robe*. Tison's room was furnished in a similar manner. All these details concerning the furniture are taken from two inventories, one of which was drawn up upon the entry of the royal family into the great tower, October 23, 1792, and the other, January 19, 1793 ; both these documents are preserved at the *Archives Nationales* (carton E, 6206). Consult also Beauchesne, *Louis XVII* (vol. i.), Chantelauze, and Curzon, *Le Logis du Temple*.

reading or exercise, as well as the hours devoted to the education of the Dauphin and Madame Royale, had undergone but slight alteration. After dinner, the young prince and his sister used to play either at battledore and shuttlecock or at skittles. Madame Elisabeth usually seized this opportunity to converse with Cléry or to give him her orders. The Dauphin and Madame Royale, at Madame Elisabeth's suggestion, indulged preferably in noisy games so that her conversation with Cléry might not be overheard ; when the municipal guards approached, the children used to warn her by signs. The playfulness and roguish tricks of this august child often helped the king and queen to forget that they were prisoners. His conduct and his speech were remarkable for tact and prudence seldom seen in so young a child. Never was he heard to mention the *Tuileries*, or Versailles, or any object which might have reminded the king and queen of sad memories or caused them painful regret. One day, while he was gazing at a municipal guard whom he said he recognized, the fellow asked him where he had seen him. The young prince, fearing to grieve the king, steadily refused to answer ; at last, leaning towards the queen he whispered, " We saw him during our journey to Varennes."

In the month of November, the king's face became very swollen ;¹ he asked to be allowed to

¹ This malady, which attacked all the members of the royal family, was probably the mumps.—Translator's note.

see his dentist ; they refused. Fever attacked him ; he was then permitted to consult M. Monnier, his chief physician. The king's illness lasted ten days. Shortly afterwards, the young prince, who slept in his Majesty's room, and whom the municipal guards had refused to transfer to the queen's chamber, was attacked by the same fever. The queen's anxiety was greatly increased by the fact that she was not allowed, notwithstanding her earnest entreaties, to pass the night by her son's bedside.

Her Majesty, together with Madame Royale and Madame Elisabeth, were soon attacked by the same malady.

Cléry, in his turn, also fell ill. The Dauphin vied with his august family in their efforts to bestow care and attention upon their valet. The Dauphin hardly ever left his bedside and gave him to drink with his own hand. Such kindness soon restored this useful servitor to health and strength, and he recovered ; but he never forgot the following act of thoughtfulness. One day during his convalescence Cléry, having put the Dauphin to bed, retired in order to make room for the queen and the two princesses who had come to kiss the august child in his bed and to bid him good-night. Madame Elisabeth, having been prevented from speaking to Cléry by the presence of the municipal guards, profited by this occasion to slip a little box of ipecacuanha lozenges into the Dauphin's

hand, at the same time begging him to give them to his valet upon his return. The princesses then went up to their own rooms, the king retired to his study and Cléry went to his supper. About eleven o'clock he returned to the king's room in order to prepare his Majesty's bed. Cléry was much surprised to find the child still awake ; fearing that he was unwell, Cléry asked him why he had not been to sleep yet. "Because my aunt gave me a little box for you," he answered, "and I did not want to go to sleep until I had given it to you ; you've only just come in time, for my eyes have already closed several times." The next moment the Dauphin fell fast asleep.

When, on December 31, Louis XVI was dragged before the bar of the *Commune*, the Dauphin was again placed in his mother's charge.

That day was one of the saddest in the king's whole existence. At five o'clock in the morning the drums all over Paris began to beat to arms. Shortly afterwards, the garden of the Temple was invaded by cavalry and guns. Cléry informed his Majesty of the reason for these preparations. He went up-stairs with the Dauphin to breakfast in the princesses' apartment. The queen, who had likewise been informed of the cause of all this commotion, pretended not to notice it. But the continual presence of the municipal officers prevented the royal family from giving way to their fears just at the time when they were most anxious. At ten

o'clock they were obliged to separate ; their mutual glances expressed the thoughts their lips dared not utter. The Dauphin descended as usual with his father. At eleven o'clock, while the king was giving his son a reading-lesson, two municipal guards came to fetch the young prince in order to take him into the queen's chamber. The king wished to know the reason of this sudden departure; the commissaries replied that they were obeying an order from the *Conseil de la Commune*. His Majesty tenderly embraced his son and told Cléry to take him away. This servitor, on his return, informed him that he had given the young prince into the queen's arms. The king seemed reassured. He then sat down in an arm-chair and, leaning his head upon one of his hands, became absorbed in his reflections. The municipal guard upon duty in the Temple that day now entered.

"What do you want?" cried the king in a loud voice.

"I was afraid that you were unwell."

"I thank you," replied his Majesty very sadly. "But it is extremely painful to me to be deprived of my son."

The mayor Chambon, who was to conduct him to the *Commune*, did not arrive until one o'clock. Among other things, the king said to him, "I could have wished, sir, that the commissaries had left my son with me during the two hours I have been waiting for you."

As soon as the monarch had been escorted back to the Temple, he asked to be taken to his family ; this consolation was refused. "But at least," cried the king, "my son may pass the night with me, for his bed and his clothes are here." The child's kisses would have softened his bitter grief. His Majesty, notwithstanding his entreaties, could obtain no answer and was obliged to await the *Commune's* decision. The Dauphin passed that night and the following nights upon a mattress in the queen's chamber. After four days of anxiety and reiterated entreaties, the king received notice to the effect that, "The queen and Madame Elisabeth were to hold no communication with the king during his trial ; that his children might visit him if he wished, but only on the condition that they were not to see their mother and their aunt until after the last examination." Having read this fiat, the king said to Cléry, "You see in what a cruel predicament they have placed me ! As for my daughter, it is impossible ; as for my son, I realize how such a proceeding would grieve his mother. I must consent to this fresh sacrifice." Thus Louis XVI, ever generous, even at the expense of his dearest affections, would not separate the children from their mother whom, alas ! he was only to behold once more, and under what circumstances !

On Sunday, January 20, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the members of the *Conseil exécutif*

presented themselves before the king. The minister of justice, Garat, with his hat on his head, acted as spokesman. After hearing the fatal decree, Louis XVI asked to be allowed to see his family in private and without any witnesses. It was necessary to obtain the *Convention's* consent ; the reply came at six o'clock. The municipal guards, however, objected, and declared that the *Commune* had commanded them never to let the king out of their sight. It was finally decided, in order to conciliate both parties, that the king was to receive his family in the dining-room, so that the guards could watch his movements through the glass window fixed in the wooden partition, but that the door was to be closed so that he might not be overheard.

At half-past eight o'clock at night, the royal family descended to the king's apartment ; the queen appeared first, holding her son by the hand ; then came Madame Royale and Madame Elisabeth. They flung themselves into the king's arms. A mournful silence, only broken by long-drawn sighs, reigned for several minutes. The queen wished to take the king aside. "No," said the king, "let us go into this room ; I may only see you there." They entered and Cléry closed the glazed door. The king sat down, with the queen on his right hand, Madame Elisabeth on his left and Madame Royale opposite to him ; the Dauphin stood leaning against the king's knee. Every one was in tears ; they mingled their sobs and cries ; the princesses,

leaning towards the king, embraced him several times. At last, worn out with weeping, their tears ceased to flow. They now only spoke in whispers. The commissaries, standing behind the glazed door, listened eagerly, but in vain ; they could hear nothing. They saw, however, that whenever the king spoke, the princesses' sobs redoubled, lasted for several minutes, and then ceased when the king began to speak again. It was easy to see that he had informed them of his condemnation.

During this painful scene, which lasted one hour and three-quarters, this child, born to occupy a throne but who was only to inherit his father's misfortunes and his crown of martyrdom, pressed his Majesty in his trembling arms, covered his hands and his clothes with kisses, and hiding his face in his father's lap, shed bitter tears. The barbarous guards saw the unhappiest of monarchs bless his unhappy children ; they saw them embrace each other ; they witnessed their speechless agony.

At a quarter-past ten o'clock the king and his family rose from their seats : Cléry opened the door ; the queen was embracing the king's right arm, their Majesties each held one of the Dauphin's hands ; Madame Royale, on the left, was clasping the king round the waist, while Madame Elisabeth, on the same side but more in the background, had seized her brother's left arm ; they moved towards the door uttering groans and piercing cries which

must have been audible outside the walls of the tower.

"I assure you," said the king to them, "that I will see you to-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

"Do you promise?" they repeated with one voice.

"Yes, I promise."

"Why not at seven o'clock?" asked the queen.

"Very well, then: yes! at seven o'clock," replied his Majesty.

He uttered his adieux in such a touching manner that their sobs redoubled. Madame Royale, who had been clasping the king in her arms, fell fainting at his feet. Cléry raised the princess and helped Madame Elisabeth to support her. The king, anxious to put an end to this heartbreaking scene, found courage to tear himself from his wife's arms, and to bid farewell to his sister and to his children, whom he tenderly embraced. "Adieu! adieu!" cried he and re-entered his room.

On the following day, January 21, a day ever to be regretted, the king said to Cléry in a piteous tone, "I am going to ask that you may be allowed to stay with my son; take care of him in this fearful abode. Remind him, tell him how I grieved for the misfortunes which he is now obliged to endure. One day, perhaps, he will reward your devotion."

The royal family had passed the night in the



The Separation of Louis XVI. from his Family.

greatest consternation. With terror-stricken hearts they awaited this last interview. Heedless for aught but the dictates of his own heart, the king wished to keep his promise to the queen. But M. l'abbé de Firmont,¹ his Majesty's confessor, begged the king not to allow the queen to undergo this fearful ordeal, as she would be unable to bear it. "You are right, sir," said he, "it would kill her; it were better to deprive myself of this sad consolation and to let her live in hope for a few more minutes."

A few moments later, the king called Cléry and said to him, "Give this seal to my son . . . and this ring to the queen; tell her that it grieves me to part with it. . . . This little packet contains the hair of all the different members of my family, you will give her that also. . . . Tell the queen, tell my dear children and my sister, that I had promised to see them this morning, but I wanted to spare them the sorrow of such a cruel parting: how painful it is to me to have to leave them without receiving their last kisses! . . ."

His Majesty wiped away a few tears and re-entered his study. Just as he was about to leave the prison, he turned towards the municipal guards,

¹ The l'abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, an Irish priest, who assisted Louis XVI during his last moments. After many unsuccessful attempts to escape, he finally left France and joined Louis XVIII at Mittau, where he eventually died from a fever contracted while tending some French prisoners of war.—Translator's note.

saying, "Gentlemen, I should like Cléry to stay near my son, who is accustomed to him; I hope that the *Commune* will accede to my request."

At nine o'clock in the morning, the ominous sound of rolling drums announced that the king was about to be removed from the Temple. The queen, bathed in tears, besought the commissaries to allow her to go down-stairs, so that she might embrace the king for the last time: they replied that they had received no orders to that effect.

Monsieur was at Ham, in Westphalia, when on January, 28, 1793, he heard the frightful news of the death of his august brother. His Royal Highness was "overcome with horror when he learnt that the greatest criminals the world has ever known had just crowned their numberless sins by the most horrible of all crimes."¹

He wrote to the French refugees then dwelling in foreign lands and informed them that he had taken the title of Regent, a title he was authorized to assume, by right of birth, during the minority of Louis XVII, his nephew, and that he had bestowed on Monsieur le comte d'Artois the title of lieutenant-general of the kingdom. His royal highness the regent accordingly issued that same day a Declaration and Letters-Patent; these were printed in Paris by Crapart, and thousands of copies distributed all over France. The regent also announced the deplorable event to the different

¹ *Termes de la Déclaration de Son Altesse Royale.*

European Courts. The empress of Russia, Catherine II, hastened to recognize in the person of Louis XVII the rightful heir to the throne of France. Nearly all the other Powers imitated her example. Meanwhile the royal family in the Temple were so deeply plunged in grief that they had become almost insensible to their own misfortunes and to the coarse treatment accorded them by Tison and some of the barbarous gaolers of Louis XVI. Maternal love finally prevailed in the queen's heart; the thought that she owed herself to her children gave her courage and even hope.

From that moment, the unhappy queen, concentrating all her thoughts upon the Dauphin and Madame Royale, devoted herself entirely to continuing their education. "Madame Elisabeth assisted the queen; she loved her brother's children with a mother's love. Notwithstanding the paucity of works necessary for their education, the latter was not neglected: the two princesses' mental resources were more than adequate to the task; not a single moment of the day was lost; the very games were designed for a useful end. It was impossible to see, without feeling touched, the young king scarcely eight years old, leaning on a little table, attentively reading the history of France, then repeating what he had just read, and eagerly listening to his mother and his aunt's remarks. The most ferocious commissaries could not help

feeling some emotion, though, to tell the truth, they soon blamed themselves for their weakness."

The queen thanked heaven that her enemies had left her this one consolation for her misfortunes. Ever generous, ever magnanimous, she excused her persecutors; she forgave them and wished her children to forgive them. She made the young king promise that, if he ever recovered his regal authority, he would imitate his father's clemency. This excellent prince could never consider his enemies except as men who had been deceived and led astray, less by their own passions than by the crimes which engender great revolutions and which few people are sufficiently virtuous to withstand.

Some of the municipal guards, deeply touched by the sad fate of the queen, the young king and the royal family, formed a plan to liberate them from the Temple. Toulan, one of the men who showed the greatest zeal and rendered the most valuable services to these illustrious victims during their sojourn in the temple, was the first to conceive this bold scheme, which he submitted to the queen. But her Majesty wished that this scheme might be examined first of all by one of her most faithful servitors, M. le chevalier de Jarjaye, formerly brigadier-general (now lieutenant-general), to whom Louis XVI had often confided important secret missions. Toulan, the bearer of the queen's message, waited upon this officer.

After several interviews, M. de Jarjaye said that

he thought success was possible, but he considered that it was absolutely necessary to confide the secret of this perilous undertaking to a second commissary on duty in the Temple, and that M. Lepitre was the only suitable person.

When M. de Jarjaye had arranged the preliminaries of this plan of escape, and when he had caused a suit of men's clothes and other garments to be made for the queen and Madame Elisabeth, the commissaries smuggled these different clothes into the tower. The princesses, wearing tricoloured scarfs and provided with free passes such as the municipal officers possessed, were to leave the tower in these disguises.

Great difficulties lay in the way of rescuing Madame Royale and especially the Dauphin, who was very carefully guarded ; however, a plan was invented. A man was employed every morning to clean the lamps and to light them at night ; he was usually accompanied by two children who helped him in his work ; he always left the Temple before seven o'clock. It was therefore arranged that, after his departure and when the sentinels had been relieved, one of Toulan's friends, a zealous royalist, was to enter the Temple by means of a card like those given to the workmen employed in the building, go up into the queen's chamber carrying his tool-chest under his arm, and receive the children from Toulan, who was to scold him because he had not attended to the lamps ; having

descended with the children, he was to leave the Temple and take them to the appointed place of meeting.

Three *cabriolets*¹ had been prepared for the journey. The queen and the young king were to get into the first with M. de Jarjaye. Madame Royale was to be escorted in the second by M. Lepitre, and Madame Elisabeth was to occupy the third with Toulan. The whole affair had been arranged in such a manner that the gaolers would be unable to pursue the fugitives until five or six hours had elapsed after their departure. The passports being in order, would give them no trouble on the road.

At first it had been settled that the fugitives were to seek shelter in la Vendée, which was beginning to rise in revolt ; but the distance appeared too great and the difficulties too numerous. It seemed easier to reach the coast of Normandy, and from there to get taken over to England. M. de Jarjaye, who had a boat at his disposal on the coast near Havre, decided that this was the wisest plan. "M. de Jarjaye," says M. Lepitre, "declared that he would see to everything, that he had the necessary means, and that we could depend upon his talents and zeal, which were proof against everything."

We recommend our readers to read in M. Lepitre's *Souvenirs*, the account of all the

¹ *Cabriolet* : a hackney carriage.

precautions taken to insure success to this plan of escape. The latter was to have taken place in the beginning of March, when an insurrection, planned intentionally, occasioned the pillage of the sugar and coffee warehouses in the capital, and caused, without any reason, the barriers to be closed, and all passports to be suspended for a time.

The escape of the august prisoners, and especially that of the young king, who, as we have already said, was most carefully guarded, was rendered by this and subsequent events impossible. The queen's escape did not present the same difficulty ; therefore M. de Jarjaye determined to beg this princess, whose life was in imminent danger, to profit by the resources still remaining to her, and to escape from her tormentors.

Toulan, whose marvellous zeal and courage we cannot sufficiently praise, who acted as messenger between her Majesty and M. de Jarjaye, was charged to place before the queen all the details concerning this new scheme. This time Toulan, who was to act alone, was to smuggle the queen out of the Temple and to conduct her to a certain spot where the princess would find M. de Jarjaye, who, for his part, was to take precautions to insure the safety of this unfortunate queen.

Her Majesty approved this plan ; everything had been arranged. But on the eve of the day chosen for her departure, the queen, unable to bear the thought of parting with her children and

Madame Elisabeth, wrote to M. de Jarjaye a letter which we have seen, written entirely by her Majesty's own hand, and which M. Chauveau-Lagarde, the defender of the queen and Madame Elisabeth, first published in his *Note historique sur les procès des deux princesses*.

Here is this wonderful letter, word for word with the original : " We have dreamt a beautiful dream. That is all. But we have gained much, for this episode has shown that we were wise to place our confidence in you. You will ever find me dignified and courageous ; but my son's welfare is all important to me. Though I might have rejoiced to leave this prison, I could not consent to leave him. Without my children, I could enjoy nothing. I do not even regret my resolution."

After having made this decision, fearing that the queen would soon be deprived of all means of communicating with her family, her Majesty and Madame Elisabeth begged M. de Jarjaye, in the beginning of May, to send to Monsieur and to Monseigneur le comte d'Artois the seal, ring and packet containing the hair of the royal family, which the king, shortly before his departure from the Temple, had instructed Cléry to carry to the queen. Towards the end of March 1793, the queen and Madame Elisabeth confided this precious trust to M. de Jarjaye, who, in the beginning of May, had the good fortune to send these objects to Monsieur, who was then at Ham in Westphalia.

On March 26, Toulan and M. Lepitre had been denounced before the *Conseil général de la Commune* on account of their behaviour to the royal family. Hébert demanded that they should be dispossessed of their office. They therefore ceased to be numbered among the commissaries charged to watch over the prisoners in the Temple. Some time afterwards the unfortunate Toulan paid with his head his noble devotion to the royal family.

These different plans for escape had not been concerted without awakening Tison's suspicions. This gaoler, accustomed to use the most shocking language in his conversation with the commissaries whom he knew to be villains, feigned a certain amount of pity in the presence of those whom he considered honest and kind-hearted, and even went so far as to rave about the young king's charming qualities. This was how this crafty, cruel man endeavoured to worm himself into the secrets of the municipal guards and to discover their real opinions. But although the princesses were upon their guard against his machinations, although Madame Royale, during her mother's absence, always remained in one of the turrets with her brother, so that the prince, who was still very young, might not involuntarily commit some indiscretion, and thus give Tison cause to suspect any plot, the latter hastened to denounce them before the *Conseil général de la Commune*.

It was on April 19 that this villain and his wife accused the queen and Madame Elisabeth of "having bribed several municipal officers to keep them informed of current events, provide them with newspapers and help them to communicate with their absent friends." On the morrow, Hébert, ever the implacable enemy of the royal family, hastened to the Temple in order to make a thorough search, which operation lasted until four o'clock in the morning. The young prince was asleep; they dragged him out of bed that they might examine his mattress and even his clothes. The result of this vexatious visit was the discovery of a stick of sealing-wax.

From that moment the royal family lost all hope. The *Commune* now only sent to the Temple commissaries who were known for their severity. A wall was erected in the garden and shutters were placed before all the windows. Even greater precautions were taken when it was known that Dumouriez had gone over to the Austrians, that his soldiers had deserted and that the Prussians had been successful. In the month of May the young prince fell ill. The queen asked the *Conseil général* to send M. Brunyer, the royal children's physician, in whom she had great confidence, to see the sick child. Her Majesty's request was refused. At the end of four days, the illness having increased, the prison doctor was sent to the Temple. The queen and Madame Elisabeth nursed the king and

never left him night or day, as they had done when, after the death of Louis XVI, Madame Royale fell ill and, owing to want of proper medical advice, suffered much from swollen limbs. Certain newspapers had revealed the fact that the princesses treated Louis XVII as the king of France, that the royal family went every morning to salute him and to render to him all the homage due to royalty. These and many other rumours circulated by the Jacobins drew people's attention to what was going on in the Temple. Some time after this, the *section du Finistère* (faubourg Saint-Marceau) asked that the other Parisian sections and the rural cantons might assemble in order to draw up an address to be sent to the *Convention* demanding that the queen and Madame Elisabeth should be tried, and that *sure measures* should be taken to prevent Louis XVII succeeding to his father's throne.

The struggle between the Jacobins and the Girondins left neither party any leisure to attend to these demands. However, after May 31, the Jacobins, now masters of the battlefield, hastened to examine the numerous denunciations which they themselves had uttered against the royal family. Events accelerated the execution of their sinister plans.

Some time before these events took place, Lullier, attorney-general to the *Commune*, confided to the deputy Hérault de Séchelles that, owing to

his position, he had been able to ascertain the existence, not only in the provinces but even in the *Convention* itself, of a considerable party in favour of the young prince ; that, when this party had grown sufficiently powerful, Louis XVII was to be rescued from the Temple and presented to the people holding in his hand the Constitution of 1791. Hérault de Séchelles hastened to publish this secret to the whole world.

It is true that schemes were made to restore the throne to Louis XVII, and in justice we must confess that several members of the *Convention* hoped to reestablish the former monarchy on its original foundations. But how many factionists only feigned to support these schemes in order to win over to their own side the still numerous friends of royalty, to crush rival factions and to use the young king and the queen, his mother, to further their own ambitions ! These divers schemes served, at least, as a pretext to the leaders of the revolution (who mutually accused each other of royalism) to send their brethren to the scaffold. We will not interrupt our account of the young king's personal history by relating details of clumsy plans concerted with the nominal aim of rescuing the young prisoner ; we will only mention those schemes which, by awakening terror in the hearts of the anarchists, influenced the fate of the young king and the august prisoners in the Temple.

One of the most remarkable of these schemes



LOUIS XVII.

At the age of Eight.

was a certain plan divulged by Cambon, agent for the *Comité de Salut public*,¹ in the presence of the *Convention*, July 13, 1793. After a lengthy statement concerning the condition of France, the deputy said, "We are in an extremely awkward position; the whole Republic is in ebullition, the southern and western towns are arming in order to effect what they are pleased to term the re-establishment of order and the punishment of the guilty, etc." He then concluded as follows :

"A few days ago some officers from a Parisian section came to the *Comité* and denounced a plot whereby the son of Louis XVI was to be abducted on July 15 and proclaimed king under the title of Louis XVII. General Dillon, together with twelve other officers, was to be placed at the head of the conspirators' army; the authors of this plot were to repair to the different Parisian sections and to take possession of as many of them as possible under the pretext of combating the anarchists and re-establishing order; they believed that they could count upon sixty persons in each section; that the first thing to be done would be to spike the guns, to

¹ *Comité de Salut public* : a committee originally composed of nine and later of twelve members, instituted April 6, 1793, by a decree from the *Convention nationale*; for nearly a whole year it enjoyed unlimited authority in France until it was replaced in 1795 by the *Directoire*.

The *Comité de Sûreté générale*, also instituted in 1793, was charged to denounce to the *tribunal révolutionnaire* all the conspiracies and plots to weaken the latter's power.—Translator's note.

seize the muskets stored in the guard-houses, and to assemble on the place de la Révolution ; the conspirators were then to separate into two columns, one of which was to march along the *boulevards* and seize the young Louis, and the other was to repair to the *Convention* and force its members to proclaim him king ; Marie-Antoinette was to be proclaimed regent during his minority ; the authors of this revolution were to form the king's bodyguard and to be decorated with white watered-silk ribbon badges bearing an inverted eagle and these words, ' Down with anarchy ! Long live Louis XVII ! ' ”

Cambon added that after the denunciation of this and other similar plots, the *Comité* had caused Dillon to be arrested, together with the principal authors of this scheme ; the general had admitted that certain persons had proposed to him that he should put himself at the head of a band of individuals who were anxious to support the efforts of the departments and to give the upper hand to “ honest folks,” but he had denied the existence of any plot to give the crown to Louis XVII.

Lastly, Cambon concluded his statement by announcing that, in consequence of this information, the *Comité* had signed, on July 1, a mandate declaring that the son of Louis XVI was to be separated from his mother and his family, and to be given into the charge of a tutor nominated by the *Conseil général de la Commune*. This mandate was approved by the *Convention*.

The queen was totally unprepared for this terrible separation. At the time of the king's death she had feared that he might be taken away from her; but as he had been left for the last six months in her charge, she had begun to hope that her tormentors would not deprive her of this dear child.

On July 3, at ten o'clock at night, six commissaries from the *Commune* came to inform her Majesty of the fatal decree ordering the transfer of the son of Louis XVI to another part of the tower. The queen refused to give her consent to such a proceeding, and earnestly entreated that her son might be left in her care. She placed herself in front of the bed in which the child was lying, and strove to defend him against the attacks of the municipal guards. Madame Royale and Madame Elisabeth, equally terrified by this separation which presaged still more ominous measures, covered with their kisses the unhappy prince who had taken refuge in his mother's arms. The whole family shed torrents of tears; they even stooped so low as to beg humbly for a little pity; but nothing could soften the hard hearts of the commissaries who, probably, had never possessed any tender feelings. They were in a hurry to go; they threatened to fetch the soldiers on guard to help them to obtain possession of the child. Obligated to yield to force, the queen and the trembling princesses dressed the young prince.

When they were about to drag the child away, the queen, kissing him for the last time, said to him: "Remember, my son, remember a mother who loves you; be good, gentle and virtuous." It would almost seem as if, when the queen recommended him to be virtuous and gentle, she foresaw that he would have need of these qualities in order to tame the tiger charged to watch over him. At last the commissaries tore the young prince from the queen's arms; she begged that she might be allowed to see her son again, if only during meal-time; they scarcely deigned to reply to her prayers; the barbarians knew very well that she would never again behold her child! . . .

Separated from all whom he loved on earth, the young Louis refused to take any nourishment; for two days and nights he wept without ceasing. He never ceased to ask for his mother, his sister and his aunt. To whom did he address his prayers? . . . To the infamous Simon,¹ on whom

¹ Many historians of the royalist party, including Eckard, represent Simon as a perfect fiend. Recent authorities, however, declare that the touching scenes quoted by their *confrères* were invented and that Simon, although rough and brutal in his manner, did not go so far as to martyr the Dauphin. M. Lenôtre has written an interesting article upon the prince's tutor in his *Vieilles Maisons, vieux Papiers* (edited by Perrin, Paris), from which some of the following details are quoted. Antoine Simon, born at Troyes in 1736, the son of a butcher, came to Paris while still very young. Having being apprenticed to a shoemaker, he obtained his *lettres de maîtrise*; but either by ill-luck or by his own fault, he only vegetated and remained a mere cobbler in miserable

the *Commune* had bestowed the title of tutor, to that drunken shoemaker, Robespierre's *protégé*,

circumstances. In November 1766 he married the widow of a master-shoemaker, Frédéric Munster by name ; this woman brought him her first husband's stock-in-trade as her dower. As business did not prosper, the shoemaker purchased a cheap eating-house situated in the rue de Seine, where he lived from hand to mouth, reduced to borrow money and to have recourse to many other expedients until, his goods having been seized, he was obliged to leave the rue de Seine for a tiny lodging in the rue des Cordeliers, on the second floor of a house adjoining the *École de Médecine*.

Simon was then forced to resume his former trade of cobbler, and in order to buy the necessary materials and implements, he endeavoured to borrow money from his step-daughter ; on her refusal he pawned, at the *Mont de Piété*, two gold watches and the clothes of his wife, Marie-Barbe. The latter fell ill soon afterwards and died in the *Hôtel Dieu*, March 11, 1786. Things prospered no better with the shoemaker, now a widower ; he was now without any resources, no one would give him credit ; wherever he went he was besieged by duns.

However, a few months later, Marie-Jeanne Aladame, charwoman to Madame Fourcroy, consented to share his miserable existence, and on May 20, 1788, married Antoine Simon in the church of Saint-Côme. Simon was then fifty-two years of age ; his wife was forty-three. Antoine Simon was a tall, rough-looking individual, with broad shoulders, lank, black hair and dark skin ; but he was not considered a bad fellow by his neighbours. As to Marie-Jeanne, born in Paris, the daughter of a carpenter who died while she was still a child, her big features gave her a harsh appearance ; but she was a good creature and an excellent housekeeper. She owned a small annuity which had been left to her by the wife of a wine-merchant as a reward for long and faithful service.

The newly-wedded pair then left Simon's lodging in order to set up in the rue des Cordeliers, on the third floor of one of those old houses, still in existence, behind the statue of the celebrated *conventionnel* Danton. The shoemaker now found himself in the

well worthy of such a monster's protection. A few days after this cruel separation had taken place,

very centre of the revolutionary circle. Marat, Danton, Fabre d'Eglantine, and Camille Desmoulins were his neighbours; and when the storm burst, they were all gathered together in the *section des Cordeliers*. So when Danton was nominated minister, August 10, 1791, honours were showered on the club and Simon came in for his share: he was appointed commissary of the *Commune provisoire*. From that moment, having nothing to lose, he flung himself headlong into the rushing, boiling stream. On September 2, 1792, he was sent with Michonis to try and stop the massacres at Bicêtre and at the *Salpêtrière*; his intervention, however, was unsuccessful. On September 1, 1792, he drew up the inventory of the papers and property of the prisoners in Orléans, which prisoners were massacred while passing through Versailles.

Marie-Jeanne helped in a more peaceful manner to further the cause of new opinions by caring for the federates from Marseilles, wounded during the events of August 10 and installed, in her own neighbourhood, in the *Couvent des Cordeliers*, which had been converted into a hospital on that occasion. The wounded soldiers declared her to be a courageous and devoted nurse; and when she asked the *Convention* to repay her for the *tisanes* and other remedies which, owing to the smallness of the subsidy allowed to her, she had been obliged to buy with her own funds, Chaumette and the Marseillais declared that her demand was quite justified and helped her to obtain satisfaction. It was probably while she was nursing the "brave federates" that the woman Simon made the acquaintance of Marat, who was a doctor in the same *Hôpital des Cordeliers*. Perhaps this was the first link in the chain of events which gave the Simons their comfortable post in the Temple. Chaumette must also have had a large share in the shoemaker's nomination as tutor to the Dauphin. This scheme to turn the Dauphin into a little democrat by purging him of all his aristocratic leaven, by having him educated by the very plebeian and very vulgar Simon, is certainly very conformable to the character and ultra-democratic principles of Anaxogaras Chaumette, in other words Gaspard

Drouet, Chabot and other commissaries from the *Comité de Sûreté générale* repaired to the Temple,

Chaumette. On the other hand, Chaumette had been nominated prosecutor to the *Commune* in December 1792, and had therefore charge of the prisoners in the Temple. He needed a staunch patriot to guard the royal child, a guardian whom the ever-wakeful conspirators would be unable to corrupt; all these circumstances tend to prove that the esteem enjoyed by the woman Simon in the *Hôpital des Cordeliers* was a valuable factor in the fortunes of the worthy couple.

It was on July 3, 1793, that Marie-Jeanne and her husband took their places in the coach which had come to convey them to the *Hôtel de Ville*, where they were to receive confirmation of their nomination to the Temple. This was an unexpected stroke of good luck, and the change from a sordid lodging to a comfortable abode on the second floor of the Temple was more than they had ever dared hope for. With food and lodging free, Simon received, as tutor to the young prince, the sum of 6,000 *livres*; his wife, for her share in taking care of the child, received 4,000 *livres*. Simon probably profited by this post to indulge in his favourite pastimes, such as gambling, and his equally favourite drinking bouts. A brawler, like every born drunkard, naturally coarse by birth and by education, he must have made the Dauphin suffer more by his presence and rough manners, than by actual deeds of cruelty; on different occasions, he even showed a certain amount of solicitude for his pupil. Be this as it may, Simon, for some unexplained reason, notwithstanding all his advantages and the poverty which he knew was in store for him if he gave up this post, soon wearied of his rôle of gaoler. This change of living had also affected the health of Marie-Jeanne, for in the beginning of December 1793 she suffered from congested liver. At last a decision passed by the *Commune* forbidding plurality of functions obliged Simon to choose between his post as member of the *Conseil général de la Commune* and that of tutor to the Dauphin. Was Simon carried away by his enthusiasm for civism or, knowing that several plots had been made to rescue the prisoners in the Temple, did he fear for his own head? However, he gave in his

less to prove, as they declared, that the rumours of Louis XVII's escape were false, than to satisfy

resignation, and on January 10, 1794, left the Temple. During the whole day long, Marie-Jeanne, still suffering from a recent attack of asthma, dragged her goods and chattels down those steep stairs. At nine o'clock at night, the couple left the Temple for the last time. During their stay, the Dauphin had been comparatively happy; his keepers had allowed him to run and play about his room as well as in the gardens. Simon had had a little billiard-table brought for him; a case of mechanical birds also helped to amuse him; and in order to prevent him feeling the separation from his sister, they had even found a little companion of his own age, the daughter of the washerwoman Clouet. The commissaries Chabot and Drouet, charged to ascertain the presence of the young prince, noticed no signs which could make them think that he had been subjected to ill-treatment. Dr. Thierry, who attended the child and paid him seventy-seven visits, would have noticed any bruises or marks of blows if the Dauphin had really been ill-treated by his keepers. During two short illnesses the woman Simon had nursed him with the greatest care and devotion. It was under these conditions that the tutor gave his pupil into the charge of the commissaries from the *Convention*; the fact is proved by an extract from the *Moniteur*, at that time the official newspaper.

On leaving the tower of the Temple, the Simons did not return to their lodging in the rue des Cordeliers, but we find them installed in an apartment, consisting of two rooms and a kitchen, in a house adjoining the Temple and looking into the stable-yard of that building. Simon, no doubt as a reward for his zeal and devotion to civism, was nominated, on April 6, 1794, inspector of army baggage-wagons, a post which he did not occupy for very long, for in the month of July he returned to the *section des Cordeliers* and hired two rooms in the former *Couvent des Cordeliers*, still keeping his lodging in the Temple and his apartment in the rue des Cordeliers, as proved by the seals affixed to these three domiciles on his death (G. Lenôtre). Finally, a fortnight after his removal to the Cordeliers, the storm of the 9th *thermidor* burst

themselves in what manner the orders of the *Comité de Salut public* had been executed, and to give private instructions to Simon and to the other keepers on the treatment to be accorded to the son of Louis XVI and to the princesses.

The anarchists saw by the events at that time taking place all over France that their reign of tyranny was almost at an end. The Austrians took possession of Condé, Valenciennes, and other places. Caen and several towns in the west of France now only acknowledged the young king's claims and refused to obey the *Convention*; la Vendée was becoming more and more formidable. Lyons outlawed the *montagnards*; and Toulon, proclaiming Louis XVII king of France and Navarre, joyfully surrendered to the English.

We can imagine the impression made by these events upon the minds of the *Constitutionnels* whose hands still reeked of the blood of Louis XVI. The president of the *Assemblée*, the ferocious Billaud-Varennès who, owing to the above ominous events,

and swept Simon away. He was arrested at the *section des Cordeliers* and executed the following morning.

A year later Marie-Jeanne, then in a very bad state of health, inherited the shoemaker's humble fortune. Thanks to the surgeon Naudin, she was permitted as a favour to remain at the *Cordeliers*. At last, on April 12, 1796, she was admitted to the Hospital for Incurables in the rue de Sèvres (now the *Hôpital Laënnec*). The sisters of Saint Vincent de Paul, who directed this establishment, testified to her good conduct and her excellent character. It was here that, on June 10, 1819, the companion of the Dauphin's "tutor" died. She was buried in the cemetery of Vaugirard.

had been made a member of the *Comité de Salut public* together with his worthy colleague Collot d'Herbois, uttered these prophetic and horrible words: "When the heads of the conspirators" (Clavières and Lebrun, whose death he was to demand before another week had elapsed), "as well as the head of Marie-Antoinette, have fallen under the knife of the guillotine, you may tell the powers in coalition against you, that one thread alone holds the sword suspended above the head of Capet's son; and that if they dare to encroach one step farther on your territory, he will be the people's first victim. It is only by taking such vigorous measures that we can hope to establish this, our new form of government."

We see that this deputy knew the meaning of the aforesaid *vigorous measures*, and was already announcing the queen's death and the fate in store for her unhappy son. The treatment accorded to this unfortunate prince was very probably suggested by the *Commune*, and especially by the *Conventionnels montagnards*. Simon dragged the innocent victim into the very room once occupied by the king, and kept him there in solitary confinement; he alone had the right to visit the child. He covered him with abuse; the position of the son of Louis XVI was rendered doubly painful by the cruel treatment endured in the very room where everything reminded the poor child of his father's loving care and affection.

The tender years, the innocence, the beauty of the young king could touch neither the inexorable gaoler nor his wife, a veritable vixen, who had come to dwell with him in the Temple. They obeyed their instructions to the very letter ; in their exaggerated enthusiasm for democracy, they did all that lay in their power to destroy the child's bodily and mental faculties. They wanted to make him share their political opinions, imitate their coarse manners and sing their regicidal songs. The august child resisted for a long time ; we may judge of his resistance by the following anecdote :

On August 9, the *Convention* proclaimed the acceptance of the Constitution by which France was to be established as a Republic. Simon, hearing the cannon announcing this event, said to the prince :

“ Capet ! cry ‘ Long live the Republic ! ’ ”

The child refused. The gaoler, having vainly told him several times to obey, began to swear and to threaten him.

“ You may do what you like,” said the young king, in a firm voice, “ but I will never repeat those words ! ”

This characteristic reply was immediately imparted to all the guards on duty that day in the Temple.

But this resistance only served to increase the misfortunes of Louis XVII. He now heard

nothing but revolting expressions and blasphemous oaths. Simon forced him to do all manner of dirty house-work ; his wife cut off the young prince's hair, the only ornament which still adorned his royal forehead ; she stripped off his black clothes and made him wear a *carmagnole*.¹ Simon was not content with this unjust conduct towards the child, his prisoner ; he even had the cruelty to strike him, not only once but several times. One day he said to him in an ironical tone, " Well, Capet, now you're a Jacobin ! " So saying, he placed a red cap upon the head of the descendant of Henri IV and Louis XIV.

The royal child's rare moments of recreation were used as a means to humble him. One day Simon brought him a jew's-harp, the favourite musical instrument of the young Savoyards.

" Here," said he to the prince, with a horrible oath, " your mother and your aunt play the harpsichord, you must accompany them upon your jew's-harp. What a fine row you will make ! "

Another day when the young king, ever thinking of his mother, refused to sing some infamous verses which had been composed against her, Simon, foaming with rage, seized an andiron, and would have felled the unfortunate child to the ground had the latter not skilfully avoided the blow.

¹ *Carmagnole* : a short jacket ; also a republican song composed in 1792 on the occasion of the taking of Carmagnole, in Piémont, by the French.—Translator's note.

My pen refuses to write any more details of this cruel treatment. . . .

The princesses finally discovered that the young prince sometimes walked about on the tower of the Temple in order to take the air, and that, by standing at one of their windows, they could see him pass. They spent long hours at their casement in the hope of seeing him pass by ; and if by chance they caught a glimpse of his passing shadow, they were overjoyed. This ray of happiness was changed to grief when they saw that the child no longer wore mourning for his father, that his head was covered by the infamous red cap, when they learned that oaths and curses were continually uttered in his presence, and that his tormentors had tried to force him to sing shameful and regicidal songs. It was said that even Tison was horrified by Simon's conduct ; it was Tison who revealed to the queen her son's deplorable condition.

Hardly had the august mother heard this horrible revelation when, on August 2, at two o'clock in the morning, the commissaries came to awaken the princesses in order to read to the queen the decree ordering her transfer to the *Conciergerie*.¹

¹ It was on August 1, 1793, that Marie-Antoinette was transferred to the *Conciergerie*. During that day, Hanriot went to the Temple and made a tour of inspection. At eight o'clock that night, the guards were ready with their guns loaded. The police officers, Michonis, Froidure, Marmier and Michel, repaired to the prison at a quarter-past one o'clock in the morning, in order to

Madame Royale and Madame Elisabeth asked to be allowed to accompany her ; their request was

carry out the *Convention's* commands summoning the widow Capet to appear before the *Tribunal révolutionnaire* and ordering her transfer to the *Conciergerie*. Marie-Antoinette hastily embraced her daughter and her sister-in-law, whom she was never again to behold. Her son had been taken from her on July 3, 1793. A *fiacre*, escorted by twenty *gendarmes*, was waiting for her at the foot of the steps of the Palace and deposited her at the *Conciergerie* at three o'clock in the morning (*Papiers du Temple, publiés dans la "Nouvelle Revue,"* April 1, 1884).

To tell the truth, the *Convention's* order had little to do with the fate of Marie-Antoinette. It was only responsible for Marie-Antoinette's transfer to the *Conciergerie*. For negotiations had already been begun between the *Convention* and the courts of Prussia and Austria with a view to obtaining, in exchange for the queen, either the cessation of hostilities or an exchange of prisoners. They only wished to hasten the decision of the Powers for whose reply they were anxiously waiting.

If we believe a dispatch addressed to Lord Grenville by F. Drake, an English resident in Genoa who sometimes corresponded with one of the secretaries of the *Comité de Salut public* (*Historical manuscript Commission : The rescued (sic) MSS. of J. B. Fortescue*, II, 457), it was during a private *séance* of the *Comité de Salut public*, held in Pache's bureau in the *Tuileries*, on the night of September 4-5, that the queen's fate was decided. Cambon vainly pleaded that they could do nothing until the conclusion of the present negotiations ; Hébert overruled the *Comité's* objections by declaring that treachery and corruption were visible on all sides and that the *Comité de Salut public* could only continue to exist by passing sentence of death upon Marie-Antoinette, thus binding the *sans-culottes* and the revolutionary army to its cause as once before, by the death of Louis XVI, it had forced the *Convention* to come to its aid. Fouquier-Tinville, having been sent for, declared himself ready to support the designs of the *Comité de Salut public* and asked that five members of this jury, of whose political fidelity he was not quite certain, might be discharged.

refused. What words could describe this cruel separation ! The queen departed, heart-broken at

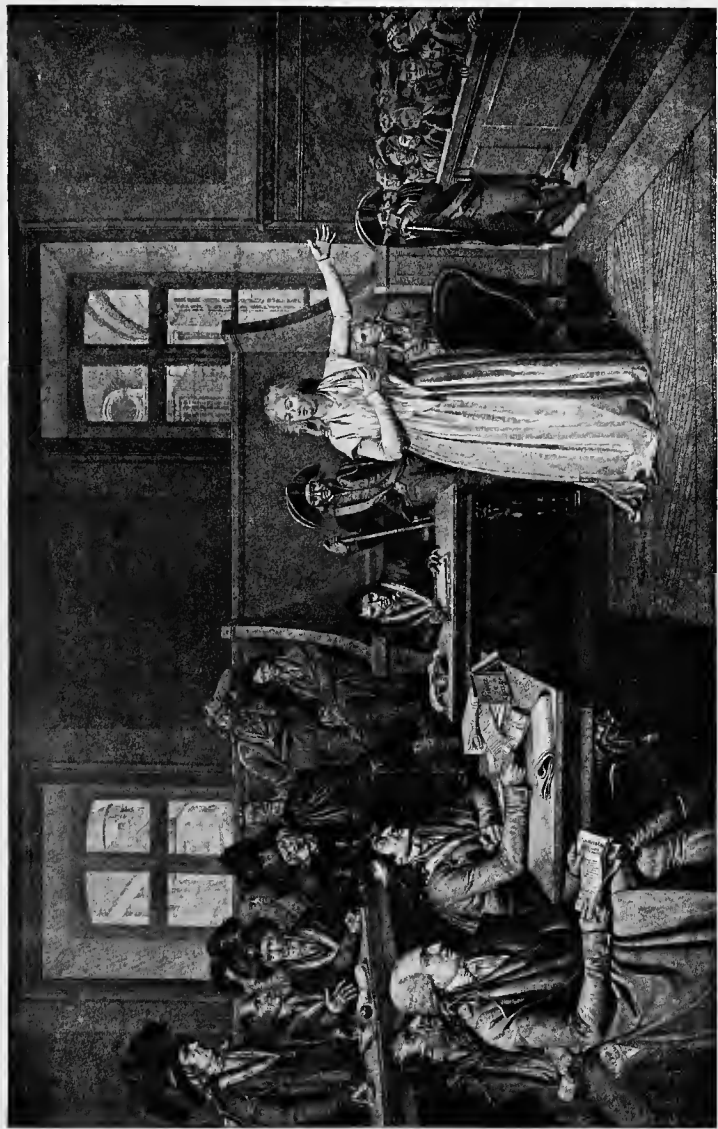
Marie-Antoinette, on her arrival at the *Conciergerie*, was shut up in the council-chamber, a good-sized room looking into the women's court, which would now be the prison canteen. Custine, whose case was then being tried, had just been removed from this chamber. Bertrand, the upholsterer of the prison, provided a folding-bed, a bolster, one thin blanket and a wash-hand basin. A rough table and two prison chairs were added (Statement made by Rosalie Lamorlière). Marie-Antoinette remained in this room from August 3 until September 13 or 14. Two *gendarmes*, armed with swords and muskets, watched over her. The instructions given by the *Convention* were very strict ; it seems, however, according to the statements made during the *Restauration*, that the prison subordinates, the turnkeys Richard and Lebeau (or Bault), and the serving-maid Rosalie Lamorlière, were both humane and kind in their treatment of the prisoner. The *Convention* allowed the sum of fifteen *livres* a day for her board ; her expenses for the seventy-five days spent by her in the *Conciergerie* (August 2 to October 17, 1793) amounted to the sum of 1,407 *livres* 6 *sous* (Campardon, *Tribunal révolutionnaire*). We will not repeat the touching incidents which marked the unhappy queen's captivity ; every one who came near her, the faithful and tactful serving-maid Rosalie Lamorlière, M. de Salomon, the internuncio then imprisoned in the *Conciergerie*, Mlle. Fouché, who procured for Marie-Antoinette the services of an unsworn priest, all left memoirs which were eventually published during the *Restauration* and have since been utilized by all the queen's historians, beginning with Lafont d'Aussonne and ending with the de Goncourts and M. de Nolhac. We will only mention that, on September 3, the Chevalier de Rougeville, thanks to a disguise, was able to enter the queen's prison and to drop a white carnation containing a letter at her feet. A false patrol was waiting in one of the courtyards of the *Conciergerie*. Unfortunately, the carnation was picked up by a *gendarme* on duty named Gilbert, for which service he received, as a reward, a lieutenant's commission. The queen was transferred to another room, formerly the prison pharmacy ; the windows of

the thought that she was going to be separated from those she loved best, and that her son was in

this room were firmly grated and even partly screened. The former turnkey from the prison de la Force, Bault, whose reputation for severity was well known, came to replace Richard, who was then imprisoned in Sainte-Pélagie, and the supervision of the prisoner became very strict. It was on this occasion that Marie-Antoinette underwent her first examination.

Amar, in the name of the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, endeavoured to draw up the bill of indictment demanded by the clubs, which bill Fouquier-Tinville was much astonished not to see forthcoming. At first the queen replied in the negative to the question concerning the white carnation. However, during the second examination, she retracted her denial. To the other questions concerning the queen's political opinion with regard to the Revolution, the intervention of the foreign Powers, the banquet given by the king's body-guards, the flight to Varennes and the events of August 10, Marie-Antoinette replied in a shrewd and dignified manner. .

On the 19th *vendémiaire*, Fouquier demanded that the papers concerning the trial of Louis XVI should be delivered into his keeping by the *Comité de Salut public*; on the 21st, at six o'clock at night, the *Tribunal révolutionnaire* (with Herman as president) proceeded to examine the queen (see Campardon, *Tribunal révolutionnaire*). We shall hear Herman repeat all the scandalous accusations which, for the last two years, had filled the columns of the daily papers and been discussed by every club orator in Paris: waste of the public funds, criminal correspondence with the foyal *émigrés* and with foreign Powers, reactionary influence exercised over the weak-willed king, Louis XVI, and, lastly, participation in the flight to Varennes and the events of August 10. Tronson-Ducoudray and Chauveau-Lagarde were charged to defend her. On October 15, 1793, Marie-Antoinette took her seat in the arm-chair which her judges, out of respect for her fallen splendour, had placed for her in the *salle* of the *Tribunal révolutionnaire*. Herman presided; Coffinhal, Maire and Douzé-Verteuil assisted him. Fouquier-Tinville pronounced his address in the stilted, bombastic style then in fashion. We find the text of Herman's examination



Marie-Antoinette before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Simon's hands. At least she did not know, she did not hear, what we are now obliged to reveal.

in Campardon's excellent work (*loc. cit.*). Herman dared to allude, in the open court, to the odious examination which Hébert and Chaumette had forced the royal children to undergo in the prison of the Temple. Marie-Antoinette, trembling with indignation, appealed to every mother's heart. After Fouquier's second speech, the president, in a voice cold and sharp, like the knife of the guillotine, summed up the debate. What could the queen's eloquent defenders do against such fearful odds? At a quarter past four o'clock in the morning Herman read the sentence by which Marie-Antoinette was unanimously condemned to suffer the penalty of death.

She remained a queen as long as she was still in the presence of the judges and the people; but when she found herself alone in her prison, Marie-Antoinette became a woman once more. She wrote to her daughter the sublime letter recorded in history; and when Rosalie Lamorlière, her devoted serving-maid, entered her cell, she found her lying ready dressed upon her bed and weeping bitterly. She consented, however, to take some nourishment. She was then obliged to take off her black dress, for it was feared that the sight of her mourning garments might remind the people of Louis XVI and excite their fury; Marie-Antoinette was forced to make her last toilet in the presence of the *gendarmes* who, notwithstanding her entreaties, refused to let her out of their sight. A sworn priest offered his services, but they were refused; nevertheless this man accompanied the queen to the place of execution. She had, however, been able to obtain religious assistance. Mlle. Fouché's *Souvenirs* (published in 1824 by the comte de Robiano) assure us that this pious lady managed to introduce into the queen's cell a priest, the *abbé* Magnin, who heard her confession and gave her the Sacrament on several occasions. About ten o'clock, Marie-Antoinette was removed from her dungeon and taken to the registrar's office, where the judges again read her sentence to her. Sanson then appeared; he cut off her hair and fastened her hands behind her back; at eleven o'clock, she left the *Conciergerie* and took her place in the executioner's cart, which drove off towards the

In order to attain his execrable aim, the gaoler had changed the young prince's diet. He forced him to eat a great deal, and to drink much more than was good for him; the child had always disliked wine. This new *régime* told upon the prisoner's bodily and mental health; he became very stout, but his stature did not increase. The child fell ill and was attacked by a violent fever: they

place de la Concorde, surrounded by numerous *gendarmes* both mounted and on foot. A well-known drawing by David shows us the queen of France bereft of all her youth and beauty, but still a queen, dressed in a white piqué dressing-gown. Loose locks of hair, rapidly turning grey, fluttered beneath the wretched cap which covered her head. Desessart, one of the witnesses of her death said: "We could perceive no signs of despair in her face." She was calm, and appeared not to notice the cries of "Long live the Republic!" uttered by the crowd which lined the streets. While the procession was passing close to the Jacobins, the actor Grammont, who was on horseback near the cart, brandished his sword and cried: "Ah! there she is, that infamous Marie-Antoinette, she's —, my friends!"

Marie-Antoinette, on her arrival at the foot of the scaffold, jumped lightly and quickly to the ground. "She seemed determined to appear quite unconcerned," says Rouy, another eye-witness of her execution and author of *Le Magicien républicain*; she spoke neither to the crowd nor to the executioners whom she allowed to prepare her for death; she herself pulled her cap off her head. Her execution and its ghastly prelude lasted for about four minutes. Punctually at a quarter-past twelve o'clock her head fell under the avenging knife, and the executioner showed it to the crowd amid repeated cries of "Long live the Republic!"

Her body, having been carried to the cemetery of the Madeleine, was not buried until a fortnight later (M. de Rocheterie, *Histoire de Marie-Antoinette*), November 1, 1793; the sexton Joly took upon himself to dig a grave, for which task he claimed the sum of 15 *livres* 35 *sols*.

made him take some medicine which was nearly fatal to him ; the prince recovered, however, thanks to his excellent constitution.

It was only after the queen's departure that the princesses, now alone in their lodging, understood to what depths of depravity Simon had sunk : they learned how he obliged the unfortunate child to eat and to drink too much, and then, when the innocent victim's reason was obscured, used violence in order to make him sing indecent and impious songs.

These tortures soon influenced the mind and health of the young king to such an extent that he trembled whenever he beheld his keeper, and, terrified by continual imprecations, soon became nothing but a machine in the hands of his tormentor. It was then that, on October 5, 1793, the execrable Simon and the infernal Hébert, in order to put the finishing touch to their crime, forced the unhappy child to sign, without, however, allowing him to read, the examination which they pretended they had made him undergo, but which Hébert had prepared with the help of a certain municipal officer named Daujon, his worthy rival, who boasted that he had written the whole thing with his own hand a few days previously.

The queen's enemies soon realized the inutility of such a forgery. That is why, on October 8, Pache, Chaumette, and David, accompanied by several satellites, repaired to the Temple. They

interrogated Madame Royale and overwhelmed her with insidious and ambiguous questions, hoping, by so doing, to force her to say something which they could use against the queen. Her mother's executioners, however, were completely discountenanced by the calm innocence of the young princess. After a *séance* lasting three hours, the details of which would make one recoil with horror, Madame Royale was taken back to her chamber. While passing the door of her brother's room she caught sight of the child, and ran forward to clasp him in her arms ; the cruel Simon roughly tore him away.

Madame Elisabeth was then forced to descend. They repeated in her presence all the infamous accusations with which they had assailed the queen. Like her niece, she defended herself in a few brief and truthful sentences, worthy of a pure-minded woman.

This *séance*, which posterity will never cease to execrate, infuriated the regicides ; they now saw that they would be obliged to have recourse to Hébert's *procès-verbal*.

In this examination, invented solely in order to blacken the character of the queen, whom the regicides, after having tormented in every conceivable manner, now wished to kill, they made a child of ten years of age declare that the princesses had corresponded with foreign Powers, and had concocted, together with several municipal officers,

sundry counter-revolutionary plots. This examination concluded with the monstrous atrocities quoted by their author, that villain Hébert, in the presence of the jurymen, or rather the queen's assassins ; not one of the judges of the *Tribunal révolutionnaire* dared to ask to see this calumnious document.

The queen did not deign to reply to this fiendish accusation ; one of the jurors wished to make her answer. She hesitated for a moment, then suddenly, with a dignified air, she turned towards the auditory, and, in a voice trembling with emotion, uttered these words : “ If I have not replied, it is because nature refuses to reply to such an accusation when made to a mother. I appeal to all mothers here present.” She spoke to furies, and those furies could only reply with tears.

A few days after this attack upon the queen's honour, Chaumette “ impressed ” upon the *Conseil général de la Commune* how “ absurd ” it was to keep in the prison of the Temple “ three individuals ” who were only a burden to the community and extremely expensive. At his request the *Conseil général* agreed that its members should go in a body to the *Convention* and demand that the prisoners in the Temple should be sent to the common prison and treated like ordinary prisoners.

The *Comité de Salut public* immediately sent for the public prosecutor and pointed out to him

the consequences of such a proceeding; this project, therefore, was never put into execution.

The members of the *Commune* then wished to indict Madame Elisabeth, or rather to deliver this new victim, now fallen from earthly splendour, to their accomplices, the executioners.

Notwithstanding all their researches, the municipal officers could find neither document nor pretext enabling them to carry out their abominable project. But, aided by Simon and his wife, they invented a scheme equal in atrocity to Hébert's horrible machination.

Accordingly, on December 3, 1793, the commissaries of the *Commune* drew up a *procès-verbal*, in which, thanks to the infamous Simon, the poor ill-treated child's name appeared for a second time. In this document, which would be revolting were it not so absurd, the two princesses imprisoned in the Temple were accused of "forging *assignats*,¹ and of corresponding and plotting with sundry unknown persons." The commissaries added that: "After these disclosures, they had carefully searched the prisoners' apartment, but that they had found nothing which could cause any uneasiness. . . ." This denunciation appeared so absurd to the *Conseil général* that it dared not pursue the accusation.

As we have already seen, the gaolers and

¹ *Assignat* : paper-money issued in 1789, the value of which varied according to the national funds.—Translator's note.

commissaries had never ceased to torment the unhappy prince. The queen, who guessed from whence came such perfidious suggestions, with one word reduced these pretended disclosures to their proper value. The president of the *Tribunal révolutionnaire*, in his examination, quoted other so-called revelations. "It is very easy," replied the august mother, "to make a child of eight years of age say what one wishes it to say."

This unfortunate sovereign, foreseeing that her calumniators would again make use of this fearful expedient, expressed her fears in the following touching and sublime letter or testament written by her own hand on the morning of her death: "I must speak to you of a certain subject, though it is extremely painful to me to do so. I know that this child must have grieved you: forgive him, my dear sister, remember how young he is, and how easy it is to make a child say what one wishes it to say, even though it may not understand the meaning of its words."

An impenetrable veil covers the events which took place during the young prince's lonely sojourn in the Temple. On January 19, 1794, he was given into the charge of the commissaries by Simon, who, weary of ill-treating the child, asked, it was said, to be allowed to return to the *Conseil général*, of which he was a member. The victim's patient resignation had vanquished his cruel tormentor.

After Simon's departure the king's misfortunes changed, but only in kind, for the murderers of his family, including Chaumette and Hébert, still reigned supreme in the Temple. The smallest sign of interest in the prisoner was considered a crime.

On March 27 it was necessary to renew the *Commission*, composed of seven members chosen from the *Conseil général*, and charged to supervise the prisoners in the tower. Cressant was proposed : several members opposed his election. They declared that he had shown pity towards the young Louis, and that he even knew the names of all those who daily mounted guard in the Temple. After a long discussion, Cressant was excluded from the *Conseil*, and marched off to be examined by the bureau of police. Having interrogated this man, it was discovered that he was by no means an ardent revolutionist ; but as no serious proofs of his treachery were forthcoming, no further proceedings were taken. This exclusion was in reality a stroke of good luck for Cressant, because it saved him from the scaffold, where, on the 9th *thermidor*, all the members of the *Commune* perished.

While the *Conseil général* was excluding any commissaries who showed pity for the illustrious prisoners, the rulers of the *Convention* were sending the *Commune's* agent, Hébert, and the other leaders of this now too formidable faction, to their death. Couthon accused them in especial of having smuggled letters and money into the Temple in

order to facilitate the young king's escape. Before very long these tyrants began to disagree among themselves, and the stronger party hurried Danton, Lacroix, and several other deputies to the scaffold as accomplices in a conspiracy (is it possible?) in favour of the re-establishment of monarchy. But this reaction proved that royalty was still alive, and that France still looked upon Louis XVII as her rightful sovereign. The anarchists, tortured by remorse, trembled with terror at his name, as they themselves had forced the lovers of order to tremble at their name ; the royalists, at the sacred title of king, felt their courage and hopes revive ; the former rendered involuntary homage, the latter willing homage to Authority and to the legitimate king.

The Reign of Terror was at its zenith ; the illustrious prisoners, more carefully watched and guarded than ever, could no longer obtain any news of the young king. Madame Elisabeth was occupied in cultivating in Madame Royale's heart those sublime virtues which to-day are admired by France and the whole universe, when, during the night of May 9, they came to tear her from the arms of that princess. Overwhelmed with insults, the sister of Louis XVI was pushed into a *fiacre* and taken to the *Conciergerie* ; on the morrow she was tried, condemned and executed.¹

¹ "Among all the victims of the Revolution," says M. de Beauchesne (*Etudes sur Madame Elisabeth*), "Madame Elisabeth

Notwithstanding the ever-increasing danger of being suspected of sympathy for the royal family,

was the purest and the most illustrious." Elisabeth Marie-Philippine-Hélène de France was born at Versailles, May 23, 1764. She was the youngest child of Louis XV and of Marie-Joséphine de Saxe, his second wife. Having been left an orphan while still very young, she was brought up in the principles of austere piety by Madame d'Aumale and Madame de Mackau; she appeared at court for the first time on the occasion of the marriage of her brother Louis XVI, then Dauphin, to Marie-Antoinette. "Her gentle blue eyes," says one of her biographers (A. Cordier, *Madame Elisabeth de France*), "gave to her countenance an expression of sweetness and melancholy which won all hearts to her side. A pleasing mouth, dazzling white skin, and dignified manners caused her to be remarked in society. . . . Although she was not very fond of company, suitors were not scarce. The prince of Portugal first came to pay his addresses to her; the matter was already far advanced, when a court intrigue put an end to all idea of a marriage for which the princess had displayed a certain amount of aversion; the future king of Sardinia, at that time duc d'Aoste, was the next suitor; then the emperor of Austria, Joseph II, but lately a widower, expressed his intention to marry her." Madame Elisabeth appeared equally indifferent to all these projects. "I can only marry a king's son," she is reported to have said, "and a king's son must dwell in and rule over his father's dominions; I should then no longer be a Frenchwoman, and I do not wish to lose my nationality." She was seldom seen at court; the charming residence at Petit-Montreuil, given to her by Louis XVI in 1781 (*Revue de l'histoire de Versailles*, 1904), had more charms for her than all the splendours of Versailles. During the summer months she could be seen there any day, happy in her retreat, far from all intruders. Her time was spent in pious devotions or in deeds of charity. Rural occupations were also very popular, and at Montreuil, as at Trianon, there was a dairy with cows and a Swiss cowherd. The rest of her time was spent in visits to the *Maison de Saint-Cyr* or to Madame Louise, who lived at Carmel. Madame Elisabeth was



MADAME ELISABETH

At the age of Ten.

faithful agents continued to make plans, often thwarted, often betrayed, to restore the throne to

seldom seen in the royal circle; her piety was shocked by her sister-in-law's love of frivolous society. She much preferred her own friends, Mlle. de Causans and Mlle. Angélique de Mackau, for whom she found husbands: the former married M. de Raigecour and the latter the marquis de Bombelles. With these two friends she exchanged the charming letters lately published by the comte de Fleury. However, the events which happened outside her own little world did not leave Madame Elisabeth utterly indifferent; for in 1786 she began to see more of her brother, over whom she quickly obtained great influence. Already opposed both by birth and by education to the new political opinions then apparent in many quarters, Madame Elisabeth's most sacred feelings were wounded by the religious policy of the *Assemblée constituante*. In her counter-revolutionary zeal she even surpassed Marie-Antoinette, who, broader-minded and less bigoted, was better able to meet the inroads of modern ideas. So it was not her fault if the king did not take severe measures to stamp out sedition. "We are lost," we read in one of her letters, "if the king is not energetic enough to cut off two or three heads." When Louis XVI decided to repair to the *Assemblée nationale*, February 4, 1790, he met with much opposition from his sister. "I consider that civil war is necessary," wrote she, about this time. ". . . Anarchy will never cease without it; the longer it is delayed, the more blood will be shed." Neither her brother nor her aunt could persuade her to leave her post. "As for me, I have sworn never to leave my brother, and I shall keep my vow." (Letter of May 29, 1789.)

From October 5 until August 10 she shared the royal family's anxieties and dangers; and when the doors of the Temple closed upon them, biographers show us Madame Elisabeth at the king's side reading to him, working with her needle with Marie-Antoinette, encouraging the royal family in the midst of trials, which by her obstinacy she had, perhaps, helped to bring down upon their heads.

She received the last farewell of Louis XVI on January 20

the king. One of the most active and persevering of these agents was, no doubt, the baron de Batz, a former member of the *Assemblée constituante*.

1793; and on August 2 of that same year she bade adieu to Marie-Antoinette. In the following October, while the queen's trial was in progress, Hébert and Chaumette made her undergo the odious examination whereby they wished to prove that Marie-Antoinette had debased the Dauphin. After the queen's departure, the commissaries of the *Commune* kept her, together with Madame Royale, confined in an unfurnished kitchen in the Temple. On May 9, 1794, she was transferred to the *Conciergerie*; for it had been discovered, during Marie-Antoinette's trial, that the comte de Provence and the comte d'Artois frequently corresponded with their sister, and received advice and money, including large sums realized from the sale of her diamonds, from her. The sentence was passed on the morrow; twenty-three other prisoners, including Madame de Senozan, sister of Lamoignon de Malesherbes, five members of the de Brienne family, Madame de Montmorin and her son (Campardon, *Tribunal révolutionnaire*, vol. i, p. 318) appeared with Madame Elisabeth before the tribunal. Besides the above-mentioned offences, Fouquier-Tinville declared that she had shared in all the plots and conspiracies concocted by her infamous brothers and by the villainous and shameless Marie-Antoinette; she had been seen by the queen's side at the banquet of the king's bodyguards; with her own hands she had dressed the wounds of the guards injured in the fray which followed the banquet in the *Champs Elysées*; then, on August 10, she had taken an active part in the struggle between the patriots and the tyrants' satellites, and, in her blind zeal, she had helped the people's enemies by providing them with shot; finally, she had done homage to the little Capet, and had kept alive in his breast the hope that he might one day succeed his father, and by so doing she had encouraged the re-establishment of monarchy. Dumas managed the whole affair, which was quickly terminated; the accused contented herself with replying in the negative to all the questions addressed to her. Madame Elisabeth was unanimously declared guilty, and condemned to death. She was taken back to her prison, where she

If we believe a statement made by Elie Lacoste in the name of the *Comité de Sûreté générale* before the *Convention*, June 13, 1794, the baron de Batz was originally a paymaster in the French royal army. It was quite certain that, although he was denounced for having promised one million *livres* to any one who would rescue the queen from the *Conciergerie*, he managed to get his denunciators arrested, and to remain at liberty during the Reign of Terror. According to the above statement, the

passed the last moments of her life in encouraging her companions in misfortune. About four o'clock in the evening, the executioner's carts came to fetch the condemned. A horde of madmen, uttering imprecations and insults, followed the procession; Madame Elisabeth endured everything with resignation, and occupied herself with preparing for death an old woman who was seated by her side.

At last they reached the place de la Concorde. The sister of Louis XVI, being the most guilty, was to be executed last of all: she took a seat on the bench placed at the foot of the guillotine, and her companions in affliction respectfully saluted her as they ascended the scaffold. According to the royalists, Madame Elisabeth mounted the steps of the scaffold with a firm step; neither the long wait nor the sight of the bloody corpses could shake her courage; but it was with the deepest emotion that she said to the executioner who was taking off her *fichu*: "In the name of God, sir, cover my shoulders!" At last she was executed. M. Campardon, however, who was not a royalist, gives quite a different account. The long wait (on August 2 Marie-Antoinette's execution alone had lasted four minutes), the dull thud of the knife, which fell twenty-five times in succession, the sight of the pools of blood surrounding the scaffold, had been too much for Madame Elisabeth; she swooned while ascending the steps of the guillotine, and her body was already motionless when it was placed by the executioner on the fatal plank.

baron de Batz, the leader of a very cleverly-combined plot to re-establish monarchy, had chosen as his residence a pretty spot called "*l'Ermitage*," adjoining the château de Bagnolet, near Charonne. It was from this house that the correspondence addressed to the absent agents was dated. The writers took care to give a varnish of patriotism to all their communications; the real information was traced in invisible ink between the lines of the most popular newspapers of the day: the correspondents, on holding these pages close to the fire, were able to read their leaders' orders, and to learn either the success of the enterprise then in hand, or any delays caused by unexpected events.

Among M. de Batz's first adherents were the marquis de Pons, M. de Sombreuil and his son, the prince de Rohan-Rochefort, M. de Montmorency-Laval, M. de Guiche, M. de Marsant and the prince de Saint-Maurice.

He himself was finally denounced, but, having been warned in time, he was able to escape. The above-named worthy persons were not so fortunate; they were arraigned before the bloody tribunal with other individuals unknown to them, but who, thanks to the injustice current at that time, were accused by the reporter, Elie Lacoste, of being their accomplices. On June 17, 1794, they were all sentenced to death for having endeavoured to re-establish monarchy.

What shall we say of a pretended conspiracy attributed to Cathérine Théos? Some commissaries from the *Convention* had discovered, in the palace of Saint-Cloud, a full-length portrait of the Dauphin painted by the celebrated Madame Lebrun. In a statement invented by the deputy Vadier, the latter pretended that this portrait had been mysteriously hidden behind a bed, that it was to be presented to the *École de Droit*, near the *Panthéon*, and that it had been concealed in order to further a scheme tending to re-establish monarchy in the person of the young king. This ridiculous story only served to prove that the authors of these imaginary conspiracies had exhausted their powers of inventing imaginary machinations.

These different plots, however, furnished the tyrants of France with an excuse to make the young king's captivity doubly horrible. Two evil-faced brigands watched day and night over their innocent victim's prison. Who could describe his deplorable condition without shedding tears? He dwelt alone in a dark room, which he himself was obliged to sweep if he wished to keep it clean: a precaution which, owing to bad food and want of exercise, he was soon unable to take. His bed was never made; when he got too weak to move, he lay on his miserable couch surrounded by filth, which his keepers would not take the trouble to remove. As his underclothing was hardly ever changed, he soon suffered from the consequences

of this neglect, and his health became undermined. All intercourse with the outside world was forbidden ; he did not even see the hand which pushed his wretched food to him through a sort of hole in the wall ; he heard no other sound than the rattle of bolts. Towards the end of the day, a rough voice used to tell him to go to bed, as they did not wish to give him a lamp. If only he could have enjoyed the blessings of calm repose ! But hardly did he fall asleep, when one of the brutal keepers, delighted to be able to awaken the prince, would imitate Simon's voice and suddenly call out :

“Capet ! where are you ? are you asleep ?”

“Here I am !” the child would answer, trembling and only half awake.

“Come here, that I may see you.”

“Here I am ! what do you want with me ?”

“I want to see you. Now go to bed and be quick about it !”

Two or three hours afterwards, the other brigand would recommence the same game, and the child was always obliged to obey.

My pen almost refuses to retrace such horrible scenes ! Completely worn out by this terrible existence, and these endless torments, the unfortunate prince conceived such a deep hatred for the authors of his own and his family's misfortunes, that he determined never again to ask for anything, and never to reply to any of their questions ; he preferred

to suffer from want rather than to be obliged to ask the smallest favour of these men, of these monsters whom he so thoroughly despised. This fact shows us that the reasons alleged by the young king's tormentors in order to account for his strange silence were absolutely fallacious; the august child's silence, only broken upon certain occasions, proves on the contrary that he possessed a kind heart and a noble disposition.

No doubt France seemed less oppressed after the fall of Robespierre and his accomplices. The lovers of order, ever more numerous, endeavoured to re-establish the throne; but as their leaders were then, as always, timid and easily disconcerted, as the royalists were still being continually denounced before the bloody tribunal, they were obliged to act with the greatest circumspection. So France had only changed masters; the new master was as anxious as the old one to deprive her of her lawful sovereign. The *Convention* had not undergone much alteration; and Louis XVII, though perhaps less subjected to ill-treatment in his prison, received no better treatment at the hands of his new masters;¹

¹ We find in Barras' *Mémoires* an account of his visit to the Temple after *thermidor*. We will now quote the text as copied from the manuscript by M. Georges Duruy:

"The *Comité de Salut public* warned me that a plot had been made to rescue the prisoners over whom I had charge in the Temple. I repaired thither. I found the young prisoner lying in a cradle in the middle of the room; he was crouched down, and it was with great difficulty that I could awaken him; he was

for among the regicides there were some who, fearing that the provinces would wish to re-establish

wearing a pair of trousers and a little grey cloth jacket. I asked him how he was and why he was not lying in his bed. He replied : 'My knees are swollen and they hurt me at intervals (*sic*) when I stand upright ; the little cradle suits me better.' I examined his knees ; they were very swollen, as were his ankles and his hands ; his face was pale and bloated. After having asked him the necessary questions, and having recommended him to take some exercise, I gave my orders to the commissaries and scolded them for the dirty condition of the room.

"I then went up to Madame's room ; she had dressed early and was ready to receive me ; her room was clean. 'The noises last night probably awoke you ?' said I to her. 'Have you any complaints to make ? Do they give you all you want ?' Madame thanked me, and replied that she had heard the noises in the night ; she then begged me to take care of her brother. I assured her that I had already seen to his interests.

"I then repaired to the *Comité de Salut public*, and said : 'There have been no disturbances in the Temple, but the prince is dangerously ill. I have ordered his guards to take him out into the fresh air, and I have sent for M. Dussault. You ought to get other advice, so that his condition may be examined and he may receive the care necessitated by the bad state of his health.' The *Comité* therefore gave orders to that effect."

The account left by Madame Royale of this visit confirms Barras' statement.

"Such was our condition," she writes, "on the 9th *thermidor*. I heard the drums beating and the clang of the tocsin ; I was much frightened. The municipal guards in the Temple seemed quite unconcerned. When they brought me my dinner, I did not dare to ask what was happening ; at last, on the 10th *thermidor*, at ten o'clock in the morning, I heard a fearful noise in the Temple. The guards cried : 'To arms !' Drums beat, doors were roughly opened and shut. All this commotion was caused by a visit from the members of the *Assemblée nationale*, who had come to see if everything was quiet. I heard the bolts of my

him upon the throne, loudly demanded his removal, while the others, foreseeing the support which the young monarch would find abroad, considered him as a hostage very necessary to their own safety. As to the *Comité's* ringleaders, how can we dare to write of them? . . . They watched in silence for the success of their barbarous treatment. Whenever they mentioned the young king's name in their discussions, they continued with one accord to designate him in the coarsest, most revolting terms. We will refrain from reproducing their vituperations.

For those of our readers who may wish to judge of the *Conventionnels'* perplexity as regards the august prisoners' fate, we will quote a few paragraphs from a diatribe uttered, September 21, 1794, by the deputy Duhem.

"And I also," cried he, "I never cease to ask why we allow this rallying-point for the whole

brother's door being drawn; I jumped out of bed. When the members of the *Convention* came to my room, they found me already dressed; Barras was among their number. They were in full dress, which astonished me, as I was unaccustomed to see them thus, and I feared that something was going to happen. Barras spoke to me, called me by my name, and seemed surprised to find me already dressed. They said several things to me, to which I did not reply. They then went away, and I heard them haranguing the guards beneath my window, and exhorting them to remain faithful to the *Convention nationale*. Cries were raised of 'Long live the Republic! Long live the *Convention*!' The guards were doubled, and the three municipal guards then on duty in the Temple remained at their post for a whole week."

aristocracy to exist in our midst ? . . . It is absurd for a nation, which has had the courage to conquer its liberty, to keep in its midst a royal scion, the heir apparent to royalty ! . . . But this in itself is the act of a sovereign ! It is surely done for a purpose ! . . . We have two nations in France : the royalists and the republicans. You will never know peace or safety as long as one of these nations continues to disturb the fatherland. . . .” Duhem concluded by demanding, in the name of the revolutionary government, the expulsion of all suspected persons, including the members of the royal family.

One example alone will suffice to prove the inconsistency of the anarchists’ words and deeds. “When it was proposed to readmit to the *Assemblée* certain deputies who had been expelled after the events of May 31, Merlin de Douai, at that time member of the *Comité de Salut public*, asked those of his colleagues who had made this proposal : “If they wished to open the doors of the Temple ?” that is to say, to place the son of Louis XVI upon the throne. What connection could there be between the child imprisoned in the Temple (or those who wished the crown to be restored to him), and those deputies who had conspired to destroy his father and to banish his whole family ? . . . And yet it was thanks to Merlin’s intervention that these deputies were finally readmitted. But the document which we are now going to

reproduce proves beyond all dispute the Government's intentions concerning the fate of Louis XVII. Its importance obliges us to copy it word for word : it alone reveals to us the young king's real position after the 9th *thermidor*. Mathieu, a member of the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, said during the *séance* of December 2, 1794 :

“ Citizens, I come in the name of the *Comité de Sûreté générale* to contradict the calumnious statement of a royalist which, during the last few days, has appeared in the newspapers and has been obstinately repeated in a very reprehensible manner. In this statement, the *Comité* is represented as having given tutors to the Capet children imprisoned in the Temple, and as having shown almost paternal solicitude for their well-being and education.

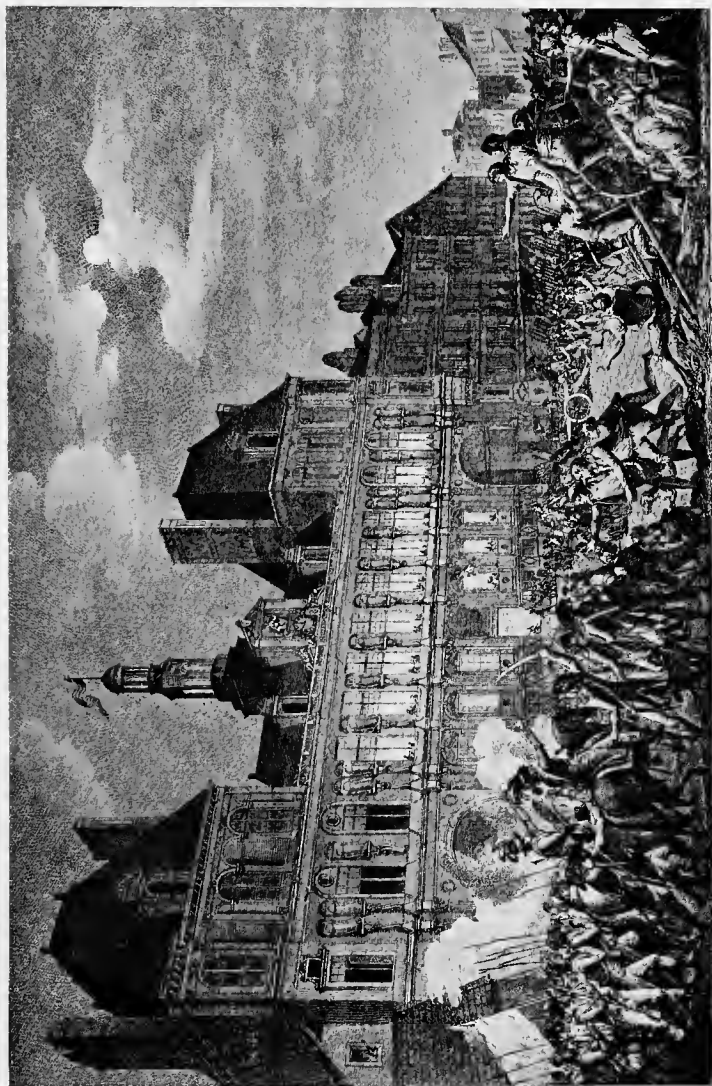
“ Here is the newspaper containing the article imprudently copied by the other *Périodistes*. The title of this newspaper is the *Courrier universel* for the 6th *frimaire* (November 26), edited by Nicolle, Poujade and the elder Bertin. It says : ‘ The son of Louis XVI will also profit by the resolution of the 9th *thermidor*. We know that this child was given into the charge of the shoemaker Simon, the worthy acolyte of Robespierre, whose punishment he shared ; the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, persuaded that, although this child is a king's son, he is not utterly unworthy of commiseration, has just nominated three commissaries, honest and

enlightened men, to replace the defunct Simon. Two of these functionaries are to superintend the orphan's education : the third is to see that he no longer suffers, as in the past, from want of proper attention.'

"The *Comité's* first duty in order to annihilate this fabrication of the royalist party," continued Mathieu, "is to present to the *Convention* a short statement explaining the steps taken by that body in order to insure the safety and well-being of the tyrant's children now in the Temple.

"Towards the 9th *thermidor*, a new keeper was placed in the Temple by the *Comité de Salut public* ; the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, however, considered that one keeper was insufficient. The Parisian administrative police was requested to provide a staunch republican to fill this post ; having indicated a suitable person, the latter was deputed to aid his colleague in performing the above important task. As certain prejudiced and distrustful citizens might feel suspicious of two individuals occupying the same permanent post, the *Comité* decreed that, in order to insure the safety of the tyrant's children, each of the civil committees of the forty-eight Parisian sections should in turn provide a member to fulfil, for the space of twenty-four hours, the functions of keeper together with the two individuals nominated permanently.

"The *Comité* considers that such steps are absolutely necessary if we wish to deprive this



THE INVASION OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

fictitious statement of all appearance of truth and prevent scandal-mongers and *malevolent* persons from finding fresh pretexts for complaints or disturbances.

“The *Comité de Sûreté générale* has agreed with the *Comité militaire* upon the question concerning a military guard for this post, which has been lately visited by several representatives ; the two *Comités* are convinced that the service is performed with care and precision.

“We see, by the above statement, that the *Comité de Sûreté générale* only wishes to fulfil the duty confided to its charge ; that it *has no intention of ameliorating the fate of Capet's children* or of appointing tutors for them. The *Comité* and the *Convention* know how to *guillotine kings*, but they do not know how to educate children.

“If the royalists wished to make themselves heard, they would be immediately silenced ; in order to reassure the friends of the commonwealth and to prevent conspiracies, too often caused by weak Governments, the *Comité* ought to announce that it has taken care to defend itself from attacks, and that, faithful to its principles, it intends to make its laws respected and to prevent any manifestations of perfidious pity for the last remaining scions of our tyrants' race and for this orphan child, in whose fate many individuals seem to take an unjustifiable interest.”

If we needed another proof to show that the

murderers of Louis XVI and of his august family did not intend to allow their last victim to slip through their fingers, we need only consider their conduct during the *séance* of December 28! On that day, Bentabolle had denounced with much vehemence a work entitled: *Le Spectateur français pendant le Gouvernement révolutionnaire*, published by M. de Lacroix, formerly a magistrate; in this work a wish was expressed that the nation might be consulted individually upon the Constitution of 1793 in order to remove, as the author said, any doubts from the minds of the foreign Powers who still seemed to mistrust the genuineness of the vote for its acceptance. This clever scheme had been invented by M. de Lacroix in order to make the people reject the Constitution, and to put them in a position to demand their rightful sovereigns if, in the future, they wished to return to the old form of government.

After a very stormy debate, Lequinio rushed to the rostrum, crying:

“For several days it has been evident to all of our members that the royalists have begun a new campaign of malevolence and perfidy. Never will you be able to silence the royalists unless you deprive them of their last hope: I mean the last scion of the tyrants’ race. . . . We have already demanded the expulsion of this child. I now demand that your governing committee shall take steps to provide you with the means by which

to purge the land of liberty of the only remaining vestige of royalty."

All France, forsooth, would have approved of any measures which, while temporarily depriving her of the presence of her young king, would have saved the young prisoner from his terrible fate, and would, no doubt, have preserved this precious life.

Hardly had Lequinio uttered this speech, of which we have been obliged to omit divers flagitious expressions, when the arrogant rulers of the *Convention* ordered the petition to be referred to their committees; urged by all parties to express an opinion upon this oft-reiterated motion, they announced that the discussion of this important question should commence on the morrow of the fatal anniversary.

At last, on January 22, 1795, Cambacérès, in the name of the three united committees, viz. the *Comités de Salut public, de Sûreté générale, and de législation*, made the following statement: "Hitherto prudence has forbidden us to treat of this matter; to-day circumstances force us to discuss it, not only in order to baffle guilty hopes, but to ascertain once for all the nation's opinion. We have little to fear, by keeping the members of the Capet family in captivity; if we banished them, we should be doing a very dangerous thing." Therefore Cambacérès proposed to pass to the order of the day concerning the liberation of the Bourbons still imprisoned in

the Temple. His advice was adopted almost without discussion. The regicides soon reaped the horrible harvest of their abominable machinations. The royal child's condition now became so serious that the municipality of Paris thought it necessary to inform the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, and sent to that body, during the month of February 1795, commissaries charged to announce the fact that "the prisoner's life was in imminent danger." The commissaries were questioned as to the nature of that danger; they replied that the young prince's joints, and especially his knees, were much swollen, that he always wanted to sit or to lie down, and that he refused to take any exercise; they added that they could not make him utter a single word: that his refusal to take any exercise and his obstinate silence dated from October 5, 1793, the day when the two scoundrels, Hébert and Simon, had made him sign the horrible examination already mentioned by us; the commissaries were sure that this was the cause of his extraordinary behaviour.

Having heard this statement, the *Comité de Sûreté générale* nominated H. Harmand, deputy for the Meuse, one of their members who shared in the management of the Parisian police department, to go to the Temple in order to verify the above facts, take provisional measures, and give an account of everything concerning the State prisoners.

Let us now leave M. Harmand to speak for himself.¹

"I sincerely wished to go to the Temple," says he, "but as I had not voted for the king's death, and as revolutionary opinions were all-powerful at that time, I hesitated; I knew well enough that if, on my return from the Temple, I drew up a statement favourable to the illustrious prisoners, both I and they would probably suffer for it; so, as I was incapable of making false statements, I asked that some members of the *Comité* might accompany me.

"MM. Mathieu and Reverchon, both members of the above committee, were nominated; and I hope that what I am now going to say will not offend them.

"Unfortunately circumstances over which I had no control prevented me from noting the exact date of our visit to the Temple, but here are the facts :

"We arrived outside the door behind whose dreadful bolts and bars the innocent son, the only son of our king, our king himself, was imprisoned.

"The key grated noisily in the lock, and we beheld, through the open door, a small but clean ante-room without any furniture except an earthenware stove communicating with an adjoining room by a hole in the wall; this stove could only be lit

¹ The tone in which this statement is written is justified by the fact that it was published in 1814.

from the ante-room ; the commissaries told us that this precaution had been taken in order to prevent the child from playing with the fire.

“The other room belonged to the prince, and in it was his bed ; the door was locked outside and had to be opened ; the noise of the keys and bolts made a deep impression upon me—an impression only rendered more painful by time.

“The prince was seated in front of a little square table covered with playing-cards, some of which had been bent into the shape of little boxes, while others had been used to build card-houses ; he was busy with these cards when we entered, and he continued to play with them during the whole of our visit.

“He was dressed in a new slate-coloured sailor suit ; his head was bare. The room was clean and well lighted.

“The bed was composed of a wooden bedstead without any curtains ; the blankets and sheets seemed clean and of good quality. This bed was behind the door to the left on entering ; further on, on the same side, at the foot of the first bed, was another wooden bedstead without any bedding ; a door between these two beds communicated with another room, into which we did not go.

“The commissaries informed us that this bed had belonged to the cobbler Simon, who, before Robespierre’s death, had been placed by the municipality of Paris in the young prince’s room in

order to wait upon, and to take care of, him. We know with what atrocious barbarity this monster performed his duties.

“We know that this scoundrel revelled in being able to disturb his prisoner’s slumbers ; that, heedless of the fact that sleep is absolutely necessary to children of his tender years, Simon would awaken him several times during the night by calling out :

“ ‘ Capet ! Capet ! ’

“ The prince would reply :

“ ‘ Here I am, citizen.’

“ ‘ Come nearer that I may see you,’ replied his tutor.

“ The lamb approached. The execrable tormentor would then thrust his leg out of bed, and, kicking him wherever he could reach him, would fell his victim to the ground, crying :

“ ‘ Go to bed, whelp ! ’

“ Oh Heavens ! could divine vengeance be appeased by the death of those two monsters, Simon and Robespierre ?

“ The above narration has already been published, but I reproduce it here because it was related to us by the commissaries. I shudder whenever I think of it.

“ Having heard these frightful preliminary details, I went and stood by the prince’s side ; he did not appear to notice our presence. I told him that the Government, having learnt too late of the

bad state of his health, of his refusal to take any exercise and to reply to their questions concerning his condition, as well as to the suggestion that he should take some remedies and allow a doctor to examine him, had sent us to see him, so that we might verify these facts, and repeat to him, in the name of the said Government, all their offers of assistance ; that we hoped that these offers would be agreeable to him, but that we should make bold to take upon ourselves to give him advice, and even expostulate with him, if he persisted in keeping silent and in refusing to take any exercise ; that we were authorized to allow him to extend his walks, and to provide him with all the toys and amusements which he might desire ; I then begged him to vouchsafe some reply.

“While I was addressing this little speech to him he sat quite still, staring at me, and apparently listening with the greatest attention, but not a word did he answer.

“I then repeated my offers, as if I thought that he had not heard me, and I particularized in the following terms :

“ ‘ Perhaps I did not properly explain my meaning, or perhaps you did not hear me, sir ; but I have the honour to ask you whether you would like a horse, a dog, some birds, or any other sort of plaything, or one or more companions of your own age whom we would introduce to you before placing them in your room ? Would you like to

go into the garden now, or to walk on the tower ? Would you like some sweets or some cakes ? ’

“ In vain I mentioned everything a child of his age could possibly desire : not a word of reply did I receive, not even a sign or a gesture, although his head was turned towards me and he *stared* at me in a most strange manner, as if everything was utterly indifferent to him.

“ Then assuming a more decisive tone, I ventured to say : ‘ Sir, such obstinacy at your age is an unpardonable fault ; it is all the more extraordinary because the object of our visit, as you see, is to improve your condition, to procure for you the care and attention necessary to your well-being. How can you expect us to succeed if you always refuse to answer and to say what you would like ? What else can we do ? Have the goodness to tell us what you desire and we will comply with your requests.’

“ He still stared at us, but not a word did he utter.

“ I began again : ‘ If your refusal to speak, sir, only compromised your own interests, we would wait, not without pain but with more resignation, until it pleased you to speak, because we should then be able to hope that your position was less painful to you than we first thought it to be, since you do not seem to wish to change it. But you are not master of your own actions. Your attendants are responsible for your person and for

your condition : do you wish to compromise them ? do you wish to compromise us ? For what reply can we give to the Government of which we are the representatives ? Kindly answer, I beg of you, or we shall be obliged to command you to do so.’

“Not a word, always the same strange *stare*.

“I and my colleagues were in despair ; that strange look was so resigned, so indifferent ; it seemed to say : ‘*What does it matter to me ? dispatch your victim !*’

“I repeat, I could do no more. My heart was heavy with remorse, I was ready to shed bitter tears ; but I recovered my equanimity after I had paced up and down the room two or three times. I determined to try what effect a tone of command would produce ; so I placed myself quite close to the prince’s right hand, and said : ‘*Sir, kindly give me your right hand.*’ He held it out. I passed my hand along his arm towards the armpit. I felt one tumour on the wrist and another on the elbow ; these tumours did not seem to be painful, for the prince did not shrink at my touch.

“‘*The other hand, sir.*’ He immediately held it out ; there were no tumours on that arm.

“‘*Allow me to feel your thighs and knees, sir !*’ He stood up. I felt similar excrescences both above and below the knee-cap.

“The young prince, when standing upright, looked not only as if he was deformed, but as if he was suffering from rickets ; his legs, thighs and

arms were very long and thin; his bust was short; he was chicken-breasted, and his shoulders were high and narrow; his head was very handsome in every way, the complexion clear though colourless, the hair light-brown, long, fine and well kept.

“ ‘*Now, sir, have the goodness to walk a few paces.*’ He obeyed at once, went towards the door separating the two beds, and then came and sat down again.

“ ‘Do you call that taking exercise, sir? Do you not see, on the contrary, that this indolence alone is the cause of your illness and of the diseases with which you are threatened? Have the goodness to trust in our experience and good-will. You can only hope to recover your health by yielding to our requests and by following our advice. We are going to send a doctor to see you, and we hope that you will kindly reply to his questions. Show us, at least, that by so doing we shall not displease you.’

“ Not a sign, not a word.

“ ‘*Sir, have the goodness to walk again, and a little farther this time.*’

“ Silence and refusal; he remained seated in his chair with his elbows upon the table; his expression did not alter for a single moment; there was not the slightest trace of any emotion, not the slightest sign of astonishment in his eyes; it was just as if we were not there, as if I had not spoken. I remarked that my colleagues were silent.

“ We looked at each other in surprise, and we were just about to approach nearer to each other in

order to compare notes, when one of the commissaries entered with the king's dinner.

"We then witnessed another and a still more painful scene, which, unless one had seen, one could not believe.

"His dinner was composed of a blackish soup with a few lentils floating on the surface, served in an earthenware porringer; on a plate of the same crockery was a small piece of very tough-looking boiled beef; a second plate contained more lentils, and on a third plate were six chestnuts, more burnt than baked; a pewter spoon and fork were placed by the side of the porringer; the commissaries told us that the *Conseil de la Commune* had ordered that the child was on no account to be allowed to use a knife; there was no wine.

"And this was the dinner of the son of Louis XVI, the descendant of *sixty-six kings*! Such was the treatment accorded to this innocent child!

"Ah! who could endure such a sight? For we must remember that he was a king's son, a king himself, an innocent victim, thus cruelly forced to eat food only fit for his poorest subjects!

"While the illustrious prisoner was finishing his wretched repast, I and my colleagues endeavoured, by our looks of horror, to make the commissaries understand our astonishment and indignation; in order to spare the prince a painful scene, I signed to these men to leave the room before reprimanding them as they richly deserved. We then told them

what we thought of their conduct ; they repeated their assertions, declaring that they had acted in obedience to orders given by the municipality, and that matters had even been worse before their time.

“ When in the ante-room, we commanded that this execrable state of affairs should be altered in future, and that they should immediately begin to add some dainties, and especially fruit, to his daily fare. I wished them to get him some grapes, which were scarce just then.

“ An order to that effect having been given, we re-entered. He had eaten everything. I asked him if he had enjoyed his dinner. No reply. Would he like some fruit ? No reply. The grapes were soon produced, and placed upon his table ; he ate them in silence. We asked him if he would like some more. No reply.

“ We then saw that all our efforts were useless, and that we should never get him to answer us. I told him what we intended to do. I assured him that we were deeply grieved, because we could only attribute his silence to the fact that we had displeased him ; I added that we should therefore recommend the Government to appoint other commissaries, whom perhaps he would like better.

“ He stared at us, but made no reply.

“ ‘ Would you like us to go away, sir ? ’ No reply.

“ Having said this, we left the room ; as the first door was locked, we were obliged to wait in

the ante-room for a quarter of an hour, mutually questioning one another upon what we had just seen and heard, and exchanging our remarks and opinions upon the young prince's bodily and mental faculties.

"Thanks to the above exact though abbreviated narration, every one can and will, no doubt, make the same reflections and the same remarks which we ourselves made, and which I shall refrain from repeating.

"I have explained the cause of the prince's obstinate silence as quoted by the commissaries. When in the ante-room, I asked them if this strange silence really dated from the day when, forced to yield to barbarous violence, he was made to sign that odious and ridiculous declaration. . . . They repeated their assertions to that effect. Connoisseurs of human nature must draw their own conclusions from this heart-breaking anecdote.

"Is it possible that a child of nine years of age could make and keep such a resolution? Such a case is not very probable; but to those who doubt or deny the probability, I will reply by quoting certain facts and evidence which all my readers can verify for themselves.

"Before leaving the prince's ante-room, I and my colleagues agreed that, for the honour of the nation, then in utter ignorance of the cruel truth; for the honour of the *Convention*, equally ignorant, but whose duty it was to learn the real facts of the

case ; for the honour of the municipality of Paris, the authors of all these evils, we should content ourselves with ordering provisional measures (which were immediately executed), and that we should make no public statement, but hold a private meeting with the *Comité*—this meeting took place soon afterwards.”

Why did they take all these precautions? What did this guilty silence mean?

M. Harmand tells us that he was sent on a mission soon after his visit to the Temple ; he was therefore unable to see that his orders for the amelioration of the child-king's fate were carried out.

Would one not expect that the strict orders given by this deputy and by the Government's representatives would have been obeyed, and that means would have immediately been taken to alleviate the august invalid's sufferings? But it was not so ; three months passed before this unfortunate child received any attention ; three months : that is to say, just long enough to destroy all chance of a cure. The monsters had voted the father's death in public ; they plotted the son's death in secret.

Let us return to M. Harmand's narration.

Our readers will have probably observed that the secret statement presented to the *Comité* was not couched precisely in the above terms. Would M. Harmand have dared to use, in the presence of

the murderers of Louis XVI, such expressions as : “the innocent son, the only son of our king, our king himself,” and divers other expressions observed in his statement ?

But the strangest thing in this strange statement is the manner in which M. Harmand insists upon the fifteen months’ feigned silence of Louis XVII, as well as the cause to which he attributed it—which cause, he considered, fully explained the young prince’s refusal to reply to the questions made to him by the commissaries from the *Comité de Sûreté générale*.

But we are quite convinced that the young king, well aware of the identity of the persons to whom his family owed their misfortunes, could never have regarded with aught but contempt and horror the *Conventionnels* and members of the *Commune*, with the exception of a few individuals who for many months had been unable to communicate with him. So he naturally vouchsafed no reply, other than that expressive look to his keepers and to the authors of his misfortunes : “*What does it matter to me ? Dispatch your victim !*” . . . The isolation, the utter destitution in which he had been left during the last year of his existence, must have made the martyr-child determine to keep his heroic resolution.

The cause of the prince’s silence, as alleged by the commissaries, was fallacious ; for if his silence really dated from October 5, the date of that

monstrous examination, how was it that the child consented to sign the odious declaration made in the following month of December? These allegations were therefore untrue. Modern historians have proved that the scoundrels deceived the child in order to make him sign the paper (which he was not allowed to read) containing the so-called examination. And finally—we are obliged to confess it—would the brutal Simon, during his three months' office as gaoler to the young Louis, have tolerated any obstinate silence or reproachful looks from his unhappy prisoner? The municipal guards evidently thought that the above assertions would prevent the public from suspecting that the child had included his keepers in his righteous indignation.

After having written the above lines, we submitted them to Dr. Nauroy for his approval. This lover of truth and devoted partisan of the Bourbon cause desired to verify our remarks. In his eager search after truth he has ever displayed zeal and ardour well worthy of this splendid cause. Having consulted reliable evidence, he informed us that the reasons given by the commissaries in order to explain the young prince's silence were absolutely false; that the royal child had never ceased to converse with all those who approached him, and that his silence could only date from the day when he was condemned to suffer complete isolation.

The victories won abroad by the brave French soldiers had not, however, reassured the tyrants

who ruled over France, and who were terrified by the success of the Vendéens. Some members of the *Convention*, chosen from among those who had not voted for the king's death, were charged to begin negotiations with the leaders of the Catholic and royal armies. The chevalier de Charette and his companions in arms, having exhausted their supply of ammunition, cleverly profited by this occasion in order to negotiate with the commissaries from the *Comités de la Convention*, and to conclude with them, if not a treaty of peace, at least an armistice. All hostilities having ceased on both sides, the royalists flattered themselves that the young king and Madame Royale would eventually be delivered into their charge. Several persons even declared that shortly before the death of Louis XVII the *Comité de Salut public* had treated with the leaders of la Vendée, and had promised to deliver into their hands the heir to the crown and his august sister before June 15 at the latest. These same persons went so far as to say that M. Desotteux, baron de Cormatin, major-general of the Catholic and royal army of Brittany, had been honoured by a command to go to Paris and to fetch the precious offspring of Louis XVI.

But the faction which had overthrown Robespierre, in whose crimes it had often shared, the faction which had hidden its misdeeds behind a mask of moderation, had less cause to fear the fierce tyrant than any event which might restore

power to its legitimate masters. The rulers, fearing such a contingency, and well aware of the Vendéens' position, instead of delivering the young king into the hands of the champions of religion and royalty, prolonged his martyrdom and his sister's tortures. The faithful M. Hue, having learnt that Louis XVII was in a very bad state of health, begged the *Comité de Sûreté générale* to allow him to be shut up with the young prince, that he might take care of him. His request was refused, under the pretext that the child was being properly tended by the commissaries then on guard in the Temple !

It was not until the month of May, and after several other persons, having learnt of the young king's deplorable condition, had made repeated requests, that the *Comités* decided to send the celebrated Desault to see him.¹ This honest surgeon,

¹ Pierre Joseph Desault, like Pelletan, bore the title of surgeon-in-chief to the *Grand Hospice d'Humanité* (formerly the *Hôtel-Dieu*). He was born February 6, 1744, at Magny-Vernois, near Lure, where his parents, who owned some property, had him educated. Having completed his studies at the Jesuit College of that town, he was first destined to the Church. But a marked vocation for natural science obliged his father to send him to the military hospital in Belfort, where for three years he studied surgery and the art of dressing wounds. On coming to Paris in 1764, he profited so well by his professors' instructions that, two years later, he was able to begin a course of lectures upon anatomy. He was attacked about this time by a severe illness, caused by overwork and the petty persecutions of his jealous rivals. In 1776 he obtained admission to the *Collège de Chirurgie*, thanks to a clever thesis in which he extolled a new method for operating in diseases

after having thoroughly examined the sick child, told them that they had waited too long to send

of the bladder; his success was so extraordinary that he was allowed, in consideration for his want of means, a certain delay in which to pay the heavy entrance fees. By an unprecedented favour he was nominated professor of anatomy at the *École pratique* before he had been admitted to the *Collège de Chirurgie*. The *Académie de Chirurgie* soon nominated Desault first as surgeon to the *Hôpital de Saint-Sulpice* (now the *Hôpital Laënnec*) in the rue de Sèvres, and then to the *Hôpital de la Charité* (1782). Three years later, on the death of Ferrand, he was given the reversionary post of surgeon-in-chief at the *Hôtel Dieu*; a short time afterwards, the death of the incumbent, Moreau, placed him at the head of the staff of surgeons in that hospital. He profited by this occasion in order to open a school for clinical surgery, and inaugurated, notwithstanding numerous protests, the practice of performing operations in the dissecting-room for the purpose of instructing the students. Bichat, one of his pupils, left in a well-known pamphlet a very complete account of all his master's surgical discoveries.

The Revolution did not interrupt the labours of Desault, who was nominated member of the *Conseil de Santé* in 1792 by Servan. This event, notwithstanding his devotion to the commonwealth, as proved by his numerous gifts to the nation, drew down upon his head the animosity of Chaumette, who accused him in public of having refused to tend the wounded on August 10. After having been twice summoned to appear at the bar of the *Commune*, Desault was arrested on May 28, 1793, while giving a lecture in the operating theatre of the *Hôtel Dieu*, and imprisoned in the Luxembourg. He was liberated three days later by the *Comité de Sécurité générale*. This mishap did not discourage him, and on leaving the prison he immediately returned to the *Hôtel Dieu* and recommenced his lectures upon surgery, which were the only ones which had not been suppressed. After the 9th *thermidor*, the *Comité d'instruction publique* nominated him professor of clinical surgery at the *École de Santé*, but lately established; he then conceived the plan of installing a clinical surgery close to the *Hôtel*

for him, and that, owing to the lamentable state of the child's health, a cure was almost impossible.

Dieu in the building of the bishop's palace. But the events of the 1st *prairial* altered all his plans ; once again he began to fear for his personal safety. These new trials were too much for his health, already undermined by overwork, and he expired, after a short illness, in the arms of his friend Chopart, in the beginning of June 1795. Strange reports began to circulate after Desault's sudden demise. It was said that he had been summoned to the Temple by Barras, shortly after the 9th *thermidor*, and that he had been unable to recognize, in the dumb, sickly child who was then shown to him, the Dauphin whom he had seen a few years before, robust and full of life and spirits. "The child has been abducted !" he is reported to have said with an oath. They probably feared that he would tell tales. He was invited, when he gave his report, to dine with the *Conventionnels* ; and it was said that he was taken with sudden sickness on returning to his home, and death quickly ensued. Dr. Cabanès wisely remarks that all these facts seem very improbable. Neither Bichat nor any other of Desault's biographers knew anything about this dinner. However, Desault's widow, his niece (Madame de Calmet), his pupils, and Drs. Adouls and Abeillé affirmed and maintained, in spite of contrary evidence, that the unfortunate doctor had been poisoned. The *France médicale* for August 25, 1905, even thought their evidence worthy of reproduction. And yet in M. de la Sicotière's work, *Les faux Dauphins*, Paris, 1882, we find a clever refutation of this report. Why should the *Thermidoriens* have wished to poison the surgeon of the *Hôtel Dieu* ? Because, having poisoned the Dauphin, they wished his secret to perish with him ? Such a crime would have been useless : isolation and sequestration would have finished the job unaided. Because, on the contrary, Desault had refused to poison the Dauphin ? We cannot believe that such a suggestion could have been made to Desault, who, as a royalist, was well known for his pronounced political opinions. Because he had noticed that another child had been substituted in place of the Dauphin ? Why should they have waited for a month before getting rid of this dangerous witness ? All these theories are improbable and

He proposed to send the invalid into the country, where, with proper treatment and great care, the august child might perhaps recover his health, if not permanently, at least for a few years.

The *Comités* refused to do anything. However, Desault determined to do his best to improve the royal prisoner's pitiable condition. The prince was extremely grateful to the surgeon for his kind care, and proved his gratitude by allowing the doctor to do whatever he liked with him, and by conversing with him instead of keeping silent as he had latterly done in the presence of both gaolers and commissaries. When the latter came to announce that Desault's visit was nearly at an end, the august child, eager to detain his kind doctor, yet unwilling to ask his keepers to prolong the visit, used to seize the flap of M. Desault's coat in his little hand. On leaving the Temple the honest, kind-hearted Desault, with tears in his eyes, would repeat all the young prince's sayings and requests to M. Nicolle and other intimate friends.

Desault died suddenly on June 1 of that same year. A search was made after his death for any notes concerning his visits to the sick prince, but none were ever found.

On June 5, M. Pelletan,¹ surgeon-in-chief to

inconsistent. The *post-mortem* examination of Desault's body made by Corvisart points to death from cerebro-spinal meningitis, or from typhoid-fever ; there is no mention of death from poison.

¹ Philippe Jean Pelletan was born in Paris, May 4, 1747. His

the *Grand Hospice*, and M. Dumangin, doctor-in-chief to the *Hôpital de Santé*, were nominated to

parents being very poor, it was only at the cost of the greatest privations that he was able to complete his studies. In order to obtain the necessary books, which he could not afford to buy, he was obliged to give lessons in anatomy to his companions. He won his diplomas under Moreau at the *Hôtel Dieu*, and taught for some time at the *Collège de Chirurgie*. The *Convention* having declared that the Fatherland was in danger, Pelletan left the hospital and went to the camps, where he became surgeon-major first in the *Armée des Pyrénées*, and then in the *Armée du Nord*. On returning to Paris, he soon obtained a position worthy of his talents. He had just been nominated surgeon-in-chief to the *Grand Hospice de l'Humanité* (as the *Hôtel Dieu* was called at that time) when he was summoned to make a *post-mortem* examination upon the little dead child in the Temple.

Pelletan was a member of the *Académie de Chirurgie*, the *Légion d'Honneur*, and the newly-established *Institut*. And yet he was neither happy nor wealthy; he was very eloquent (his pupils called him the "Chrysostom of Surgery"), a skilful operator, and a great philanthropist; but his timid, nervous disposition ruined his career, and he was constantly being supplanted by his rivals and even by his pupils. Although it was he who had instituted the *École de perfectionnement*, celebrated throughout France, it was Antoine Dubois who reaped all the glory. Pelletan was unable to obtain the post of surgeon-in-chief to the emperor, which post was given by Corvisart to Boyer; he could not, notwithstanding his great desire, obtain the title of baron of the Empire. The reorganization of the *corps savants* by the *Restauration* was another blow. After occupying successively the posts of professor of surgery, operations and obstetrics, he was deprived in 1823 of both post and salary in consequence of a riot among the medical students. So, after thirty years of teaching and forty years of practice, this unfortunate man, deserted by his patients, was reduced at seventy-seven years of age to live upon the meagre salary accorded to him as member of the *Institut*. (See Isidore Bourdon.) Although Pelletan, like most surgeons of his time, contributed largely to the

attend the young prince in place of the defunct M. Desault. These physicians, like Desault, confessed

renovation of his art, he wrote very little ; he published in 1810 a *Clinique chirurgicale* in three volumes, a somewhat superannuated epitome of an art in which he had already been surpassed by his pupils. His name is only remembered on account of his participation in the *post-mortem* examination made upon the child who died in the Temple.

We know that Pelletan declared that he had succeeded in slipping into his pocket the heart of Louis XVII, wrapped in a cloth. However, he could not convince Louis XVIII, who preferred to believe the assertions of Lasne and Dumangin, two eye-witnesses of the *post-mortem* examination, and refused to accept any relics.

Thanks to articles in the *Nouvelle Revue rétrospective* (1894), and *l'Intermédiaire des chercheurs* (1895), we can follow the history of this heart up to the present day. Pelletan, whose offer was repulsed by the king, having vainly applied to the duchesse d'Angoulême ; to Decaze, minister of justice ; to the keeper of the seals, Pasquier ; and even to the minister of war, the comte de Clermont-Tonnerre, thought that he might be more successful with the archbishop of Paris. Monseigneur Quélen consented to receive the heart as a deposit in trust, and endeavoured to persuade Charles X to accept it. It was proposed that the king should "deposit the heart beneath the chancel of Notre Dame in the same spot where the entrails of Louis XIII and Louis XIV were buried. A grand mass was to be celebrated in the mother church. If this proposal did not please the king, the heart was to be deposited with the same ceremony in the church of Sainte-Geneviève, close to the altar of Saint-Louis, or even in the vault of the church of Saint-Louis."

All these plans having fallen through, the heart of Louis XVII was enclosed in a crystal casket adorned with a crown of gilt *fleurs-de-lis*. It was still in the archbishop's residence when that building was pillaged in 1831. A workman named Lescrocart found it in the cardinal's library, together with documents testifying to its authenticity, and thought it his duty to carry it to the son of Pelletan, for the latter had died in 1829.

that it was useless to try and save this valuable life, the royal prisoner being so exhausted that they could do nothing for him except endeavour to soothe his last moments.

These doctors blamed the municipal guards because they had not removed the bars which darkened the windows of his prison, as well as the enormous bolts whose rattling still reminded the innocent victim of the torments endured by him,

While he was carrying it to his residence, it was wrested from him by some of the rioters, and he was only able to deliver the documents into Philippe Pelletan's charge. The latter, however, was fortunate enough to find the heart, which he recognized by the strong smell of alcohol in which it had been preserved, lying under a heap of gravel. Dr. Corlieu (*Mort des rois de France*) tells us that Philippe Pelletan endeavoured on several occasions to persuade the comte de Chambord to accept his relic; he died in 1879 without having succeeded. The heart remained in the hands of Pelletan's heirs until 1886, when M. de Maillé gave into the care of Don Carlos "a crystal casket containing a heart reduced by age to the state of crumpled parchment, and which he declared to be the heart of Louis XVII." This gift caused a perfect explosion of virulent protests on all sides; the prince de Valori, although he was a faithful supporter of Don Carlos, agreed with Louis XVIII, Charles X, and the duchesse d'Angoulême. On the other hand, the "duc de Normandie," Naundorff's son, loudly protested against this "new burlesque of history." The physicians Sée, Mathias, Duval, Tillaux, and Laborde, declared with one voice that the question as to whether this heart had or had not belonged to Louis XVII was insoluble. Be this as it may, the relic, after many vicissitudes, now reposes in the chapel of the Castle of Frohsdorff, beside the blood-stained *fichu* worn on the scaffold by Marie-Antoinette, and some thorns from the crown of thorns in the Sainte-Chapelle.

which torments had reduced him to such a hopeless condition. While M. Pelletan was loudly expressing his opinion upon this subject, the young prince signed to him to come nearer, and begged him to lower his voice. "I am afraid," said he, "that my sister may hear you ; and I should be very sorry if she were to learn that I am ill, because it would grieve her very deeply." This little act of thoughtfulness is another proof of the prince's gentle, loving disposition. MM. Dumangin and Pelletan caused the prisoner to be carried into the *concierge's* parlour, the windows of which looked into the garden.

The sight of the sunshine and green trees seemed to soothe the august invalid. He endeavoured to show his gratitude ; unable, owing to his great weakness, to speak except in monosyllables, he still tried to smile at his doctors.

On June 7 the king had a fainting fit, which made his attendants fear that the end was near, and that these prophetic words would soon be realized :

"My strength is exhausted, my days are cut short, and the tomb alone remains for me."

On June 8, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the unfortunate Louis XVII gave up the ghost.

On the morrow, the deputy and regicide, Sevestre, who, on April 13, 1794, had said that "this child would never come of age," made to the *Convention*, in the name of the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, the following statement :

“Capet’s son had been suffering for some time from swellings on the right knee and on the left wrist.

“On the 1st *floréal* (April 20) the pain increased; the invalid lost his appetite, and fever appeared. The famous medical officer, Desault, was summoned to examine him and prescribe for him. We knew that this person would make use of all his talents and powers and endeavour to improve his patient’s condition.

“However, the prince’s illness became more serious. On the 16th of this month (June 5) Desault died; the *Comité* then nominated the citizen Pelletan, the celebrated medical officer, and the citizen Dumangin, physician-in-chief to the *Hôpital de Santé*, to replace him.

“The above-named physicians issued yesterday, at eleven o’clock in the morning, a bulletin announcing that disquieting symptoms had appeared, and that the invalid’s life was in imminent danger; at a quarter-past two o’clock in the afternoon we received the news of the death of Capet’s son. The *Comité de Sûreté générale* charges us to inform you of that event, which has been verified.”

On June 10, two days after the death of Louis XVII, the commissary of police for the *Section du Temple*, accompanied by two civil commissaries, repaired, in obedience to a command received from the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, to the tower of the Temple at half-past eight o’clock at

night, in order to remove his Majesty's body. They found it uncovered ; it was placed, in their presence, in a wooden coffin and immediately conveyed to the cemetery belonging to the parish of Sainte-Marguerite in the faubourg Saint-Antoine.¹

¹ The *acte de décès* witnessed by the municipality according to the deed drawn up by the commissaries of police for the *Section du Temple*, the 22nd *prairial*, was discovered by M. de Beauchesne among the archives at the *Hôtel-de-Ville* and published by him. It says :

The twenty-fourth *prairial* of the third year of the Republic.

Acte de décès of Louis-Charles Capet, on the 23rd of this month, at three o'clock in the afternoon, at the age of ten years and two months, a native of Versailles, in the department of Seine et Oise, residing in Paris, in the towers of the Temple, in the *section du Temple*, son of Louis Capet, last king of the French, and of Marie-Antoinette-Josèphe-Jeanne of Austria.

By a declaration made at the Town-hall by Etienne Lasne, aged thirty-nine years, keeper of the Temple, residing in Paris, rue et *section des Droits de l'Homme*, No. 48, and by Rémy Bigot, aged fifty-seven years, employé, residing in Paris, vieille rue du Temple, No. 61, a friend of the above-named Etienne Lasne.

This certificate was witnessed by Dussert, commissary of police in the aforesaid section, on the twenty-second of this month.

Signatures :

PIERRE-JACQUES ROBIN (public officer),

LASNE (commander-in-chief, *section des Droits de l'Homme*),

BIGOT.

On June 10, Dominique Goddet and Laurent Arnoult, civil commissaries for the *Section du Temple*, repaired, in obedience to an order given by the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, to the Temple, accompanied by Pierre Dufour, commissary of police for that section. Lasne and Gomin, the keepers of Louis XVII, and Joseph Guérin, civil commissary for the *Section de l'Homme armé*, showed them the corpse of a male child of about ten years of age, which was lying

Hardly was the news of the death of Louis XVII known, when a number of persons hastened

upon a bed, and which they identified as the corpse of Louis-Charles Capet.

We learn, besides, from one of the commissaries, Guérin, who left an account published in the *Revue des questions historiques*, that rumours of an escape having been circulated upon several occasions in Paris, additional precautions were taken. "Before proceeding to inter the body, the keepers, in order to gather round them a large number of witnesses to the identity of the child whom they were about to bury, invited the two commissaries of the *Section du Temple* and the entire military staff then on duty in the tower to assist at this ceremony of identification; those of their number who recognized the son of Louis Capet were requested to certify to that effect and to affix their signatures. They all recognized him and signed the Temple register."

On June 12, at half-past eight o'clock at night, two civil commissaries and the commissary of police for the *Section du Temple* repaired to the tower of the Temple in order to remove the body of Louis XVII, as commanded by the *Comité de Sûreté générale*. They found it uncovered; it was placed in their presence in a wooden coffin and immediately conveyed to the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, in the rue du faubourg Saint-Antoine, where it was interred. The *Comité de Sûreté générale* caused the procession to be escorted by detachments of infantry (*Moniteur*, du 26 prairial, June 14, 1795).

M. Lucien Lambeau has made a special study of the question of the Dauphin's burial. (*Le cimetière de Sainte-Marguerite et la sépulture de Louis XVII*, 1 vol. in 8vo, Daragon, Paris, 1905). Having carefully considered the divers researches made at various times in order to discover the remains of the Dauphin, he tells us of the unsatisfactory results obtained therefrom.

We gather from this excellent work and its valuable documents that the Dauphin died in the Temple, that he was buried in the common grave in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, and that Louis XVIII was quite justified when he said, "that, as he knew that his nephew was dead, and as he was familiar with even the

to declare that a slow poison, served up in a dish of spinach, had shortened the unhappy prince's life ; they cited numerous motives apparently justifying such suspicions.

These persons reminded the public that the report made by the representative M. Mailhe, in the name of the *Comité de législation*, upon the trial of Louis XVI, finished with this bloodthirsty sentence :

“ This child is at present innocent ; he has not had time to share in the iniquities of the Bourbons. You must weigh his fate with the interests of the Republic. You must decide this important question so ably expressed by Montesquieu : ‘ Even in states where liberty is most highly esteemed, the laws are sometimes transgressed. And I confess,’ he adds, ‘ that it seems to me that there are times and occasions when liberty must perforce be veiled, as the statues of the gods were veiled in olden times.’ ”

These persons remembered that the Deputy Chabot had loudly declared that “ it was the apothecary's business to rid France of Capet's son,” and that, some time after the 9th *thermidor*, Brival, the worthy colleague of the above-named *Conventionnels*, had reproached the *Comité de Salut public*

smallest details of his demise as well as with all the Revolutionaries' hidden machinations, he thought it unwise to open the door to doubts and suppositions by ordering researches to be made which every one could foresee, as events have since proved, would be useless.

for having committed many unnecessary crimes and for not having consummated that particular one.

We will leave our readers to judge for themselves of a work upon this subject which appeared about that time. The anonymous author, after having apostrophized Tallien for his conduct in the most virulent terms, says (page 169): "If your cheeks are not bedewed with tears as you read this article, if your heart is not galled by repentance . . . you are not a man. . . . Then, deaf to all else but righteous indignation, I shall unveil the frightful picture of the past, I shall tell on what spot, at what hour, and by what monsters that fatal draught was prepared, and how this innocent victim expired in the Temple!" . . . Lastly, many persons, astonished at Desault's sudden death, spread a report that he had been poisoned because he had refused (at least, so they said) to countenance the criminal designs made upon the person of the son of Louis XVI. This opinion was confirmed by the equally sudden death of the chemist Choppart, who, together with his friend Desault, had been appointed to prescribe for the young invalid, and lastly by the death of that unfortunate prince, who, as we have already seen, soon followed his two physicians to the tomb. On June 9, the day of his death, MM. Dumangin and Pelletan, accompanied by MM. Jeanroy and Lassus, proceeded, in obedience to an order received from the *Comité de Sûreté générale*, to open the body of

Louis XVII. The *procès-verbal* of this operation, which they quite forgot to date, was drawn up by M. Pelletan, who kept the original document in his own possession. This careful and circumstantial *post-mortem* examination of the child-king's body, made by men celebrated for their talents and probity, would seem to dismiss any suspicion of poison. Desault does not appear to have suspected any crime. Although he left no notes upon the treatment prescribed by him for the Dauphin, at least he gave a verbal account of that treatment. We read in the *Essais historiques sur la révolution de France*, by M. Beaulieu : " While journalists were endeavouring to prejudice public opinion against a form of government incompatible with our morals, customs, and above all with our characters, death deprived the royalists of the one person considered by many people, including several revolutionists, capable of drawing France from the abyss into which she had fallen ; the unhappy son of Louis XVI ended his sad and innocent existence in the prison of the Temple. . . . The misery, the state of neglect in which he had been left, after having been lovingly tended and carefully guarded from all ill, had completely ruined his constitution. A report, still credited by many persons, was circulated for some time that this unhappy child had been poisoned ; this mystery will probably never be entirely elucidated. All I know is that the famous surgeon Desault, whose acquaintance I



PELLETAN.
Doctor to Louis XVII.

made in prison, told me, during one of my visits to him, that he did not believe in this report ; but as M. Desault himself, as well as the apothecary who provided the remedies, died shortly afterwards, public opinion asserted that they had been sacrificed in order to insure secrecy. I repeat what M. Desault, who apparently was speaking the truth, told me.

“ However, as M. Hue remarks, it was not for any feelings of humanity that they refrained from committing this crime. In fact, it would have been less cruel to poison the child-king than to make him endure the slow and painful martyrdom of neglect and isolation to which he was subjected during several months, and which alone caused his death. The monsters who tyrannized over France at that time, and who were well aware of the lively interest displayed by the public in the young prince’s fate, were too cautious to jeopardize their popularity and power by making him die a violent death. They thought it less dangerous to compass the ruin of his mental faculties by terrorism and to wear out his bodily force by ill-treatment. ‘ If by chance,’ said they, ‘ the Parisians ever march, during some popular disturbance, to the Temple and endeavour to proclaim Louis XVII king, we will show them a wretched brat whose stupid countenance and general air of imbecility will soon force them to relinquish any plans for placing him upon the throne.’ ”

Louis XVII was the fourth victim cut down in the space of two years by the revolutionary scythe. Monsieur was deeply grieved on learning of the lamentable end of the young king, his nephew.

Louis XVIII, as heir to the throne by right of birth as well as by the laws of the kingdom, announced his accession to the divers European Powers. To the French nation his Majesty addressed a proclamation which M. Crappart, formerly editor of the *Ami du roi*, hastened to have printed in Paris and distributed all over France.

On July 4, his Serene Highness, the prince de Condé, announced the sad event to his army in the following proclamation :

“Gentlemen : hardly have the unfortunate Louis XVI, his august companion and their venerable sister descended to the tomb, when we behold the stone rolled back in order to restore to these illustrious victims the interesting object of our tender affection, of our hopes and of our respect. The young scion of so many kings, in whose veins ran the blood of Henri IV and Marie-Thérèse, whose birth alone seemed to promise happiness and prosperity to his subjects, has just succumbed beneath the weight of heavy fetters and a cruel fate.

“This is not the first time that I have been obliged to remind you that in France we hold that ‘the king never dies !’ Let us swear, then, to the august prince who to-day becomes our king,

to shed the last drop of our blood to prove our measureless fidelity and blind submission, together with that undying affection which we owe to him and which fills our souls.

“We will now demonstrate our wishes by uttering that heartfelt cry so natural, in its deep significance, to all true Frenchmen, that cry which has ever been the presage as well as the reward of your victories, and which the regicides can never hear without astonishment and remorse.

“After having invoked the God of mercies for our lost king, we will now pray the God of battles to prolong the days of the king whom He now gives us, and to establish the crown of France upon his head by means of victories, if need be, yet rather, if it be possible, by his subjects’ repentance and by a blessed reign of peace, mercy, and justice.

“Gentlemen, king Louis XVII is dead :

“Long live king Louis XVIII !”

The king having at last recovered his sceptre, one of his first deeds, after attending to the interests of his kingdom, was to search for the martyred members of his family.

During the jealous usurper’s reign a faithful Frenchman, M. Olivier Descloseaux, had carefully guarded the precious remains of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette. When they were restored to the nation, France showed, by her grief and veneration, all her heartfelt remorse for the cruel crime perpetrated by her unworthy children.

These remains were transferred to the royal church of Saint-Denis, the burial-place of our kings.

The last and youngest martyr of this unfortunate family was not forgotten in this pious act of reparation. His Majesty, in the month of February, 1816, ordered that the mortal remains of the king, his august nephew, were to be sought for, disinterred, and transferred to the church of Saint-Denis.

Providence had watched over the child-king's remains as it had watched over those of the authors of his being. Providence caused two humble grave-diggers to mark with white chalk the coffin containing these relics before placing it in the common grave in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, so that they might be able to identify it if necessary. Besides this precaution, the two grave-diggers took care to keep the Dauphin's coffin apart from the other coffins. Sentries were placed for five or six nights outside the cemetery gate lest any one might wish to steal the body of Louis XVII. But when the sentries had departed, the two grave-diggers removed the coffin from the common grave and placed it in a separate grave already prepared, close to the door leading from the church to the cemetery. They added, as a second distinguishing mark, a cross formed of a number of little pebbles. One of the grave-diggers is still alive, and his evidence is confirmed by his comrade's widow, who had also learnt the secret.

Certain persons declare that the mortal remains

of Louis XVII were not all confided to mother earth, but that the heart of this affectionate and sensitive child will one day become an object of homage and veneration. We submit to our readers the following private information obtained by us upon this important subject.

The *Comités de la Convention* had given a special order that their victim's body was to be placed in the common grave. M. Pelletan, one of the surgeons who assisted at the opening of the body, having been informed of this fact, profited by a moment of inattention on the part of his colleagues in order to save the young king's heart from the grave. On reaching home, he placed it in a crystal casket on which were engraved the letters L. C., the monogram of Louis-Charles ; the cover was adorned with seventeen stars arranged in the form of a crown surmounted by a gilt *fleur-de-lis*.

Be this as it may, thanks to information already obtained upon the above facts, and the inquiries which will soon be made, we may hope to discover and to identify, in an authentic and solemn manner, the precious remains of Louis XVII.

The *Chambre des Pairs* and the *Chambre des Députés* hastened, in the name of all France, to participate in the ceremonies of expiation organized by the king's command. On January 17 and 18 these two chambers unanimously adopted a law stating that a monument should be erected in the

name and at the expense of the nation as an atonement for the crime committed January 21, 1793, and adding (Article IV) :

“That another monument shall be erected in the name and at the expense of the nation, to the memory of Louis XVII, the queen, and Madame Elisabeth.”

Lastly, two ordinances given by the king's hand, January 19 and February 14, 1816, enjoined the completion of the Church of the Madeleine in the faubourg Saint-Honoré, in which he wished to place the expiatory monuments now being executed. M. Lemot, one of our most celebrated sculptors, has been commissioned to execute the mausoleum of Louis XVII. Among the inscriptions consecrated by M. Belloc to the memory of the royal victims of the ferocious revolutionists, we find one dedicated to the young king ; it combines, according to the opinion expressed by a learned critic: “all the elegance of ornate design and the inappreciable merit of pure and genuine affection seldom found in monumental inscriptions.”

MEMORIAE . ET . CINERIBUS
LUDOVICI XVII
QUEM
PARENTIBUS SANCTISSIMIS
INFANDO FUNERE ORBATUM
NULLAS . NON . AERUMNAS . PERPESSUM
IN . IPSO . FERE . VITAE . LIMINE . MORS . SUSTULIT
DIE VIII JUNII AN . M.DCC.LXXXXV
VIXIT . ANNIS . X . MENSIBUS II . DIEBUS XII.

LUDOVICUS XVIII

FECIT

FRATRIS . FILIO . DULCISSIMO

AC . SUPRA . AETATIS . MODUM . PIENTISSIMO

SALVE . ANIMA . INNOCENS

QUAE . CEU . AUREUM . GALLIAB . SIDUS

BEATO . SPATIARIS . POLO

VOLENS . HANC . PATRIAM . DOMUMQUE . BORBONIDUM

PLACIDO . LUMINE . INTUETOR.

IN MEMORY

OF

LOUIS XVII

WHO,

AFTER HAVING BEHELD HIS ILLUSTRIOUS PARENTS

SWEPT AWAY BY A DEATH

WHICH SORROW REFUSES TO RECOUNT

AND AFTER HAVING DRAINED TO THE VERY DREGS

THE CUP OF ADVERSITY,

WAS, WHILE STILL YOUNG,

AND ALMOST ON LIFE'S THRESHOLD,

CUT DOWN BY THE SCYTHE OF DEATH.

HE DIED JUNE VIII M.DCC.LXXXV.

HE LIVED X YEARS, II MONTHS, AND XII DAYS.

LOUIS XVIII

ERECTED THIS TOMB

TO THE WORTHY SON OF HIS BROTHER

A WELL-BELOVED CHILD

PIOUS BEYOND HIS YEARS.

HAIL, PURE AND INNOCENT SOUL,

WHO, LIKE UNTO A RADIANT STAR,

DOST WANDER THROUGH CELESTIAL REALMS,

DEIGN TO BESTOW ONE GLANCE,

ONE GLANCE OF LOVE,

UPON FRANCE AND UPON THE BOURBONS.

History finds naught to relate of the policy and government of Louis XVII ; but we shall ever regret his promising disposition, and his budding virtues. History, however, will publish to the whole world his unexampled misfortunes. Its stern pen will terrify posterity with the picture of the cruelties, the barbarous treatment endured by the child-king and by other Frenchmen, during those long and painful months of agony, at the hands of madmen, the usurpers of legitimate power. Already the example of the many evils caused by anarchy has borne fruit among other nations, partners in our affliction, and will, no doubt, be of use to us who were the eye-witnesses or victims of those dissensions ! May this terrible lesson preserve our descendants from the love of innovations, from impious governments and from revolutionary frenzy ! Having escaped the perils of those horrible times, and the disasters into which we had been led by blind and ambitious madmen, let us bring the tribute of our gratitude, of our veneration, of our love *to the king* who, by his great virtues, has reconciled us with so many nations jealous of our glory, and whose love and paternal solicitude will finally win peace and happiness to our side.¹

¹ Was the child who was treated by Desault and Pelletan and who died in the Temple really the Dauphin ? “No,” reply the partisans of the theory of evasion ; “about that time another child was substituted in his place, and it was this child who died in

the Temple." In order to prove this assertion, they produced three letters which, if they were authentic, would prove that a twofold substitution had taken place. They declared that, in the beginning of November 1794, a dumb child had been put in the Dauphin's place, and that the latter had been hidden in the attics of the Temple; they also said that, between February 5 and March 3, 1795, this dumb child had been replaced by another child who was wasted by consumption, who would soon die, and be buried as if he had been the Dauphin himself. What is the real value of these three letters attributed to Laurent, one of the commissaries in the Temple, letters which no one has ever seen, and of which even the *naundorffistes* only possessed copies? It is impossible, in historical matters, to credit documents which cannot be produced, and which, as no one can prove the existence of the originals, are only apocryphal. We publish them, however, because we think that, by so doing, we may discover how and why they were concocted.

In 1814, Harmand de la Meuse published the account, reproduced by us, of his visit to the Temple in obedience to a command given by the *Convention*, in order to ascertain the condition of the French royal children and to see if their *régime* had been ameliorated according to the instructions received after Barras' visit of inspection. During Harmand's visit, the date of which he omitted to mention, he was struck by the fact that the Dauphin refused to speak and that, although he looked very fixedly and very attentively at his visitors, he made neither sign nor gesture in reply. Naundorff's friends got hold of this story, and declared that the child was dumb; they knew that it was useless to assert that the poor little child, stupefied by isolation, and unable to forget Hébert's examination and Simon's insults, had determined never to speak again. They saw that they could turn this story of a dumb child to good account, and they took care to profit by this opportunity. It was quite possible that the Dauphin *did* hold out his hand and *did* walk when he was ordered to do so, but might he not have acted thus because he understood the gesture which accompanied the command although he did not understand the command itself? In order to carry out this substitution the child must perforce be dumb. They need only invent a document stating the existence in the Temple of a dumb child on that particular date. Harmand's

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narration would confirm such an assertion. So the first letter was produced.

After many variations, the *naundorffistes* declared that B. signified Botot, Barras' secretary ; the letter was said to be addressed to Frotté.

GENERAL,

Your letter dated the 6th of this month arrived too late ; your first plan had already been carried out, the moment had come in which to act. To-morrow a new keeper is to enter on his functions ; he is a republican named Commier, a good fellow according to B—— (Botot), but I myself have no confidence in such people. I shall find great difficulty in getting food to our p—— (prince), but I shall take good care to get him out of that cursed tower. B—— (Botot) told me that he himself could undertake nothing on account of the strict supervision. If he had to remain very long I should fear for his health, for there is very little air in his *oubliette*, where the good God Himself could not find him were He not all-powerful. He has promised me to perish rather than betray his hiding-place. I have good reason to believe him. His sister knows nothing ; prudence obliges me to speak to her of the little dumb child as if he were really her brother.

However, the unhappy child thinks himself very lucky and plays his part so well that the new guards are convinced that he does not wish to speak ; so there is no danger.

Send back the faithful bearer as soon as possible, for I need your help ; follow the advice which he will give you by word of mouth, for it is the only way to insure success.

Tower of the Temple, November 7, 1794.

But this letter was not enough. The child having died June 8, they produced a second letter, in which it was asserted that another substitution had taken place, that of a sick child in place of the Dauphin.

GENERAL,

I have just received your letter. Alas ! your request is impossible. It was very easy to get the victim upstairs ; but just at present it is not in our power to get him down again, for the supervision is so strict that at one time I thought that my secret

had been betrayed. The *Comité de Sûreté générale* had, as you already know, sent those monsters, Mathieu and Reverchon, together with M. H. de la Meuse (Harmand), to prove that the dumb child was really the Dauphin. General, what does this farce mean? I cannot divine it, and I no longer know what to think of B——'s (Botot) conduct. He wants to get the dumb child out of prison, and to put another child in his place. Have you heard about it? is it not a trap? General, I fear many things, for no one is allowed to enter our dumb child's cell for fear that the public may discover the substitution. For if some one were to examine the child carefully, that some one would soon discover that the child was dumb from his birth and therefore incapable of speech. But if they substitute another child in place of this one, the new substitute will surely speak and so both I and the nearly-rescued child will be lost!

Send your written opinion by our faithful bearer as soon as possible.

Tower of the Temple, February 5, 1795.

A third letter was necessary, for they had to prove that the second substitution had succeeded; of course this letter was forthcoming, and here it is:

GENERAL,

Our dumb child has been transferred to the palace of the Temple, where he is carefully hidden: he is to remain there, and in case of any alarm he will pass for the Dauphin. To you alone, general, does this victory belong. I am now quite reassured, so command and I will obey. Lasne can take my place whenever he wishes to do so. Many precautions have been taken to insure the Dauphin's safety; therefore I shall soon appear, and I will tell you the rest by word of mouth.

Tower of the Temple, March 3, 1795.

As we see, they claim that, although no correspondence existed with Laurent, these three letters really did exist and contained everything necessary, that is to say: all the facts necessary to prove the theory of a twofold substitution but nothing else. These letters were couched in the plainest terms and in intelligible language, just at a time when it was dangerous to write any letters whatever, when many a head was lost for a mere suspicion. Even if the

originals could have been produced, it would have been necessary to prove their authenticity beyond all dispute, if they wished to convince the public once and for all. Historians versed in the art of historical criticism agree that documents, only copies of which can be produced and which claim to solve all mysterious sides of a question, are probably forgeries.

Besides, even if we acknowledged that these letters were of historical value, for the *naundorffistes* really believed in their cause, what do they prove? Every one already knew that many attempts had been made to rescue the king, then the queen, and lastly the Dauphin from the tower of the Temple: these letters only prove that one of the last attempts was approved by Barras, but we cannot even ascertain if that approbation was genuine, or if Barras only meant to make fun of the royalists by delivering a false Dauphin into their hands. It would not have been the first time that he had duped them. We know that promises to save the Dauphin's life were often made to the royalists, and that they were a very paying concern. Such schemes, though the object may change, still exist. In our own time, fatherland and faith have often been saved from ruin by great sacrifices. These letters, therefore, could only prove that there had been a twofold attempt to substitute a child, but they could not prove that the Dauphin had been able to escape from the Temple. Besides, they do not prove that the dead child, upon whose body a post-mortem examination had been made, was not the Dauphin. Thanks to M. Bégis' researches, the numerous proofs of the corpse's identity are now irrefutable.

When the health of Louis XVII became seriously affected, Desault, the celebrated physician, a thoroughly honest fellow, formerly doctor to the royal children, was appointed to prescribe for him. On the occasion of his first visit, the 18th *prairial*, an III (May 7, 1795), he observed on the young invalid's joints the same tumours which had already been remarked by Harmand and Barras. He continued his visits twice and even three times a day; the unhappy child always seemed glad to see him, and, under his doctor's kind care, consented to break the iron rule of silence caused by seven months of isolation (January 8, 1794–July 30, 1794). Desault died June 1, 1795 (13th *prairial*, an III), after an illness caused by a malignant fever lasting ten days, and which had already been fatal to two of his colleagues, doctors like himself, at

the *Hospice de l'Humanité*. His colleague and friend, Pelletan, was appointed on June 5 (17th *prairial*) to replace him. This physician had often accompanied Desault on his visits, and had even taken his place during his illness.

As the child only seemed to be getting weaker, Pelletan asked on the 19th *prairial* that Dr. Dumangin, physician-in-chief to the *Hospice de la Charité*, might be allowed to help him. On the 20th *prairial* he paid his usual visit. The sick child was much weakened by chronic diarrhoea, but he showed his gratitude to Drs. Pelletan and Dumangin for their kind care ; he seemed quite resigned to death.

He succumbed that same day, 20th *prairial*, an III (June 8, 1795). Pelletan, having been sent for in great haste, could only declare that all was over. Gomin, one of the keepers, had gone to the *Comité de Sécurité générale* to deliver the physicians' daily bulletin ; but the other keeper, Lasne, and the commissary Damont, president of the *Comité civil* for the *section du faubourg du Nord*, on duty that day in the Temple, were present during the last moments of the son of Louis XVI.

Gomin, having learnt what had happened, immediately returned to the *Convention*. The *séance* was over ; so the members of the *Comité de Sécurité générale* told him to keep the matter secret until the morrow, and at once made him write a letter in which they acknowledged the receipt of his information and begged him to tell the two medical officers charged to prescribe for Capet during his illness, to appoint two of their most learned colleagues, so that the body might be opened and its condition ascertained.

Dumangin and Pelletan chose Lassus, professor of forensic medicine and formerly surgeon to Madame Victoire and to Louis XVI, and Nicolas Jeanroy, professor at the *École de Médecine*. M. Bégis tells us that the post-mortem examination was made in the presence of Lasne, Gomin, the commissary Damont (who had assisted at the last moments of the young invalid), Meunier, Gourlet and Baron, turnkeys. All these persons had known the Dauphin at different periods of his existence ; they expressed no doubts as to the identity of the corpse opened in their presence by the above-named physicians. The *procès-verbal* of this post-mortem examination is preserved at the Archives Nationales. The *naundorffistes* found fault with the wording of this document, which, however,

is in order and properly worded. If the doctors declared that they had opened a body which "they were told" was the body of Louis XVII, it was because such was the custom in those times; likewise, the commissaries of the *Châtelet*, in affixing the seals after his decease, contented themselves with declaring that a body had been shown to them, which "they were told belonged to such a person." It was the legal and administrative powers' duty to verify the identity of the deceased, and we shall see that they took care to do so. Besides, the doctors recognized the lesions already remarked by Barras and Harmand; and Pelletan, by purloining the heart of Louis XVII, proved the authenticity of the *procès-verbal* beyond all doubt. The memoirs published in the *Revue rétrospective* in 1894 would establish this fact if it were necessary to do so. The operation began at half-past eleven o'clock in the morning and ended at four o'clock in the afternoon.

At eight o'clock in the morning of that same day, four delegates from the *Comité de Salut public* came to ascertain the decease, and to give orders concerning the burial. In order to avert all suspicion, the non-commissioned officers and the soldiers, both going on and coming off guard, were ordered to repair at midday to the room in which the post-mortem examination was taking place; these persons, to the number of twenty, recognized the corpse and signed their names in the register of the tower.

Etienne-Joseph Guérin, commissary for the *section de l'Homme armé*, second commissary on duty in the Temple on the 21st *prairial*, left among his private papers a rough draft of his statement. This document, which was shown by Guérin's family to M. de La Sicotière, tells us that the *Comité de Salut public* sent an order to the Temple at half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, stating that "the obsequies were to take place according to the usual custom in the presence of a certain number of persons as prescribed by law." At six o'clock that same day, the commissary of police for this section drew up the certificate afterwards quoted by the municipality in the *acte de décès*.* "About eight o'clock,"

* This deed was published by M. Bégis from a copy made from the registers burnt in 1871. It is dated 22nd *prairial*, and bears the signatures of Lasne and of the commissaries; it is couched in the usual legal phraseology. M. Bégis, in order to prove its authenticity, reproduces a number of certificates of death (including those of Danton, Marie-Antoinette, Robespierre, etc.), all of which are exactly similar in form. (See page 123.)

says Guérin, "the body, wrapped in a sheet, was laid in a white-wood coffin and placed on a bier by the bearers usually employed for inhumation . . . the body left the Temple by the principal entrance at half-past eight o'clock. The crowd was easily dispersed and driven back by a detachment of soldiers, who thus formed a barrier at the end of the rue de la Corderie. The funeral procession reached the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite without any difficulty."

The *procès-verbal* of the inhumation, quoted by M. Bégis (*loc. cit.*, pp. 28, 29), signed by Dominique Godet and Nicolas-Laurent Arnould, commissaries for the *section du Temple*, informs us that these commissaries, accompanied by the citizens Jacques Garnier, chief of the brigade of the *section de Montreuil*, together with Pierre Vallon, captain of the same section, and Lasne, commissary on duty in the Temple, escorted the body to the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite, in the rue Bernard, faubourg Antoine, the usual burial-ground for that *arrondissement*, where it was placed in a grave, which was then completed in their presence. The *acte de décès* was drawn up at the town-hall, on the 24th *prairial*, within the legal limit of time, and couched in the usual terms.

So we see that the body of Louis XVII was conveyed to the cemetery, not in a cart or a carriage (which might have had a false bottom to serve as a hiding-place for the real Louis XVII, alive and well), but on a bier, in a white-wood coffin, four and a half feet long, without any distinguishing sign, carried by four individuals who shared their task by turns. The coffin was placed in the common grave in the presence of witnesses, who, one might say, had not lost sight of the unhappy Dauphin since his death.

The supposition that another child had been substituted in place of the Dauphin is thus reduced to naught.

PART II
EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY
OF THE
MISFORTUNES OF THE DAUPHIN
By NAUNDORFF



CHARLES-LOUIS NAUNDORF.

THE MEMOIRS OF NAUNDORFF

THE *Memoirs of Naundorff* first appeared in London in the year 1836, under the title of *Extracts from the History of the Misfortunes of the Dauphin*. In the present volume, a reprint of the edition of 1836, we have only omitted the first few pages containing an account of the opening scenes of the French Revolution and of the imprisonment of the royal family in the Temple.

Our narrative commences on the morrow of *Thermidor*.

About this time, certain friends conceived a plan for rescuing me from my tormentors : they soon saw, however, that their scheme was utterly impracticable. There was only one entrance to my cell, and this was so carefully guarded that even a mouse could not have crept in or out unperceived.

The turret containing the staircase which led to my cell had but one door, which was guarded day and night both inside and outside. Any one wishing to obtain entrance to this tower was carefully searched in the presence of the municipal council, who inhabited the ground floor of the

building. The same operation was repeated on leaving the tower. It was impossible to quit the building unperceived, for the door was constantly guarded by a sentinel, and the staircase, which communicated with all the other floors, communicated with the guard-room situated on the ground floor and occupied by the municipal guards. Orders had been given that every one, without exception, was to be examined there. The guards also occupied the first floor, which, like the entrance floor, was composed of one large vaulted chamber. The sentinel guarding the first floor was ordered, whenever he noticed any suspicious-looking person coming in or out of the tower, to bring him before the said council, who then caused the visitor to be escorted out of the building by one or more municipal guards. This strict supervision had been enjoined in consequence of the discovery of a plot to rescue me. Nevertheless, my friends swore to risk their lives in order to wrest me from the hands of my tormentors, who wished to kill me.

Therefore, as it was impossible to set me free, they determined, by hiding me in the tower itself, to make my persecutors think that I had been rescued. 'Twas a bold plan, and yet it was the only way to facilitate the scheme of escape as concerted by my friends. Nothing was easier than to make me disappear for a time. Any person leaving my cell, bearing any object belonging to me, was allowed to descend to the first floor unmolested.

My friends were therefore quite sure that I could be carried to an upper chamber without running any risk of discovery. In fact, although my sister was imprisoned on the third floor, at that time neither guard nor sentinel were placed outside her cell. Experience had taught my friends that their scheme was quite practicable. So one day my protectors made me swallow a dose of opium, which I supposed to be some sort of medicine, and I soon found myself half-awake and half-asleep. While in this state, I saw them place a child in my bed; they then hid me at the bottom of the hamper in which this child had been hidden under my bed. I perceived, as in a dream, that this child was only a lay-figure, whose face strangely resembled my own. This substitution took place while the guard was being changed. The new guards, who had orders to certify my presence, contented themselves with glancing at the child; they were quite satisfied when they saw a boy resembling their prisoner apparently fast asleep; my habitual silence helped to heighten the illusion. Meanwhile I had lost all consciousness. When I recovered my senses, I found myself in a big room, into which I had never been hitherto, crowded with all kinds of old furniture. This was the fourth floor of the tower. They had made a hiding-place for me under the piles of furniture contained in this room, which communicated with a closet, where I later found food and drink prepared for me by my thoughtful

friends. All the other entrances were carefully barricaded. Before hiding me, one of my friends, whose name I shall have occasion to mention later on, informed me in what manner I might hope to effect an escape. I must consent to suffer all kinds of privations without complaining, and, he added, the slightest sound or movement would be fatal both to myself and to my benefactors ; lastly, he urged me, when I was once hidden, never to ask for help and to continue to play the part of a dumb child.

On awaking, I remembered my friend's exhortations, and determined to die rather than disobey him. I ate, slept, and waited patiently for my friend's arrival. My first saviour sometimes came to visit me at night, when he would bring me what I required. The lay-figure was discovered on the very first evening, but the Government thought fit to say nothing about my escape, which they believed to be an accomplished fact. My friends for their part, in order to hoodwink the sanguinary tyrants, had, I believe, dispatched a child bearing my name to Strasburg. Not only did they spread a report to that effect, but they apprised the governors of that town that they were about to confide me to their care. Lastly, the tyrants of France, in order to conceal the truth, put a dumb child about my own age in the place of the lay-figure ; they also doubled the guard, hoping, by so doing, to persuade the public that I was still

in my cell. These extraordinary precautions prevented my friends from executing their project exactly as they had wished to do. So I was obliged to remain in that cursed hole, where I felt as if I was buried alive.

I was about nine and a half years of age at the time and already accustomed, by my long sufferings, to harsh treatment ; little did I care for the cold, although it was the depth of winter when they shut me up in my hiding-place on the fourth floor of the tower, the keys of which my friends had managed to get hold of, so that everything might be ready for my arrival. No one guessed that I was hidden there, for no one ever entered that room. Even if some one had entered, that some one would not have discovered me ; for the friend, who came to visit me occasionally, could only reach my hiding-place by creeping on all-fours. If by any chance he was prevented from coming, I passed the day in gloomy solitude like a wretched prisoner at the bottom of an *oubliette*. Sometimes I was obliged to wait several days for the appearance of the kind beings who supplied me with food. My readers would, no doubt, like to learn the names of those noble souls, my magnanimous protectors. But I cannot divulge their names. My political enemies oblige me to be cautious ; they threatened to call, as a witness, a certain individual who has already made too many dupes by using my name as a pretext for his perfidious machinations ; so I must

await the decision of the powers that be. My readers must have patience ; for these political enemies, veritable wolves in sheep's clothing, are guilty of heinous crimes ; it is they who, by their perfidious behaviour, kept and still keep the truth from my sister. It is they who, by their ceaseless and infamous calumny, deceive the daughter of the martyr-king, that angel of virtue, as they call her. They dare to prepare for her a long future of agony and remorse by leading her into error and by depriving her of the happiness of finding her brother once more.

What was the reason of all these Machiavellian plots ?

The son of Louis XVI thwarted their plans. And so they combated all my endeavours to make myself known by the vilest intrigues and by exhibiting false dauphins, of whom they always had a number in reserve, and whom they produced as soon as the real duc de Normandie dared to raise his voice and demand that justice should be done to him. The ministers of the God of peace and verity were not ashamed to blacken their consciences by endeavouring to hallow these lies. Some of their number, disowning the rights of religion, by an arbitrary act for which God will one day call them to account, spread terror among many loyal individuals who believed in my existence, and who, distraught by painful doubts, sought for a guide and counsellor true to the teaching



THE TEMPLE PRISON.

exposed in our divine Saviour's doctrines. In writing thus, I do not wish to excite any feelings of bitterness or animosity against any one, still less against my priestly adversaries. I beg you then, dear reader, to understand that my enemies alone have forced me to proclaim cruel facts (which I deplore from the bottom of my heart) in order to justify myself.

We were still imprisoned in the little tower when we were taken one day to walk in the garden. A young sentry, standing in an alley at the end of the garden, gave us to understand by signs that he was one of our friends; he had been stationed there in order to prevent us from going any farther. This sentry, who seemed very young and who, although he was twenty-eight or twenty-nine years of age, did not look more than eighteen, was a woman in disguise whose husband had been assassinated on August 10. Later on, I shall have occasion to mention the name of this loyal and amiable sentry, and my sister will thereby be able to see that I am telling the truth.

While I was shut up all alone on the fourth floor of the Temple many things happened which, for certain reasons, I cannot now explain. I can only relate what I learnt from my friend Montmorin, a friend faithful unto death, who, in the old days, was well known to Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême.

The revolutionary government, on account of its political position, thought fit to conceal this

state of affairs ; the lay-figure had, therefore, been replaced by a dumb child. Notwithstanding this fraud, as there were many people still alive who had known the real Dauphin, an order was given that no one was to be allowed to enter my cell, so that there might be no risk of betraying the secret. When they wished to verify the existence of the false Dauphin, they sent only those persons who were in the secret or who had never seen me. I cannot understand how, in spite of these precautions, the rumour came to be spread that the real Dauphin was no longer in the tower. These rumours terrified the agitators, who thereupon decided to kill the dumb child. So they mixed with his food certain herbs which made him very ill ; then, in order to avert all suspicion of murder, and to make a show of their fine feelings, they summoned M. Desault, who, however, was not to be allowed to cure the child. M. Desault examined the child, and soon discovered that some sort of poison had been administered to him ; he made his friend Choppart, the chemist, prepare an antidote. He then declared that the child whom he was tending was not the son of Louis XVI whom he had once known. M. Desault's words were repeated ; the murderers of the royal family, trembling with fear, saw that the dumb child's life was likely to be prolonged notwithstanding all their endeavours to get rid of him, and put in his place another child suffering from rickets, whom they

procured from one of the Paris hospitals. This proceeding somewhat allayed the ever-haunting fear lest any one should discover that the dumb child was really incapable of speech. In order to prevent any fresh discoveries, they poisoned Desault and Choppart. The last substitute was tended by doctors who, never having seen either the real Dauphin or the sick child, naturally thought that they were prescribing for me.

Here are a few proofs of my assertions : While I was still shut up with my father and Cléry, certain devoted friends agreed one night to rescue my father and myself while other faithful friends mounted guard. Providence, however, willed that this project should be betrayed. In order to prevent any more attempts to escape, my tormentors ordered that a bolt should be placed inside the anteroom where the two municipal guards, who shared our prison, slept at night. This was a sure way to prevent any sudden surprise, for the guards themselves were obliged to unbolt the door for any one who wished to enter the ante-chamber. One day, before fixing the bolt, a couple of workmen were sent to make two apertures in the wall ; during the dinner-hour, one of these men approached my father, with whom I was talking in the ante-room, and made signs to him ; when my father and I were alone with him, he gave us three packets containing gold, which we much needed at that time. The workman was going to say something

else and to confide certain important secrets to my father when some one outside called to him ; my father, thinking that he was about to be searched, concealed the packets of gold about my person and told the workman to leave the room. However, his fears were unfounded ; a few days later, my father told me to give one of these packets to my good aunt. The man who had brought them was called J. P. This worthy man received from my father a letter for our friends abroad, and, by his noble conduct, earned our entire confidence ; so he was later intrusted with the task of effecting my escape, for which many persons occupying high positions in the revolutionary government had received from the hands of a certain personage large sums of money. J. P. appeared and received, not the real Dauphin, but his dumb substitute. According to commands, he took the rescued child to Madame Joséphine de Beauharnais, who later became empress of the French. This lady, on beholding the child, cried, “ Unhappy wretch ! what have you done ? You have made a fatal mistake ; you have delivered the son of Louis XVI into the hands of his father’s assassins ! ” Joséphine, in old days, had known the real Dauphin ; it was she who had obtained the dumb child for Barras when it was proposed to substitute a child in place of the lay-figure. The truth of these facts will eventually be proved in the courts of justice. The unhappy child had therefore been rescued instead

of me ; *I* was still languishing in the tower. Observe that even the important personage who had furnished money for my escape had been deceived ; so the removal of the dumb child was not the work of my friends, as Madame de Beauharnais' words proved : " Unhappy wretch ! What have you done ? " She thought for a moment that our friends' project had been divulged, that if *I* was taken back to my old prison *I* could not possibly escape, and that Barras had deceived her in order to get himself out of a tight corner. At that time she was unaware that the dumb child had been replaced by another child, a little invalid. Certain important reasons obliged the government to hasten this unfortunate victim's end. He died, they tell me, on June 8, 1795, and his corpse, after the post-mortem examination, was laid in a box for immediate burial. This box, together with the corpse, was placed in the room once occupied by my father. During this operation *I* had been given a strong dose of opium. They placed me in the coffin from which they had taken the child whose body had just been opened ; the whole thing was done in the few minutes which preceded the arrival of the bearers who were to fetch the coffin and carry it to the cemetery. Hardly had the dead child been borne to my old hiding-place on the fourth floor of the tower, when my friends, having learnt what was going on, placed the coffin containing me in a carriage. Those who

were not in the secret thought that I was going to be buried. But the carriage had been specially prepared for this emergency. While driving to the cemetery, I was placed in a box at the bottom of the carriage and the coffin was filled with waste-paper so that it might not seem too light, and, as soon as the coffin had been placed in the grave, my friends brought me back to Paris. While still unconscious, I was confided to the care of other friends. When I awoke I found myself lying in bed in a very clean room, alone with my nurse, Madame —, the young sentry of the Temple garden. Fortunately, the change had been quickly effected, for hardly was I in safety when the whole secret was discovered. But notwithstanding my persecutors' endeavours to recapture me, I was now safe and carefully hidden. At that time, people were already saying that it was not I who had been buried. The reports frightened the Government, who gave orders to their agents to disinter the coffin, nail it firmly, and bury it elsewhere, so that, in case of any researches, no one could find it again.

Notwithstanding these precautions, investigations under divers pretexts were made on all sides. My friends, fearing that I might be discovered, and judging my absence from the capital as very necessary, disguised me and sent me out of Paris in a carriage. At the same time, in order to put my enemies on the wrong scent, they dispatched a

little native of Versailles under my name, together with its parents, in another direction. While I was on my way to join the army in la Vendée, certain faithful servitors gave me a kind and discreet welcome. The devoted attentions showered upon me did not prevent me from contracting an illness, the inevitable consequence of the hardships endured by me, and which eventually proved too much for my constitution. I remained alone with Madame —, who never left me, and nursed me with the greatest kindness. As soon as I was convalescent, she set to work to teach me the German language, so that I might pass for her son. This lady was a native of Switzerland, and, as I have already said, was the widow of a victim of the events of August 10. During all the time passed with her in our friends' castle I never saw any one else, except on one occasion, when three individuals, wearing a strange uniform, appeared. She told me that these persons were Charette and two of his friends.

Notwithstanding the deepest secrecy, we were eventually betrayed. One night several *gendarmes* entered our abode, dragged me from my bed while I was chatting with Madame —, and hurried me off to prison. I knew that a certain Monsieur B——, whose name I will mention later on, lived in the castle with a certain Swiss from Geneva and corresponded with Madame —. He also had another friend, formerly lady-in-waiting to my

good mother. These were the persons who provided us with money and clothes.

I sometimes saw Monsieur B—— in the distance, disguised as an old peasant, but at that time I did not know who he was. He kept up a correspondence with Madame de Beauharnais, who again helped me to escape from prison. I was then confided to the care of Monsieur B——, in whose house I made the acquaintance of a young girl named Marie and of the huntsman Jean, whose real name was Montmorin. My readers, together with all true Frenchmen, will have occasion during the course of my narrative to admire this faithful creature.

These two friends now took the management of my affairs into their own hands. They found a man and his son who was about my own age. This man was given the necessary means to embark for America, and, after his departure, we set off for Venice, where we stayed some time. We finally left Venice for Trieste, and from there we went to Italy, where we enjoyed the secret protection of the Holy Father, Pius VI. I have in my possession a genuine copy of a document in Latin concerning myself and signed by him, *Pius Sextus*.

I have just mentioned the name of the Holy Father. Yes, dear reader, to me he was indeed a father in the best sense of the word. Never have I beheld a more noble or more venerable old man, a king, alas! who has no imitators. It was in

Italy that Madame —— met me with her second husband. Some time after this happy meeting the man and his son, who had embarked before us, also appeared and offered their services. Yet this happiness was of brief duration, for the revolutionary army invaded Italy. My persecutors recommenced their cruel persecution, and we were obliged to hide. We buried our little fortune in a safe place, and left our retreat at midnight. But it was already too late, for a new and horrible case of treachery (which I will not mention now) flung me headlong into fresh calamities. The man had disappeared with his son, and the house which we had occupied until now, and which belonged to a friend of the Holy Father, was burnt. We fled, and a few days later sailed for England.

My misfortunes are truly remarkable, but as my object is not to excite pity, I will only relate small portions of my adventures—that is to say, events useful as evidence in my strange case. I cannot refrain, however, from mentioning the horrible murder of M. B—— and poor Marie. After this lamentable event, I was captured while at sea and forcibly taken back to France, where my only friend, Montmorin, who had escaped from my persecutors, followed me wherever I went, though I knew it not. As for me, as soon as I had landed in France I was imprisoned. Here two strangers came to see me, and tried to persuade me to become a monk, assuring me that this was the only way to

escape from my tormentors. I rejected their advice, and, after a long examination, they left me. Some time after, I was taken, in the middle of the night, on board a little vessel and conveyed to a port where several armed men and a carriage were waiting for me. After a journey lasting four days and four nights, I was again imprisoned. A woman, who seemed to me more like a man in woman's clothing than a member of the female sex, was the only person whom I saw. It was she who waited on me. I was subjected to cruel treatment in the prison, where I remained until the end of 1803. Montmorin broke my chains, and, thanks to the good Joséphine, I was set at liberty. She had managed, with the help of the minister Fouché, to deceive her husband, Napoléon. My friends, during this winter and the beginning of 1804, busied themselves about my affairs. Pichegru was sent to interview the comte de Provence. The world will scarcely believe that this relative, oblivious of all family affection, blind to aught but political ambition, used Pichegru's revelations as a weapon against me, betrayed my friends, and revealed my last hiding-place. Obligated to fly, we directed our steps towards Ettenheim, in Germany, the abode of the duc d'Enghien, who, during a secret visit to Paris, had been initiated into the mystery of my life-story. I was arrested outside the walls of Strasburg, and placed in solitary confinement in the fortress of that town until some

gendarmes came to fetch me. I spent three days and three nights in a post-chaise, which never stopped once during the whole journey. In the middle of the third night I was shut up in a dungeon, which I will now describe.

It must have been nearly midnight when we arrived at our destination ; I was made to descend from my carriage and to walk some distance on foot. We stopped outside the entrance to a big building: my guides opened a door, through which we passed and went down a long winding passage which turned so often to the right and to the left that at last I no longer knew where I was. They thrust me into a dark, windowless *oubliette* and closed the door. I then heard the sound of their heavy footsteps dying away in the distance. Not a glimmer of light could I perceive. I know not how long this horrible nightmare lasted. Suddenly the bolts were drawn, and a man appeared holding a dark-lantern ; he gave me some soup which seemed mixed with wine, which he made me eat in his presence. This man was my gaoler; having made me lie down, he then left me. The soup was very hot, and refreshed me so that I was able to sleep. When I awoke, I looked in vain for any signs of daylight. I could not believe that my prison was a dungeon with no opening except the door ; I thought that I had slept all day, and that this was the second night of my incarceration. I was confirmed in this belief when the man reappeared

with his lantern. This time he brought me no wine-soup, but he placed on my rough wooden table a pitcher of water and a loaf weighing from two to three pounds, cut into rounds ; he then disappeared without having uttered a single word. Notwithstanding my bitter grief, I fell asleep, and awoke to find myself still in darkness. I arose, for I was hungry. I groped my way towards the table upon which stood the pitcher. I could not find the bread : it had disappeared. Then I began to think that my dungeon must be inhabited by other human beings besides myself. I sank back upon my couch, but sleep refused to close my eyes. I was tormented by the pangs of hunger. I lay listening for any sound near my prison, when I heard my gaoler's footsteps outside my door ; the bolts rattled and then the door opened. This man seemed to me like one of those spectres who only exist in old legends of past events. He brought me more bread and water. In vain did I ask him who had taken the bread which I had not eaten ; in vain did I beg him to tell me where I was. Not a word would he utter. He went away without having opened his mouth. I quickly devoured half the bread, drank some water, and then lay down again. On awaking, I searched for the remains of my provisions : but the bread had disappeared. I was therefore obliged to wait patiently for the return of my gaoler. It seemed to me, however, that my sight had altered : either

my eyes were getting accustomed to the darkness or else the daylight was stronger, for I could now distinguish, in the vaulted ceiling of my dungeon, a sort of grating through which a few feeble rays of light struggled to gain admittance to my living tomb. I could now not only see the grating, but I could also see my hands when I held them before my face ; these were the only objects visible ; I could not see my feet.

I languished for I know not how many days in this horrible prison ; my bread was often stolen, but never could I discover the thief. My constant companion, hunger, obliged me to be prudent. So, as soon as I had received my share of bread, after having eaten half, I used to lie down and put the remainder under my bed-clothes. This precaution, however, was useless, for on awaking I found that it had been devoured. I had, it is true, heard a noise near my bedside, though I had been unable to ascertain the cause. I then determined to unravel the mystery : I lay down as usual, placed the remainder of my bread under my bed-clothes, and pretended to sleep. Soon certain visitors, apparently as big as rabbits, began to scramble over my bed ; I stretched out my right hand in order to catch one ; but hardly had I caught the creature, when I felt it bite through one of my fingers. Terrified, I quickly let it go ; the blood was flowing freely, I suffered severe pain : the scar on my finger testifies to the

truth of this statement. I was now obliged to eat all my bread at once if I did not wish to share it with my long-tailed companions, for I now began to suspect that these creatures were big rats—which I later proved to be the case. These animals often invaded my bed and trampled upon me. If I did not leave them enough bread to assuage their appetites, they redoubled their squeaks; they would grunt like little pigs if I threw a few crumbs on the floor of my dungeon. Kinder than many men, the greatest harm they ever did to me was to take my bread in order to preserve their own lives. Mankind, on the contrary, attacked both my person and my honour.

My couch was composed of a woollen blanket and a heap of straw thrown upon the ground in a corner of my dungeon; my dungeon itself was a cold, damp, quadrangular chamber. Neither underlinen nor warm clothes were provided for me. At last I found myself without even a shirt. My coat and breeches were in rags, and, in order to keep myself warm, I was obliged to wrap myself up in the blanket, which the rats had bitten in a thousand places and used as a nursery. I was nineteen years of age when I was imprisoned in the depths of this subterranean dungeon, a dark hole from which I could see neither the clear light of the sun nor the pale moonbeams. I had forgotten the meaning of day and night, as well as the divisions of time. I thought, from the

state of my clothes, that my captivity must have lasted at least half a century; I knew every inch of my dungeon, and my ears could perceive the gaoler's footsteps from afar. This was the only sound I heard except distant drums, which sounded to me like the rumbling of thunder. The grating, through which air and light might have penetrated, seemed choked with cobwebs. Alone in this hidden spot, abandoned by every one, I thought in the bitterness of my heart that all my friends had forsaken me; I felt as if I were already sleeping my last sleep. My hair, which I could not see, had grown long and curly. My beard was thick, and when I passed my hand over my face, it felt like the head of a wild beast. My nails were so long that they were constantly breaking; I could only shorten them by biting them with my teeth. I despaired of beholding once more the surface of the globe, when suddenly I was awakened in the middle of the night by two men who called me by my name. I arose wrapped in my blanket, in a most horrible state of filth, and covered with the straw, which, as it had never been changed, had been ground to chaff by the friction of my body. On beholding me, the wild expression of my countenance, and the dirty rags in which I was clothed, my liberators, overcome with surprise and pity, cried: "Ha! what does this mean?" My gaoler, who, with his lantern in his hand, assisted at this scene,

nodded his head, and said: "Yes, yes, 'tis he!" On this man's left cheek was a long cut, evidently made by a sword; he took my hand and showed a scar on my finger to my saviours, who seemed to recognize it. These brave friends immediately led me out of my dungeon.

I fainted on breathing the fresh air of heaven. When I recovered consciousness, I found myself lying in a carriage which sped along as if it had wings. We arrived that same night at a new hiding-place, where I was concealed in an isolated chamber which I never left, so that all risk of recapture might be averted. My friends loaded me with kindness and affection. Their loving care could not destroy the germs of a dangerous illness, complicated by very disquieting symptoms. My own sufferings, and the hopes, noble devotion, endurance and brave efforts of my friends, were nearly annihilated in a single day by a premature death. But Providence, who watched over me and whose immutable plans I dare not try to divine, destined me for another fate. My recovery was almost a miracle; but hardly was I able to totter on my legs when my persecutors discovered my new hiding-place. I set off without delay, accompanied by my sole remaining friend, Montmorin. We arrived, worn out with fatigue and anxiety, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine in Germany, where we rested for a few days, and went to a Jewish dealer in old clothes, who exchanged

our clothes for others. This was in the spring of 1809.

In this town I learnt from my friend Montmorin that I had spent about four years in the dungeon which I have just described—so I was now about twenty-four years of age. I calculated that I had spent seventeen years in prison, including my captivity with my family in the tower of the Temple, for, even when I was in my friends' hands, I was still a prisoner. Knowing that Madame Joséphine had befriended me upon other occasions, I asked Montmorin why she had allowed me to languish in misery for so many long months? He informed me that Bonaparte, her husband, had discovered that she was implicated in a scheme to rescue me from my persecutors, and that, in order to deter her from continually thwarting his plans, he had cleverly hinted to her that he intended to leave the throne of France, after his own death, to her son Eugène. This enchanting prospect overcame the scruples of a woman who certainly could not be accused of disloyalty. Montmorin added: "And yet it was she who rescued you from your last dungeon, and who revealed to your friends the place of your imprisonment, which they could never have discovered without her intervention. But do not imagine," continued he, "that she acted thus out of the kindness of her heart: no! she is a calculating woman. Her husband intends, after

your death, to divorce her and to take another wife. To this cause you owe your present liberty.”

During my imprisonment with my father and Cléry in the tower of the Temple, several friends had proposed to deliver me from my tormentors' hands. My good mother shared these hopes. She therefore, with her own hand, wrote down a description of all the marks on my body, so that, if by any chance I managed to escape, my friends could recognize me. This paper, together with other proofs, had been confided to the care of Montmorin, who, fearful of losing them, sewed them into the collar of my coat, urging me, at the same time, never to confide it to any one, because its contents could prove to kings and judges the irrefutable authentication of my identity. Some persons immediately declared that the queen of France had tattooed certain marks upon her children's bodies, while others averred that she had branded them with a red-hot ring or some similar object ; many affirmed that she had marked on her son's left thigh a representation of the Holy Ghost in the form of a dove. I swear that all these reports are false ; Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême knows that I am speaking the truth. It is true that I possessed, on my left thigh, a birth-mark shaped like a dove, with its head pointing downwards and its wings spread. This mark, formed by numerous tiny veins, was carefully described by my mother ; my father signed her statement, and sealed it

with the seal used by him in the tower of the Temple.

Having received news from my friends in France, together with a letter of credit, we hastily left Frankfort and travelled post towards Bohemia. After a long journey we arrived in Germany, where we found, in a town situated in the valley of the Elbe, a certain man who took us to see the duke of Brunswick; the latter gave us letters of introduction to the Prussian court. We rested in a little town called Semnicht, on the Austrian frontier, and then set off for Dresden, which town we were not allowed to enter. We were obliged to make a long *détour* in order to reach the kingdom of Prussia. We alighted in a village and lodged at an inn, the name of which I have forgotten. Night came on. As we were extremely tired, we retired, immediately after supper, to a sort of bedchamber, and prepared to go to bed. We had just fallen fast asleep, when we were awakened, arrested as spies, and taken to be examined by the commander of a body of troops lately quartered in the environs: the name of this officer was the baron von Schill. My friend Montmorin gave him the duke of Brunswick's letter; he seemed quite satisfied, and kept us near him until the army of Westphalia routed his own little company. I hardly noticed anything during our march; I heard my companions talk of a junction with the duke of Brunswick's army. We were daily pursued by large bodies of troops, who finally

attacked us in a certain town. The brave commander, no longer able to protect us, made us leave him, and gave us an escort of cavalry commanded by a young officer, a German count, named, if I am not mistaken, Veptel or Vetel. We fell into the hands of our enemies, who rushed upon us in a body ; we tried to fly ; we were obliged to defend ourselves, for they cried : “ No quarter ! ” The young commander, who had a good horse, was able to escape. My faithful Montmorin, having previously lost his shako, fell, sword in hand, close beside me : a brute, standing behind him, had cut his head open. I myself was wounded ; they shot at me, and my horse dropped down dead ; my left foot having caught in the stirrup, I was unable to free myself. A foot soldier then came up to me and hit me upon the head with the butt end of his musket : the blow stunned me, and for some time I could neither see nor hear. I know not how long my fainting fit lasted, but when I recovered consciousness I found myself in a hospital. My head was still so weak that the people standing round my bed looked to me like giants. My limbs and my fingers in especial seemed as long as fir-trees ; my legs felt as thick and as heavy as casks. While in this pitiable condition, I was one day hoisted into a wagon. When I now think of these strange events, they seem to me like a dream. My strength having returned, I perceived that I was imprisoned in the fortress of Wesel, on the French frontier.

All the persons either belonging to the duke of Brunswick's army or to the baron von Schill's company imprisoned there were, by Napoleon's orders, condemned illegally to work in the galleys at Toulon. For some reason unknown to myself, I was included among the despot's unhappy victims. We were then transferred to the centre of France, and imprisoned, like common thieves, first in one dungeon and then in another. As I did not possess a single *sou*, I was unable to purchase any little comforts for myself. I had been stripped of all my belongings on the battlefield except my coat, which I found lying on my pallet in the hospital at Wesel. We were so harshly treated on the road by our French escort, that even those who might have pitied us were repelled when they heard our tormentors cry: "These fellows belong to the gangs of Brunswick and Schill!" As I had not quite recovered my strength, this treatment caused a recurrence of my old illness. When at last I fainted while passing through a little village on the route, my escort was obliged to leave me behind.

I was awakened from my trance by a fine rain, which soon penetrated through my thread-bare clothing. A woman and a girl, who, I think, must have been her daughter, approached and offered me their assistance. I was dying of thirst, and my hands were burning with fever. My head was so weak that I could not hold it up. I could see nothing distinctly. I tried to speak, but my lips

were so parched with thirst that I could not utter a single word. This woman then brought me some milk, which I drank greedily. They fetched a wagon and took me to an hospital in the neighbouring town. There I met a convalescent soldier named Friedrichs, a hussar in von Schill's regiment, who was called Frédéric by the French soldiers. Friedrichs soon made friends with me ; and when he was quite sure that he could trust in my discretion, he persuaded me to escape in his company. This project was soon put into execution. My health being now quite re-established, we seized the opportunity to escape one night during a severe thunderstorm. We descended into a cellar filled with such strange coffin-shaped boxes that one might easily have mistaken it for a tomb. When there, we found that we had to creep through a closely-barred window ; it looked almost impossible to creep through this aperture. We used the above-mentioned boxes as a ladder, and soon, thanks to our united efforts, the old rust-eaten bars gave way ; we then crept through the window, and found ourselves in an enclosure surrounded by very high walls guarded by two sentries, who had gone to shelter from the thunderstorm in their sentry-boxes. We took infinite pains not to attract the sentries' attention by making the slightest noise. I bent down, and Friedrichs, mounting upon my shoulders, climbed to the top of the wall. He had with him a wallet containing certain objects

of which I was ignorant at that time ; my friend used this wallet as a sort of rope with which to help me up ; but notwithstanding all our efforts, I could not scale the wall. While endeavouring to do so, I made a slight noise, whereupon cries of “ Who goes there ? ” were immediately heard on all sides. Thanks to overwhelming terror or to the mercy of Providence, I suddenly found myself, I know not how, on the top of the wall. We jumped down on the other side, where we unfortunately fell into a ditch. My fall was particularly unlucky, for, on trying to rise, I found that I could not walk. I cannot understand how it was that we were not pursued. Friedrichs took me upon his back, and, notwithstanding this heavy and inconvenient burden, he soon reached a thick grove, in which he deposited me. He then set my foot, which I had dislocated in my fall ; this operation was so successful that I soon felt no more pain. The rain was still falling ; it was so dark that, had it not been for the lightning, we could never have found our way. The storm slowly abated and day broke. We thought that we were already far from our late prison, and we were looking for a shelter wherein to hide, when, to our horror and unutterable grief, we discovered that we had returned to the very spot which we had left on the previous night, and that, deceived by the darkness, we had been walking round and round in a circle ! We noticed a number of persons pacing

to and fro in the distance. Perhaps they were only workmen ; however, we took it into our heads that we were being pursued. Happily a field of tall, thick corn offered us a capital shelter. We determined, therefore, to hide until nightfall in this field. Good God ! what a fearful day we spent there ! Never shall I forget it. The rain lasted until about ten o'clock, and it was nearly eleven o'clock when we lay down in the mud. The sky had cleared, and the fierce beams of the sun burned our bodies so cruelly that we were obliged to roll ourselves upon the damp ground in order to cool first one side and then the other. By nightfall we were more like two wild beasts who had rolled themselves in the mire than human beings. We took no nourishment during the whole day. If we wished to moisten our tongues, we were obliged to chew some corn-stalks. However, notwithstanding all these tortures and cruel privations, when the sun sank and no longer scorched us with its rays, we fell asleep. Night had already fallen when Friedrichs awoke me that we might continue our journey. We suffered so cruelly from hunger and thirst, that we were obliged to invade a garden and steal some fruit off the trees, which, I think, belonged to a neighbouring hamlet. We quickly climbed over the hedge and plundered the trees. We dined and supped off green apples and sour pears, and then we filled our pockets and continued our nocturnal journey.

When day began to break we always crept into a thicket or hid among thick corn. We could only travel by night, as neither of us possessed a passport. It is not my intention to relate the endless sufferings endured by us during this long journey. I will only recount those events which are necessary to explain my history and to connect divers episodes. I will therefore omit those adventures which can only interest inquisitive persons, and I will now pass on to our life in Germany, where we arrived after a thousand vicissitudes. While in this country I had the great misfortune to lose my friend Friedrichs. This is how it happened. During our wearisome journey he had assumed the task, as he termed it, of foraging when he thought that he could do so with advantage. I know not to what cause he owed his success. He used to leave me, together with his wallet, in some safe spot, and, on his return, he always brought back a supply of bread, cheese, fruit, etc. One day, after a long march in the pouring rain, we reached the frontier of Westphalia, drenched to the skin and worn out with fatigue. When daylight began to appear we took refuge in a forest, where we found a hollow tree, into which we climbed until it was time for Friedrichs to go and replenish our stock of provisions. We always took care to halt in the neighbourhood of a village, even if we still had time to go a little further. Fatigue or some mishap often obliged us to halt

sooner than we might have wished to do. It was now nearly nine o'clock. Friedrichs' wallet was by my side ; I remained crouched down in the hollow oak-tree, where I fell asleep, as was my custom, quite reassured as to the fate of my friend, who was fulfilling his self-imposed duty. During his absence a big black dog discovered my hiding-place ; his master followed him, and took me from my hollow oak-tree : this man was a shepherd who was tending his sheep near by. He thought that I had deserted from the Westphalian army, and my condition awakened pity in his breast, for he himself had a son in Spain with Napoleon's army. He tried to persuade me to remain with him until nightfall, promising to hide me for some days in his hay-loft, so that I might recover my strength somewhat. I made him understand that I was not alone, and that I must wait for the return of my friend, who had gone to find food in the neighbouring village. The shepherd then asked me to describe Friedrichs to him ; having heard my description, he cried : " Ah ! you will never again see that brave fellow. The knights of the rope have caught him ! A little while ago I saw them taking him towards the town." " Who are the knights of the rope ? " asked I. He replied : " They are the new *gendarmes*, called in these parts *Strick Vereiter*." He then persuaded me to accept his kind offer and to abandon the search for my companion, which I had resolved to

undertake. He assured me that Friedrichs would be better able to save himself if he were alone. While talking to me, in his eagerness to get the better of my determination and to persuade me to come with him, he took possession of Friedrichs' wallet and flung it over his shoulder. When night began to fall I followed him to his cottage, where he introduced me to his old wife, whom he called "mother," adding : " Here is another unhappy son. Be kind to him, and then, perhaps, the good God will watch over our son in Spain." The good old folks then began to cry, for they only had one son. After I had shared their supper they took me to sleep in the hay-loft. The old woman was most kind to me. I enjoyed this touching hospitality until the morning of the third day, when the shepherd led me far from his village along the high-road. He gave me back Friedrichs' wallet, three pieces of silver, some bread and half a *boudin* ;¹ then he bade me farewell, adding : " May God watch over you ! It is useless to tell you my name or the name of my village." So saying, he turned back and quickly disappeared from view. By refusing to tell me his name he prevented me from ever being able to prove my gratitude either to himself or to any member of his family.

As an old soldier, he feared to compromise himself by revealing his name to a young man

¹ *Boudin*, black pudding.—Translator's note.

whom he supposed to be a deserter. When, for the first time, I saw this good old man standing outside the hollow tree, I thought that he was an inhabitant from some other world, so astonished was I at his strange habiliment. On his head he wore a black felt hat from which hung a long horn. In order to shelter his forehead from the rays of the sun, he had fastened a roof-like brim to the edge of this strange headdress. The rest of his body was hidden by a long white linen coat, and over his shoulders hung a leather pouch adorned with long fringe; in his hand he held a kind of little spade, which he used to sprinkle earth over his sheep. His curiously-fashioned boots looked as if they were at least a century old; his long snow-white hair floated over his shoulders. I often think with pleasure of this worthy man.

Continuing my pilgrimage, I soon arrived in Saxony, where, my friend the shepherd informed me, I need not fear any trouble with *gendarmes* during the daytime. He recommended me to follow Friedrichs' method by night, that is to say, to sleep out of doors. I therefore altered my habits, travelling by day and sleeping at night in the open air. Friedrichs had advised me to enlist by preference in the Prussian army. So I began to wend my way towards the town of Berlin, which was the only town I knew, in order to put my project into execution. I asked my

way of all those whom I met. Either they did not understand my question, or else they thought that I was joking, for they misdirected me so often that I ended at last by going exactly in the opposite direction to that in which I wished to go. Owing to all these mistakes, I found myself one day in a great, and apparently a boundless, forest. I was dying of thirst; I searched for some wild berries with which to quench my thirst. I eventually found some black fruit resembling wild raspberries growing on a very thorny tree; while looking for these berries I lost my way. While I was lamenting my cruel fate, I heard a postillion's horn behind me. I turned round and saw a post-chaise in the distance. I then went and sat down on a stone placed by the side of the high-road, on which were engraved the words: "Doctor Martin Luther." As the postillion advanced I begged him to tell me if I was on the road to Berlin, and if he was going there. A young man sitting inside the chaise cried: "Stop, noble brother!" (a local greeting) and he immediately began to question me, either for sake of curiosity or perhaps because he pitied my miserable condition. Touched, no doubt, by my reply, he offered me a place by his side, saying that he would take me as far as Wittenberg. I accepted his kind offer without demur and got into the carriage. During the journey he questioned me freely, and asked what my wallet contained. "I do no

know," I replied, "for it belongs to my comrade, and I have not yet opened it." "That is strange," replied he; and, having seized it, he hastened to open it. When my new protector saw that it only contained rags he began to laugh and to chaff me, telling me to throw away this old knapsack because it might compromise me; he was just going to throw the rags out of the carriage window when he suddenly stopped, crying: "Stop! there's something else in here." So saying, he seized his pen-knife and ripped up one of the seams of the wallet. We found, wrapped in divers pieces of old paper and rag, more than sixteen hundred francs in gold. "Oh!" cried the stranger, "your comrade was a noble fellow: he gave you all his fortune when you were arrested, whereas he might have claimed it all if he had wished to do so when he felt the pinch of poverty. Certainly he preferred to lose everything rather than betray you. Ah! what a generous creature!" he repeated. We reached Wittenberg, and alighted at the Hôtel de la Grappe d'or. My first care was to change my clothes. He himself shaved me, arranged my hair, and soon no one would have recognized me. "Now," said this benevolent stranger, "how are you going to cross the Prussian frontier? They are very strict about passports, and you have none. Well," said he, "we will manage it somehow." He summoned a person, who lent him his equipage, in which I was taken on the morrow to

Treinpretzen, the first town on the Prussian frontier. From this place he escorted me in the post-chaise as far as Potsdam, from whence he had me taken in a private carriage to Berlin, where he had preceded me, having left Potsdam before me ; he took lodgings for me in the Hôtel de l'Aigle-Noir.

After resting for a few days, I inquired about the regiment mentioned to me by Frédéric ; I went to the commander, and, according to my friend's instructions, answered all his questions. However, the officer informed me that his Majesty would not allow foreigners to enlist in his army. Humiliated by this refusal, and certain private events having prevented me from obtaining an audience with the king, I was obliged to make up my mind to do something to gain my living, because my funds, or rather Friedrichs' funds, were beginning to diminish. This was towards the end of 1810. So I hired an apartment at No. 52, Schutzengasse, where I set up as a clockmaker in order to earn my bread. While buying a watch for myself I had made the acquaintance of another clockmaker named Weiler, who helped me in my business, which, in a short time, became quite a prosperous affair. The mayor of Berlin then raised objections because I had not been authorized to exercise my profession. He summoned me to appear before him ; by Weiler's advice, I asked for permission to reside in the town of Berlin.

The mayor then asked for my passport, certificate of birth and certificate of good conduct. Now I possessed none of these documents. Meanwhile, Madame Sonnenfeld, widow of a clockmaker of the same name, a native of Rattswell, had undertaken to keep house for me. She was an excellent creature ; I confided my secret to her, and told her of this new trouble. She suggested that we should apply to M. Lecoque, a Frenchman who, at that time, occupied the post of president of police in the Prussian kingdom. I approved this plan and wrote to this gentleman, telling him of my royal birth and of my position in Berlin. M. Lecoque came to see me, and, having shown me my letter, asked me if I had written it. I replied in the affirmative; he then questioned me severely, and asked me to furnish him with some proofs of my identity. Luckily I still possessed the coat containing my treasure. I unripped the collar in his presence, took out the papers and showed them to him. He recognized my mother's handwriting, as well as my father's signature and seal. He then left me in order to go and receive the king's commands concerning my fate. On the morrow he begged me to lend him my papers, as he wished to show them to his Majesty. At first I refused, and insisted upon a personal interview with the king. He informed me that my request could not be gratified just at that time ; " but," he added, " you will see his Majesty as soon as the president of the ministry,

prince von Harttenberg, has read your papers." After having taken the precaution to cut out the impress of my father's seal, I gave M. Lecoque all these papers. However, he only took my mother's document, and departed, promising to help me, and assuring me that I should be subjected to no further persecutions, because he was going to write to the magistrates of Berlin concerning my affairs. A few weeks later, notwithstanding this promise, the magistrate again summoned me to appear before him. I went to M. Lecoque's house; he took possession of the summons and told me that I need not be anxious, that I should soon know my fate, and that a slight delay had been caused because the minister had not yet given his decision. A short time afterwards M. Lecoque sent for me, and said: "We cannot let you remain in Berlin: it is too dangerous both for you and for ourselves. It is not in the mayor's power to exempt you from producing the necessary papers." He questioned me as to the person whom I had met in the forest near Diebingen. I could tell him nothing, except that I knew that his surname was Naundorff, and that he was a native of Weimar. M. Lecoque obtained this gentleman's passport from the police, and advised me, if I wished to escape further persecution, to set up in business under my friend's name in some small town near the capital. "In order to facilitate matters for you," continued he, "I will send you a licence, so that you will be free

to choose whatever town you prefer. Therefore, when the mayor of your new residence asks you to produce your papers, tell him that you have left them in M. Lecoque's care." I replied that I had not enough money to defray the expenses of a removal. "Ah ! that is true," cried he. Then, opening his *escritoire*, he gave me a packet of gold pieces, saying: "Use these for your present needs ; I will take care of your future." A few days later an unknown individual, a member of the police force, brought to my house a licence for Charles-Guillaume Naundorff. I was left in peace until 1812, when I went to live in Spandau by the advice of M. Lecoque, who recommended me to exercise great caution, and repeated that the slightest imprudence on my part would ruin me, because the king of Prussia was powerless to act as he wished to do. I must also, at all costs, take another name if I wished to escape further persecution at Napoleon's hands. The president once more examined M. Naundorff's passport very attentively, so that he might see if the description of that gentleman answered in any way to myself. "Black hair," said he aloud, "black eyes—no ! that won't do. Tell the magistrate," he added, "what I have just told you. I will attend to everything else." He then wrote the names Charles-Guillaume on a piece of paper, which he put in his pocket. I therefore went to Spandau, and when the mayor of that town demanded my

papers so that he could grant me permission to reside in Spandau, I acted as M. Lecoque had advised me to do, and begged the burgomaster to ask my friend to forward my papers to him. My borrowed name having been inscribed on the registers, I obtained permission to inhabit the town of Spandau. I think that the president must have forgotten our agreement, for he gave my name to the burgomaster as Charles-Louis Naundorff.

Notwithstanding this inadvertency—if, indeed, it was such—I obtained permission to reside in the town of Spandau, and the deed was solemnly signed in the presence of the town councillors. This event took place in 1812, a few months after the retreat of the French army. Regiments passed daily through Spandau. Under these circumstances, M. Lecoque, either from fear of discovery or for some other reason, came to visit me and to give me some more money; he impressed upon me the necessity of observing the greatest secrecy. I had a twofold reason to follow this line of conduct, for I myself feared that I might be discovered. Luckily, the garrison of the town was composed at that time of Dutch and Polish soldiers. A certain officer, a friend of the French commander, lodged at the house in which I dwelt, and through him I learnt everything that went on. I seem to witness Napoleon's fall with my own eyes. After this event I wrote both to M. Lecoque and the prince von Harttenberg, but I received no reply to either

of my letters. Russian and Prussian troops then blockaded Spandau, where I found myself an unwilling captive. The town had previously received some Polish reinforcements, whose ranks were infested with yellow fever and decimated by that fell disease. I was endeavouring to leave the town when I, too, fell ill, and soon lost consciousness. As the town was being bombarded by the Prussian and Russian batteries, the inhabitants, including the sick and wounded, were obliged to take refuge in the cellars. Only the poor stranger, abandoned by every one save God and the unhappy Madame Sonnenfeld, only the outlaw of the whole universe, remained exposed to the bombs and bullets which were being hurled simultaneously from ten batteries. Notwithstanding, or rather on account of, this danger of which I was at that time ignorant, Madame Sonnenfeld never left my room or my bedside.

Four *faubourgs* had already been devastated when the Russians pointed their batteries towards the centre of the town, and that same night, about ten o'clock, fire broke out in all directions. The fire, as if by a miracle, stopped before the house in which I dwelt. I use the word miracle, for the buildings adjoining my residence and under the same roof, were burnt to the ground ; my room alone escaped and was untouched by the fire. This fact was then so well known that, even to-day, more than six thousand inhabitants of Spandau can

witness to the truth of the above statement. The destruction of this town is an historical fact.

When I recovered my health and liberty, I applied to the king of Prussia, to the emperors of Russia and Austria, and to the prince von Harttenberg, as well as to M. Lecoque. I never received any replies to my letters.

In 1816 I sent to Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême, M. Marsin or Marassin, formerly an officer in Napoleon's army; and in order to facilitate an interview with her Royal Highness, I provided him with certain proofs of my identity, and even charged him to play my part. I know not what became of him. They told me that he had been arrested and imprisoned in Rouen, that an individual, bearing the name of Mathurin Bruneau, had been substituted in his place and that he had been got rid of. In order not to interrupt the thread of my narrative, I will confine myself during this story to a short description of this officer and of his behaviour. I shall add, at the end of this volume, some explanatory notes, together with copies of the letters written by myself to the different exiled members of the royal family.

In 1818 I sent to the duc de Berry a formal declaration in the interests of his children's future; and I had determined to go to France when Madame Sonnenfeld became dangerously ill, and I was prevented from putting my project into execution. Remembering her devotion to me

during my own illness, I could not make up my mind to leave her while she was in this condition. It was she, in fact, who had saved my life during the siege of Spandau. She died in 1818. After her death I determined, for private reasons, to renounce all idea of reappearing upon the world's stage, and to resign myself to oblivion. I therefore married, on October 18 of the same year, Mlle. Jeanne Finers, who had lost her father, and whose family, of noble descent, had been defrauded of their title and rights by long and cruel misfortunes.

My wife, at the time of our marriage, was fifteen and a half years of age, and I swear that, until this day, I have never for a single moment regretted my choice. However, I shall ever regret that I did not keep faithful to my resolution to forget the world and to devote myself exclusively to the welfare of my little family; but man proposes and God disposes.

I became a father on August 31, 1819. The letter which I wrote on that occasion to Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême is reproduced at the end of this volume. I was now a citizen of the town of Spandau, which town I inhabited, not for two years only, as the *Gazette de Prusse* asserts, but from 1812 until 1821, that is to say, ten consecutive years. Meanwhile I was considering how I could force the minister, the prince von Harttenberg, to give up my papers, which were still in his possession. I therefore determined to take the

part of the burgomaster Dabercow, and I upheld him when he refused to submit to the minister when the latter ordered him to be deprived of his post ; my opposition and the energy with which I upheld my friend, both by word and deed, proved to the minister that I did not fear him. The prince von Harttenberg, wishing to thwart my plans, hinted to the king that it would be as well to appoint the discharged burgomaster to some state post ; and having received orders to that effect from his Majesty's cabinet, the famous struggle, which had been irritating the inhabitants of Spandau for so many months, suddenly ceased, and Dabercow was given a good position in Brandenburg, where he went to reside. This diplomatic transaction vexed me extremely. I left Spandau and went to dwell in the town now inhabited by the former burgomaster Dabercow. I now encountered fresh difficulties, for, in order to obtain permission to reside in this town, I had to produce my papers.

No one knew who I was except the former burgomaster of Spandau, M. Kattfuss, who, I fancy, must have learnt the truth either from the government or from the president of the police. The following incident made me think that I had guessed aright. I was invited one day to a public dinner in the Hôtel du Palais, where I was given a seat opposite the burgomaster, who chatted with me and seemed to take much interest in my

conversation. At the end of the dinner he arose and embraced me most affectionately, saying: "This is not your place!" I saw tears gleaming in this venerable old man's eyes as he pressed my hand. I have since had reason to suspect that M. Lecoque had confided my secret to him, for M. Kattfuss was, on my arrival in Spandau, chief burgomaster of that town.

During the year 1820 I wrote for the last time to the duc de Berry, who then sent me an answer, in which he informed me that he had been deceived concerning my identity. This letter, which somewhat consoled me, was dated, if I am not mistaken, February 3, ten days before his assassination. Certain incidents, which I cannot now reveal, caused me to determine to go to France and to find my sister. A series of events prevented my departure. I was now the father of two children, and my first duty was to provide for their future. Therefore I bought a house in Brandenburg. During this transaction I made the acquaintance of a dishonest fellow, who brought a lawsuit against me, which obliged me, as an honourable man, to remain in Prussia. Two false witnesses appeared and gave evidence against me; and just as I was about to prove their perfidy, I was suddenly arrested under the ridiculous pretext that I had tried to pass bad money. The examining magistrate who issued the warrant for my apprehension, anxious to support this abominable lie,

chose to believe the assertions of a witness who swore that he had seen me on September 15, about seven o'clock at night, throw a sack apparently full of *écus* into the Spree ; in order to make his story appear more plausible, he added that he was so close to me at that moment that the water had splashed his face, although the bridge on which he declared he was standing was thirty feet high. Can we not hear the elders denouncing the chaste Susanna ?

The prevaricating magistrate made this disgusting perjurer swear, in my presence, to the truth of this statement, which was then inscribed in the public register. A few days later he sent for me, and had the impudence to say : “ Do you still deny the deed ? Here is a witness who saw you throw the sack into the water.” By the mercy of Providence I happened to be absent from Brandenburg on the date mentioned by the witness. The fact that I had been arrested on my return at nine o'clock at night proved how clumsily this false witness had played his cards. Notwithstanding this fact, the examining magistrate, wishing to support my accuser, prolonged the proceedings ; I was, therefore, forced to call witnesses from all the four corners of the globe, for, at that hour, I happened to be driving in a public conveyance with several other travellers, all of whom had to give evidence to that effect. It was eventually proved that this witness was a worthless perjurer. I asked

that he might be dealt with according to the law concerning perjury. The magistrate refused to do justice to me, and persuaded another individual, named Libhert, a student and the son of a proprietor of the public coach, to support the false witness. I made the examining magistrate repeat the lie in my presence. This M. Libhert was going to take holy orders. When he appeared, I asked him if he had followed the road prescribed by his religion, and if lying in the open court was a good preparation for the vocation which he wished to adopt. "What do you mean, sir?" replied he. I then called upon the magistrate to read his evidence. The young man cried out, with great indignation: "Sir, I never uttered those words." I began again, and addressed the lawyer in the following terms: "This is another of your victims, M. Schulz." He replied very sharply: "Accuse him, if you will." But, turning to the witness, I reassured him in a few words: "I do not mean to do you any harm, because you are going to take holy orders, because you are still very young, and because you acted under a false understanding. However, you ought to realize in what a difficult position your conduct has placed me."

I was moved to pardon him for another and a different reason; this false evidence had been involuntarily reduced to naught by the judge himself. Notwithstanding this justification, which proved beyond all doubt that I had been cruelly

slandered, the examining magistrate notified the cashier Neuman, to whom I had paid for the purchase of my house the sum of six hundred and fifty *écus* only a week before my incarceration, to appear before him. This Neuman declared that he had found among the coins paid by me into his hands fifteen bad *écus*. Any one can see that this third witness, like his two predecessors, had been bribed to give evidence against me. Can any one suppose that a public accountant would not have immediately detected any false coins? Is it likely that, if the money had really been bad, he would have waited nearly a week before accusing the person who paid him the said money? Moreover, could an accountant, who was in the habit of receiving large sums of money from various individuals, tell for certain the name of the person who either intentionally or unintentionally had given him bad money? And yet Neuman clung obstinately to his wicked assertion. I then demanded that he should be sworn, to which operation, as he was unwilling to incur the treatment meted out by me to his two predecessors, he refused to submit. So his evidence was utterly valueless. Emboldened by this and other underhand proceedings the judge ordered me, untried and therefore uncondemned, to be imprisoned. In order to justify this infamous and iniquitous action, the magistrate sent me, shortly afterwards, a copy of the following decree :

“Whereas the signs pointing to the culpability of the accused, Charles-Guillaume Naundorff, are not sufficient to condemn him, in this case a sentence is necessary, because he has behaved, throughout his trial, like an impudent liar, claiming to be of royal birth, and giving us to understand that he belonged to the royal house of Bourbon.”

I must now explain the meaning of this strange decree. My invisible persecutors had caused the examining magistrate to question me about my family and my birth. Trusting in his honour and reassured that I need fear nothing, thanks to M. Lecoque's precautions, I replied that I was a native of Weimar ; moreover, I loathed the idea of revealing my real origin amid such repulsive surroundings. The magistrate at Weimar having contradicted my statement, the examining magistrate repeated : “ If you belong to an honourable family, why don't you tell the truth ? ” “ Sir,” replied I, “ I am of royal birth, and my unhappy fate is quite undeserved ; but I myself cannot reveal the truth to you. If you wish to unravel the mystery, you must apply to his Majesty the king of Prussia, the prince von Harttenberg and the president Lecoque, all of whom are well aware of my high social position.”

“ Pooh ! ” cried he, “ that is not true ! ”

“ It is not for you to judge me,” I added ;
“ write to the king : that is all you have to do.”

“ Then,” he concluded, “ we will refer the case

to the minister von Harttenberg, and await his decision."

A statement was immediately drawn up and signed by myself, the judge and M. de Renné, who, at that time, was the referendary. From that day no one troubled himself further about my identity, and I was left in peace upon this subject. As an infallible proof of the truth of my assertions, I request my readers to consult the documents preserved among the *archives judiciaires*. I will now ask a question : who was it who first mooted the idea that I was a member of the Bourbon family ? For I personally contented myself with declaring that I was of royal birth.

Signs of culpability are mentioned in the decree passed by the Supreme Court : what does that mean ? Was there really the slightest shadow of truth contained in the evidence of these three perjurers ? Was there any truth in the evidence of that knave Neuman, who, like Judas, betrayed his innocent victim in order to ruin him, and like that traitor-deicide, tortured by remorse, a fortnight after my transfer to the prison, in a fit of despair, hung himself in the *Palais de Justice* in the very apartment in which he had accomplished his crime ? More than ten thousand inhabitants of Brandenburg knew well that it was not I who coined the false money ; and no one ever pretended that I was the person who placed that money on the market. On the contrary, all those who have ever

done any business with me have always spoken very highly in my favour. But the fiat had gone forth that I was to be persecuted ; I was to fall a victim to certain infamous machinations. All Europe shall learn of my misfortunes, and of the under-hand dealings of my enemies, who, in order to perpetrate their criminal designs, assumed numerous disguises. I will quote a few more examples.

Owing to the lawsuit concerning the purchase of my house, I went to live with a former post-master, M. Schernbeck. This man was a rich widower, who kept a store of several hundred *écus* hidden in a coffer in his bedroom. He was an easy-going fellow, and, as I disliked company, I used to spend my evenings with him, and thus I became acquainted with his eldest daughter who kept house for him. One evening M. Schernbeck asked me to help him discover a thief who, he informed me, evidently dwelt in the same house, and who was gradually stealing all his money from him.

“Are you really so blind,” replied I to him, “that you cannot guess who is the culprit?”

“What do you mean, sir?” cried he.

“Well,” I answered, “would you like to see the thief?”

“Yes, and at once, if you please !”

I then summoned his eldest daughter, closed the door, and told her father to search her pockets, where he found a false key which fitted the lock

of his coffer. His daughter, who was only seventeen years of age, had been persuaded by some wicked friends to steal from her father. When she saw that her theft had been discovered, she fell on her knees, confessed her sin, and swore that she would alter her conduct. I was happy enough to be able to reconcile the father and daughter. I promised never to reveal the secret, and then left the house, where I began to perceive that I was not a favourite. Schernbeck himself confessed this fact to me, and told me that certain persons had sought to calumniate me. I then chose as my residence the house of a master-tailor named Cravathe. One morning a few weeks later, a police-officer came to inform me that my former host, M. Schernbeck, had been murdered. This officer hinted that I was suspected of the crime. Innocence and calm dignity ever walked hand in hand. I immediately dressed myself and went to the house of the victim, whom I found still alive and seated in his arm-chair, surrounded by police-officers. I begged to be allowed to make investigations in the magistrate's presence. My request having been granted, I discovered the truth and unmasked the guilty person. I informed M. Zanden, who, I believe, was a relation of the family, of my success. The wretched girl was arrested, and on the morrow she confessed the crime. She received the king's pardon on account of her youth, and was only sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. The

whole town of Brandenburg can bear witness to the truth of my statement.

While the lawsuit concerning the purchase of my house was in progress, and previous to the indictment of forgery, the theatre of Brandenburg was burnt down during the night. Before I could defend myself, I found that the government of Potsdam had ordered the magistrate, M. Voigt, to accuse me of the crime. However, I was not arrested. These numerous misfortunes overwhelmed me and crushed me to the ground ; but I tried to console myself with the thought that my fellow-citizens, and my neighbours in especial, still esteemed me, and believed in my innocence ; they showed, by their affectionate sympathy, their indignation at beholding my innocence and courage put to such a cruel test by the base conduct of my enemies. Subsequent inquiries and trustworthy evidence proved the enormity of the calumny invented by those who wished to blacken me in the eyes of the world. Then, when these inhuman monsters saw that the result of their machinations would only put to shame the instigators of these iniquitous plots, they used the ruins of this absurd charge of arson to make the accusation of forgery as already related by me, and, in order to confirm this new calumny, threw me into prison. The two examinations took place simultaneously. Two of the false witnesses who had given evidence against me during the trial concerning the purchase of my

house, went about the town saying that it was I who had set the theatre on fire. Notwithstanding my deplorable condition and the meagre funds at my disposal, these two wretches were, by the mercy of Providence, unmasked and sentenced to the pillory with two years' penal servitude. The accuser paid for his iniquitous conduct with three months' imprisonment. The magistrate at Brandenburg was condemned to pay all the costs of the lawsuit. There are compensations even in the midst of the cruellest misfortunes, and persecuted innocence occasionally enjoys moments of respite during the most wicked persecutions. While I was in prison M. Voigt came to visit me that he might congratulate me upon my success and inform me that the Supreme Court had cleared my character of the infamous crime imputed to my charge by the government of Potsdam.

Let my readers remember the certificate of good conduct earned by me at Spandau ; let them remember the genuine and unanimous evidence of more than six thousand inhabitants of that town in which I resided nearly ten years, and then let my readers ask themselves if an habitually honest man is likely to become, in such a short time, a consummate villain.

My friend, the examining magistrate, was the only person who seemed displeased by my late triumph ; he could not conceal his annoyance, and even dared to insult me one day by saying : " Your

acquittal after this, your last lawsuit, does not prove your innocence ; you can undeceive yourself if you think that you are going to slip so easily through my fingers."

"Wretch !" cried I, "I require you this very instant to make a statement to the Supreme Court, and I demand the help of another examining magistrate."

Having made him draw up a statement, which he has since destroyed, he said: "I must first finish this case and then I will find you another examining magistrate."

I have since learnt that this prevaricating magistrate had communicated to the Supreme Court certain infamous calumnies which resulted in my remaining in prison until 1828.

In that year, the blameless son of the martyring was obliged to endure the humiliation of receiving pardon on condition that he ceased to reside either in Brandenburg or in Berlin. In order to keep up my courage, which was rapidly sinking under the weight of all these misfortunes, the baron von Sackendorff found some employment for me in Silesia ; but this stroke of good luck was doomed never to be mine, for I had no money with which to defray my own and my family's travelling expenses. I was completely ruined. It is true that a gentleman, M. von Hagen, son of the prefect, baron von Hagen-Ahoennauen, owed me two thousand six hundred francs on a bill of

exchange. I went to see this gentleman, who promised to pay in two days' time and persuaded me to go and wait for him in Brandenburg ; I did so.

Hardly had I arrived in this town, when the burgomaster Zanden summoned me to appear before him, and informed me that the public prosecutor (who, in that country, is called the *juge du dôme*) had been ordered to put me into prison if I did not immediately leave for Silesia. This harsh treatment obliged me to sell my belongings to the highest bidder, and thus my poor wife was forced to part with the few household treasures which she had hitherto managed to keep.

I left, together with my family, the town in which I had endured many long and bitter hours, thanks to the inhumanity of my fellow-creatures. I took nothing with me except a few pieces of clockwork, and a bed for my children, the last vestiges of a fortune earned by the sweat of my brow. For pecuniary reasons, I was detained nearly a week in Berlin, and when I reached Silesia I found that my place had already been given to another workman. The town council agreed, for charity's sake, to grant me the sum of sixteen *écus* instead of the forty *écus* promised to me. Indignant at such treatment, I retired to Grossen, a little town in Prussia : I have forgotten the date of my arrival. I can only remember the fact that we arrived on a Sunday evening, and that night had

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already fallen when I and my family found ourselves in the market-place of Grossen, moneyless, except for the forty-eight francs in my pocket. On the morrow our distress was brightened by a gleam of hope. I begged to be allowed to reside in that town ; on showing my passport from Brandenburg, together with my certificate of residence as the head of a family in Brandenburg and Berlin, and the old certificate of good conduct given to me in 1824, while I was a resident of the former town, my request was granted without further trouble, although I did not possess the necessary papers. Providence did not abandon me in my distress. Kind friends found work for me ; I slaved day and night and I quickly earned the esteem of my fellow-citizens. My intelligence inspired them with confidence, and, thanks to my untiring industry, I soon managed to drive the wolf from the door.

In a short time I had so many customers that I was obliged to engage a workman to help me. Then the Brandenburg magistrates charged their *confrère* at Grossen to order me to pay a sum of over one hundred *écus*, representing the balance of the costs of my last lawsuit. The magistrate at Grossen refused to comply with this demand, and accorded me his protection ; however, this episode ruined my business and deprived me of my fellow-citizens' esteem. In a short time I spent the little fortune amassed at the cost of such infinite pains.

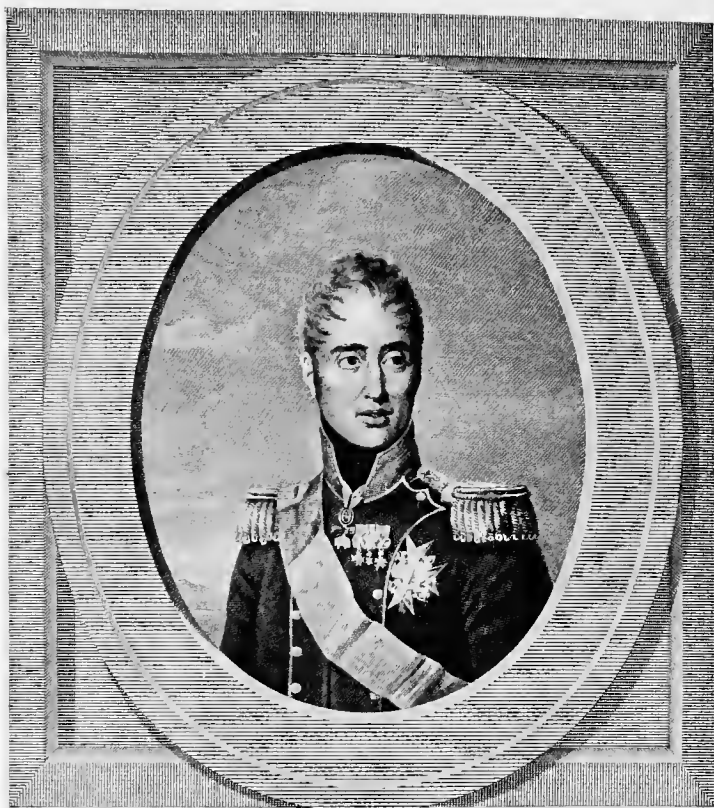
Notwithstanding the persecution to which I was subjected at the hands of the magistrates at Brandenburg, rumours began to circulate concerning my royal origin with such persistency that the commissary of police and syndic of Grossen requested me to tell him the truth. He seemed such a worthy man that I determined to confide my secret to him. So I sent him the proofs of my identity ; whereupon he immediately wrote to his Majesty the king of Prussia and to Charles X, asking them to tell him how he was to act. He even wrote to my sister, who sent him the reply which is now in my possession. I prefer to think that my sister was deceived by her friends. At all events, the truth will be proclaimed some day.

I then wrote to Charles X, and sent my letter through the French ambassador at the court of Berlin, M. le comte d'Agoust. In 1830 I wrote for the last time to my family ; shortly after this the Bourbons were banished from France. I never received any replies to my letters. Notwithstanding this cruel injustice, I still felt affection for my family ; and, as soon as I heard of their arrival at Holyrood, I sent an express messenger with despatches to them : as heretofore, they passed over my communications in silence.

However, my *chargé d'affaires* continued to beg in my name that my case might be tried again in Brandenburg : he declared that it had been conducted in an infamous manner, and offered to

convict the examining magistrate of knavery. The ministers rejected my lawyer's request. He then determined to write to the king himself, and went to Berlin, where he asked for an audience with his Majesty, which, however, he could not obtain. But his dogged determination and his profound knowledge of the laws of his country finally triumphed over all obstacles, and the necessary documents were at last given into his charge. Then the prince von Carolatz and his secretary von Seuden came to visit me while I was in Grossen ; as the prince was travelling *incognito*, I did not know who he was. However, just at the last moment, as he was about to leave my room, they told me the name of my mysterious visitor. I charged M. Pezold to ask the meaning of this behaviour. I will say no more upon this subject : my pen refuses to relate such unscrupulous conduct.

Shortly after this visit my *chargé d'affaires*, the worthy M. Pezold, fell sick ; his valuable life was endangered by a severe internal inflammation : had it not been for Dr. Hesius' clever discernment and prompt measures he must have died. At last he was able to resume his daily occupations. Alas ! 'twas but for a short time. One day his landlady brought him a cup of soup ; hardly had he tasted it when, pushing the woman away, he cried : " My God ! you've poisoned me ! " Whereupon he fainted, and died March 16, 1832. The corpse immediately turned black, and the lower part of



CHARLES-PHILIPPE
 COMTE D'ARTOIS.
 COLONEL-GÉNÉRAL DES
 Ne à Versailles



DE FRANCE MONSIEUR
 FRÈRE DU ROI,
 GARDES NATIONALES. &c
 le 9 Octobre 1787.

CHARLES X.

the abdomen became so swollen that his friends were obliged to take precautions in order to prevent any epidemic in the house. I begged his brother, who was then still alive, to have the body examined ; he replied that such a proceeding would not bring the dead man back to life. Immediately after this loyal friend's death, seals were placed on all his belongings, and his post was given to a man named Lauriscus, who was to continue the deceased lawyer's business ; this excellent fellow promised to look after my interests. A month later, before I could obtain possession of even one of my papers, he died suddenly, and all M. Pezold's belongings were seized. I have never been able to get back any of my own papers. M. Pezold had pleaded my case in the presence of the ministers in Berlin, and even before his Majesty. On one occasion only did we ever receive any reply from M. Albrecht, the king's chief secretary.

It is by no means my intention to humiliate the feeble Charles X ; however, his behaviour towards me obliges me at least to tell the truth. After the death of my friend Pezold, in 1832, I tried once more to get a letter to him. In accordance with my feelings as an honourable man, I invited him to come to Prussia, so that he might be reconciled with me. The missive was addressed to my sister.

Let my family say, if they dare, what was in

that letter ! Well, I never received any reply to that letter or to any other ! I waited for three months in the hope that I should hear something. . . . A kind but anonymous friend wrote to me from Berlin that his Majesty, the king of Prussia, by his minister's advice, had ordered me to be arrested and imprisoned in a fortress, but that there was still time for me to escape. I went to the police on the morrow, and asked for a passport for abroad : it was refused on the grounds that the Government alone could give me such a document. Then I asked for a passport to Berlin, so that I could go and protest against such proceedings. I was given a passport in the name of Charles-Louis, a native of Versailles. I then pretended to set out for Berlin ; but instead of following the road leading to that town, I secretly left the kingdom. I soon arrived, without any mishaps, at Dresden in Saxony, where I begged to be allowed to have an audience with the royal family, to whom I was related. Thanks to the intrigues of the king's confessor, Kunitz, the police, under the pretext that my passport was not available for foreign lands, ordered me to leave Dresden. I was therefore forced to turn my steps towards France. This was a difficult undertaking, however, for I possessed neither passport nor money. I was wondering how I could get over this difficulty, when the all-powerful God came to my aid. A man who had just come from Poland, and whose

acquaintance I had made on my journey, offered to go and visit the French ambassador in Dresden, for he declared that he knew a way by which he could oblige him to put my passport in order for this journey. I accepted his offer. This is what he told me on his return. As soon as the ambassador saw my transport, he exclaimed :

“ But you are not a Frenchman.”

“ That does not matter to you, sir,” replied my messenger ; “ it is not for you to judge my actions. Will you sign it, or will you not ? ”

“ I cannot,” he repeated ; “ you are a Prussian.”

“ Once more,” replied the stranger, “ that is no business of yours. I ask you to sign this passport to France, and I beg you to tell me if you intend to do so.”

“ Apply to my secretary, insolent fellow,” retorted the ambassador, shutting himself up in his own room.

“ His servants had to repeat the latter sentence twice before I consented to go away,” said my messenger.

He finally went to see the ambassador’s secretary, baron de Belleval, and informed him that the ambassador had sent him to have his passport signed for France.

“ Do you want to go to that country, then ? ” asked the secretary.

And when my friend answered that such was his intention, the secretary shook his head, signed

the passport, and gave it back to him. I was waiting for him in front of the embassy. I thanked him and then went home, where I looked over my passport and satisfied myself that everything was in order. Though I had overcome one difficulty, there still remained another, and an equally grave one, to vanquish. I had about four *sous* in my pocket, and my hotel bill was still unpaid. While ascending the stairs I met a little dark-haired man with a youth and two charming girls. The little dark-haired man first took me for one of his acquaintances, and invited me to come into his room, crying: "Ah, there you are!" This exclamation made me think for a moment that he really knew me. Without more ado I went into his room, where we both discovered our mistake. This little man had a wonderfully angelic countenance, and seemed extremely kind-hearted; he immediately took a great fancy to me, and invited me to visit his family when I passed through the town in which he dwelt, and which was on the road to France. He left the hotel that very day, and on the morrow I took a carriage as far as his house, where I meant to stop and to ask him to help me. During a brief halt in the Plauen valley, my coachman amused himself by consuming a bottle of beer, for which he asked me to pay, as he had no money with him. I did so, and thus reduced my fortune to one *sou*. I soon reached the town, and in my new friend's home I found a

very amiable woman, apparently about forty years of age, who welcomed me as if I were a long-lost friend. She went to fetch her husband, and brought her children, who received me with the greatest kindness. In the middle of this affectionate interview I told them that I was in great trouble. However, I did not reveal my identity.

"Well, my friend, that does not matter," said he; "a real friend must prove his friendship. How much do you want?"

I asked for twenty *écus*.

"Is that all?" replied he. "Here they are!"

My friend, whose name was Kishauere, was a clergyman in Freiberg, six leagues from Dresden. This gentleman's kind-hearted family begged me to stay at least a couple of days with them. I dismissed my driver, to whom I gave some money with which to pay the hotel-keeper. Two days later my loyal friend's son accompanied me some distance along the road to France. I then bade him farewell. I had been walking for about the space of two hours, when I suddenly beheld, seated under a tree by the side of the high-road, the man from Dresden who had taken so much trouble about my passport, and who was now returning to his own country. As I now had some money, I hastened to offer to pay him for the trouble which he had taken for me. This man was a Suabian. He shouldered my valise and followed me. As he had no money, I paid his expenses at the different inns in which

we passed the night ; this, together with the fact that he carried my belongings, made people think that he was my servant.

As cholera was raging at that time, we were taken, on arriving at the Bavarian frontier, before the quarantine officer, and our passports were examined. Having read mine, the officer turned to me, saying : "There were some grand gentlemen here last night who inquired if you had already crossed the frontier." I then asked the names of these gentlemen. I was told that they were the French ambassador and M. de Belleval, his secretary. I said nothing, but, suspecting some treachery, I determined to be cautious. Having reached a little town, we passed the night in an inn filled with fugitive Polish officers.

We continued our journey on the morrow. The Poles left the town the day after our departure ; my friend being a slow walker, they soon overtook us. We then walked together as far as Hoff, where they persuaded me to stay in their hotel. One of the officers, promising to repay me, induced me to hire a carriage to take us to Nuremberg, where a society had been formed in order to provide funds and shelter for the Polish fugitives. Two other officers came in the carriage with us, and we soon reached our destination. In the latter town I became acquainted with a merchant named Dreckfler, who declared that I was not the person I pretended to be, and besought me to tell him

who I really was. I know not what caused him to think thus. Nevertheless, the head of the Nuremberg society treated me with the greatest kindness, and paid all my expenses to France, as well as those of the Polish fugitives, out of the society's funds. In order to hide from the French ambassador's vigilant eye, I accepted his offers of assistance, and thinking that I should no longer want any money for my travelling expenses to France, I shared my little property with the Poles. These fugitives were under the guidance of a priest named Domprowski. My companion, a doctor in a Polish regiment, warned me to be careful, as this man meant to do me some harm. At Heilbronn we found the citizens of that town assembled in an hotel, waiting for the arrival of the fugitives with whom I was marching. During the dinner Domprowski made a long speech, and at the end of the repast many toasts were drunk. Suddenly cries of "Down with the tyrant! Down with the traitors!" were raised. At the same time they all fell upon me, screaming like madmen, and crying out that I was a spy. I know not how it was that Domprowski, who was a priest in the Catholic Church, and whom I should never have suspected capable of such conduct, came to guess that I carried papers of citizenship for the town of Brandenburg. He declared that my passport was a forgery; and in his desire to do me harm, this wretch actually stole the paper from me. I suppose that he must have

done so one evening when he shared a bedroom with me. In order to put an end to the disgraceful scene caused by this spiteful priest's behaviour, I retired to my own room. Domprowski, having thrown my papers down the drains, accused me at Heilbronn of possessing certain false documents, and in his anxiety to prove his statements, declared that he had discovered me in the very act of trying to get rid of these compromising documents by throwing them down the drains.

Notwithstanding this vague evidence, I was arrested and thrown into prison. On the morrow I was taken before the examining magistrate, who asked me why I had thrown my forged passport down the drains. I requested him to call my accuser, so that I might prove him to be an impostor, and his accusation a ridiculous story trumped up for some unknown end.

"I cannot do so," he replied ; "the Poles have already left the town."

"Well," I retorted, "of what do you accuse me? Of carrying a false passport? Can't you read, that you take for a false passport the document authorizing me to dwell in the town of Brandenburg, in Prussia? 'Tis a vast pity," I added, "that you arrest honest men at the complaint of unknown individuals, whom you allow to escape unpunished."

He blamed me for this misadventure, which, he said, I had brought upon myself by consorting

with unscrupulous persons. I was then liberated. I returned to the inn, where I was charged so much for my dinner that I found myself without a *sou*. However, I kept up my courage, and, trusting in Providence, continued my journey all alone.

My readers must not think that the Polish priest's iniquitous schemes had succeeded : on the contrary. This man was only a tool in the hands of Providence and, while trying to harm me, he involuntarily rendered me a great service. I have since learnt that if I had crossed the French frontier I should have been thrown into prison. I could relate many adventures which, I am sure, would greatly interest my readers ; but my object is not to amuse : so I will confine myself to relating simple facts connected with my personal history. I assert nothing which I cannot prove. And whenever my case is given a fair trial in court, I shall be able to clear up many points with the help of valuable and trustworthy evidence which, however, I cannot publish before the proper time, but which will shine forth as the bright sun shines in the heavens at midday. My family at Prague may publish, if they wish, the contents of the papers sent by me to the duchesse de Berri during her sojourn in la Vendée, for she received copies of the original documents. Being at that time in France, treachery forced me to take refuge in Switzerland. In Geneva I was

again persecuted and betrayed ; I was detained six weeks in Berne in consequence of a letter received by Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême and sent by the ambassador, M. le comte de Bombelles. I do not lay the blame of my arrest to this ambassador : I never told him who I was ; on the contrary, I am thankful to say that he was extremely kind to me, and that it was owing to his intervention that I was liberated. But I was only able to escape persecution by leaving Switzerland and by going to Paris, where I arrived under an assumed name, May 26, 1833.

I cannot refrain from mentioning the kindness of the Swiss people who, although they knew me not, stretched out a helping hand to help me during my misfortunes. Oh ! noble and hospitable nation ! I cannot forget thy compatriots who were so generous towards me ! However, the time for showing my gratitude in public has not come yet ; but I remember all thy deeds of kindness, and the poor serving-maid who watched day and night by my bedside while I lay sick in Berne.

In 1834 my sister fell ill in Dresden. I had already sent messages to her during her sojourn in Prague ; I wished to make one more effort to enlighten her ; but my friends, misled by my deceitful adversaries, refused to advance me the necessary funds, thereby making me lose much valuable time which my enemies turned to good account. M. Morel de Saint-Didier who, on one

occasion, had managed to obtain an audience with Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême, was again dispatched on a similar mission, and this time he was accompanied by Madame de Rambaut, who had had charge of me since the day of my birth until 1792. When I arrived in Dresden, August 5, 1834, it was too late. Madame de Rambaut and M. de Saint-Didier had been to Prague. Madame de Rambaut had begged in vain for an interview with her Royal Highness; she received a written answer to the effect that *Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême could not believe that Madame de Rambaut had been able at her age to undertake such a long journey.* Madame de Rambaut was forced to leave the town within twenty-four hours. M. Morel de Saint-Didier had been received on the previous evening; my sister declared that she would not see me, and that she was now quite convinced that I was an impostor and a very clever one. The result of this, my last endeavour, was utterly vain, because his Majesty the king of Prussia had allowed himself to be persuaded, by certain intriguers, to go *incognito* to Toeblitz. My sister told him frankly what certain persons had hinted to her, and Frederick the Just graciously assured Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême that I was a lunatic who believed himself to be the son of Louis XVI, but who, in reality, belonged to a base-born German family. Let my readers decide for themselves whether lunatics are usually gifted

with a talent for inventing clever schemes. These facts are absolutely true. I call upon his Majesty the king of Prussia and Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême to witness to the truth of the above statements. In order to confute the lies and calumnies which then appeared concerning myself in the different newspapers of the day, I sent M. Laprade, one of my lawyers, to the president of his Majesty the king of Prussia's ministers. He was informed that his Majesty had every reason to believe that I was a disreputable and wicked person. In order to harm me, some Machiavellian politician had evidently collected a mass of lies which, however, my enemies never dared to produce in the open court. Thanks to these shady intrigues and wicked falsehoods, certain powerful persons enjoying much credit with their sovereign managed to deceive the monarch, who was never able to discover the identity of the authors of these scandalous reports and calumnious falsehoods. No matter in what country I uttered my all-too-well-founded complaints, I met with persecution and an obstinate refusal to do justice to me. Hunted from place to place, I still believed that my fatherland would consent to shelter me. As soon as I possessed a bed on which I could lay my head beneath the beautiful sky of France, I placed myself under the protection of the law. I only asked for my heritage, for my lawful birthright, my fatherland, and a tomb in the land of my fathers. Those

in authority who knew, better than any one else, who I was, fearful lest I should take legal proceedings to prove the truth, arrested me without any cause, imprisoned me, and then banished me from France. These same persons obstinately and cruelly declared that I was a Prussian. I challenged them to prove their assertions; they took good care not to give themselves away, for they knew that nothing can withstand all-powerful truth. In short, their perfidy was indefatigable. If they really thought me an impostor, they would have allowed me to unmask myself in court. Have I left aught undone which might have convinced any honest and unprejudiced onlooker? My voice was drowned, my person was travestied in a thousand ways by unscrupulous opponents. I was driven from the sanctuary of justice which should belong to rich and poor alike. Yet, with what impudence do they not still repeat the same old lies and the same ridiculous stories? It is in vain that, in their hatred for the last surviving son of the royal house of France, they transgress the laws of my fatherland and forswear common-sense. The trouble which certain people have taken to deceive the nation will produce fatal results for the guilty instigators. Fate is fickle, and already the ministers of Louis-Philippe who tried to annihilate me have forfeited the confidence of their master and of his family. The nation, in a moment of blind enthusiasm, hastened to proclaim the hero's arrival;

the history of the future, however, will assign to each actor his proper place ; and those who thought themselves of such importance will become a disgrace to their century. As for me, I may die a victim to truth ; it matters not. I fear neither death nor the malice of my fellow-creatures. Prince, I and my fellow-citizens have been deceived. Heavenly justice will not slumber for ever ; and, sooner or later, Providence will cause truth to triumph here below. And here I pause. I have still many things to relate, many things to say ; but the hour has not come ; honour and honesty are only prized in a country where truth is not the general laughing-stock, and where just and equitable laws, uncontaminated by political intrigues, are obeyed and respected ; I am still looking for that country. Many persons in my dear fatherland have turned against me ; by making thoughtless accusations and using immoderate language in speaking of me, they have much increased my sorrows. Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême's filial devotion to her parents' memory is the only argument which they have been able to find in order to contradict the narrative, alas ! all too true, of forty-six years of suffering. My sister has been deceived ; they have kept the truth from her, and still they boast that they are her friends and the friends of my exiled relations—and yet, if they are Madame la Dauphine's real friends, they ought to desire to see her reconciled with her brother ! And

this daughter of royalty, whose misfortunes have been respected by no one, has caused me many a bitter and painful moment, owing to her choosing to believe in the falsehoods which wretched mercenaries, bribed by my adversaries, vomited forth against me. Do not mistake my meaning : these are my last words to my compatriots. My calumniators have ever been the secret enemies of Charles X, and the tools of a party which, hostile to the Bourbons, wishes to annihilate royalty. Louis-Philippe himself has been duped by his pretended partisans, and used by them to compass their own ends. He was the plaything of the party which is now endeavouring to undermine the work of those three memorable days, and which is striving to abolish monarchical authority. I am ready to prove before all the sovereigns of Europe, and to proclaim to the whole world, the above assertions. And, in concluding, I repeat : Whoever spreads evil reports concerning myself is a knave. Whoever believes these reports, without demanding proofs, is weak-minded and utterly devoid of any common-sense. As for me, I forgive all my political enemies ; the greater number have foolishly allowed themselves to be prejudiced against me. I pity my fatherland. I place all my hope, I find my only consolation, in the bosom of Providence, who alone can save France. If my death is necessary to prove the truth, I submit, crying : " God's will be done ! "

I have lost many friends who were faithful unto death; they were taken from me. My persecutors used both dagger and poison in order to get rid of them. What would be my fate were it not for protection from on high?

When God wished to save Jerusalem, He sent His prophets, who were cruelly massacred. And yet God, in His mercy, sent His only Son on earth. Then the Pharisees, the princes of the priests, and the people's masters, cried that the faith was in danger and, by their insidious plots, caused the Son of God to be crucified. Who, then, among the sons of man can hope to escape God's impenetrable decrees? ¹

CHARLES-LOUIS,
Duc de Normandie.

¹ The story of Naundorff's life from 1789 until 1810 is, even according to his friends, utterly ridiculous and improbable. They saw that such a story as this meant ruin to the cause of Naundorff. These persons, including M. E. A. Naville, have, quite recently, tried to fill, at least partially, the gaps in the history of Naundorff's adventures. Having discovered the existence of an old maiden lady who still had a dim recollection of certain stories which had been told to her by relations or friends, M. Naville thought that, with the help of this strange evidence, he could prove that the Dauphin, after his escape from the Temple, had taken shelter in Switzerland.

If, however, we examine Mlle. Leschot's evidence, as retailed by M. Naville, we arrive at quite a different conclusion.

There lived in Geneva a certain clockmaker named Jean-Frédéric Leschot, who, having made some automatons, came to exhibit them in Paris and at the French court. Leschot was authorized by Marie-Antoinette to embrace the duc de Nor-

mandie, who no doubt had much enjoyed the performance. During his sojourn in Paris, Leschot became acquainted with Charlotte Robespierre ; *it is said* that a number of her letters were found among Leschot's papers, which have since been lost. How was it that Leschot, who was then residing in Paris, came to know Mlle. de Robespierre, who, at that date, 1788, lived in Arras ? How is it that Leschot's name is never mentioned in the memoirs of the Incorruptible's sister ? Mystery !

During the Revolution Leschot, under the assumed name of Lebas, helped many *émigrés* to escape into Switzerland. One day, in the year 1797, an old man dressed like a beggar and accompanied by a child, came to Leschot's house, passed the night there, and went away the next morning without having told his name to his host. Leschot is said to have remarked a likeness to the Dauphin in this child ; however, the old man did not confide in him. Leschot led his two guests to the canton Valais, where he lost sight of them. He declared that this child who, according to him, was no other than the Dauphin, was hidden in the house of his father-in-law, Dr. Himly, of Neuveville. Why ? M. Naville supposes that he was sent there because one of the doctor's nephews, formerly an officer in a Swiss regiment, had recommended this little town as a safe hiding-place. The doctor died about the year 1800, and his nephew, the *pasteur* Himly, sheltered the child, who was now a young man and who, we are told, was one day arrested by the police and then disappeared. All this is very improbable and uncertain. The continuation is still more so. Leschot's son, Frédéric, who during his visits to his grandfather had become very friendly with the stranger, was quite devoted to him. Some one must have told him that this unknown young man was the Dauphin. This was a strange disclosure to make to a child of nine years of age, who was told not to reveal it to his parents. On a certain date, which perhaps corresponds with the date on which the young stranger was arrested, Frédéric's behaviour seems to be rather uncertain ; he frequently disappeared, was absent for several months or even years, and then suddenly returned home only to disappear again. After hearing Mlle. Leschot's version of the story, M. Naville tried to ascertain the dates of these disappearances and endeavoured to connect them with different incidents in the life of Naundorff, who, as we have

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already guessed, was the unknown child, the fugitive Dauphin, who took shelter one night under Leschot's roof. M. Naville accounts for Frédéric's frequent disappearances by the fact that he went to help his friend and to rescue the august person of the Dauphin of France from the dungeons and clutches of his redoubtable enemies. Frédéric's relations, however, declare that he was a disgrace to his family, and that from the day when he first met Naundorff, he lived the life of an adventurer, was frequently arrested and condemned for divers offences. And it was only owing to his family, who were universally esteemed and respected, that he was able to get out of these innumerable scrapes. And so these same relations, by their intervention in his favour, became acquainted with magistrates and lawyers who never for one moment guessed that this young fellow was a hero. The whole story is quite improbable.

M. Naville's researches show us one thing, and that is, if Naundorff and Frédéric Leschot were really friends, they probably enlisted in the army raised by the patriot Schill, and were mixed up in his endeavours to rouse Germany against Napoleon; but this fact would also show that there was no connection between Naundorff and the unknown child who was supposed to have been hidden in Dr. Himly's house. Probably, at that time, the idea had not occurred to Naundorff that he might write an imaginary history of himself and reap material benefit therefrom.

EPILOGUE

NAUNDORFF arrived in Paris, May 26, 1833, from Crosen, a little town in Prussia situated on the frontiers of Silesia, after a journey which, owing to his meagre resources, must have been extremely fatiguing. He was residing in the house of Madame Rambaud, No. 18, rue Richer, when he decided, on June 13, 1836, to summon Madame la duchesse d'Angoulême to appear in court in order that she might recognize him in public as her brother and "share with him the fortune left by their parents." Her reply was brief and to the point; he was arrested a fortnight later, and his papers, to the number of two hundred, were seized. Notwithstanding the efforts of his lawyers, Gruau de la Barre and Crémieux, he was banished from France after spending twenty-six days in prison. He took refuge in London, where he declared that some one offered him a large sum of money if he would consent to go to Switzerland and to keep quiet there. About this time he was afflicted with religious mania, and founded a church according to the Swedenborg faith—whereupon many of his partisans deserted him.

He declared that some one tried to assassinate him on the night of November 16, 1838 ; an unknown person fired twice at him while he was walking in the garden attached to his house at No. 21, Clarence Place ; however, he was only slightly wounded.

Naundorff now interested himself in mechanical inventions. In 1845 he went to Holland upon business connected with the sale of certain bullets which he had invented ; the Dutch Government authorized him, after some demur, to reside in Delft. This was the last stage in Naundorff's troubled existence. During a journey to the Hague he was attacked by violent colic, followed by intense fever, which left him in such a weak condition that he could scarcely get back to Delft. He sent in great haste for his faithful friend Gruau de la Barre, and begged him to go to England and to fetch his wife and daughter, who were still there. The latter reached Delft August 8. Naundorff died two days after their arrival, August 10, 1845. During his last moments he had scarcely been able to recognize his family. This sudden demise greatly surprised his partisans, for Naundorff was in robust health at the time of his departure for the Hague. Jules Favre tells us that several of the *naundorffistes* declared that he had been poisoned. The Dutch Government gave Naundorff the *inventor* a splendid funeral. Soldiers carried his coffin to its last resting-place ; delegates representing

both army and navy followed the hearse. M. van Buren, the lawyer who had been instrumental in obtaining permission for him to reside in Holland, spoke a few words of farewell by the graveside.

APPENDIX

OTHER FALSE DAUPHINS

THE number of impostors, mostly in a low walk of life, who managed to get people to believe that they were the son of Louis XVI is quite bewildering: Hergavault, Fruchard, Marassin, Mathurin Bruneau, Dufresne, Persat, Auguste Mèves, Fontolive, not including Richemont and Naundorff. During fifty years these lunatics and swindlers endeavoured to impose upon the all too credulous public. M. de La Sicotière, in his splendid work upon the false Louis XVII, declares that all these false Dauphins founded their claims upon certain information contained in a romance entitled: *Le Cimetière de la Madeleine*, which was published in 1800 by Regnault-Warin. This work consists of a number of nocturnal dialogues between the *abbé* Edgeworth, who assisted Louis XVI on the scaffold, and the author. Among other things we learn from these conversations that Desault, the surgeon-in-chief at the *Grand Hospice de l'Humanité*, was said to have received an anonymous letter containing 500 *louis* in gold, and assuring him that his fortune would be made if he would

promise not to place any obstacles in the way of the young prince's escape. Desault, like a good patriot, was said to have carried the missive to the *Comité de Salut public*. But one of Desault's pupils, who usually accompanied him on his visits, and who was a royalist in disguise, after his master's death managed, together with an accomplice, to gain admittance to the Temple, where he put the Dauphin to sleep by administering a dose of opium, concealed him inside a cardboard hobby-horse intended as a plaything for the little prisoner, and placed both in a large wicker hamper. A dumb orphan child, a sufferer from rickets, was left in his place. The conspirators then escaped in a cart or carriage, which was waiting for them outside the gate of the Temple. The Dauphin awoke to find himself disguised as a girl. They eventually arrived safely, after a narrow escape from some *gendarmes*, at Charette's head-quarters at Fontenoi. They received an enthusiastic reception; salutes were fired. On the morrow the new sovereign was solemnly presented to his adherents in the church of Fontenoi. An emissary arrived soon after from the *Convention* with instructions to make overtures of peace to Charette, by which the Dauphin was to be sent back to Paris and re-imprisoned for a time in the Temple. Charette immediately caused the boy to be hidden on a little island situated a few leagues distant from the mouth of the Loire; he afterwards decided to send

him to America that he might be out of harm's way. But the ship which bore Louis XVII was captured by a republican frigate, and the unhappy youth died raving mad in his new prison. This is a brief *résumé* of the work which, soon after its first appearance, fell into the hands of Jean-Marie Hervagault, at that time imprisoned in Vire. This young man was the son of a poor tailor at Saint-Lô, who, at the age of fourteen, deserted his father's shop in order to travel and see the world. His pleasing exterior had much to do with his success, and he was able to make many dupes by giving himself out first as Montmorency, then as Monaco, Ursel, Longueville, etc., until he was arrested as a returned *émigré* or an agent of the Chouans and thrown into prison. The *Cimetière de la Madeleine* was like a revelation to him. He determined to go and seek new dupes in Champagne, where he had already met with much success in 1798. At Châlons and at Vitry he gathered round him quite a little court of servitors and faithful followers: M. de Bournonville, formerly one of the king's lifeguards, Madame Saignes, the notary Adnet of Vitry, the bishop of Viviers, and Lafont de Savines, a former *constitutionnel*, who called him his "little Messiah." To all these persons he related a story copied from Regnault-Warin's romance: the child who died in the Temple was the son of the tailor Hervagault, who, for the sum of 200,000 *livres*, had confided his child to Charette's

agents. Hervagault declared that Charette had sent the child to England, where he was said to have been recognized as the son of Louis XVI by the duc de Bouillon, by several well-known royalist leaders, and even by the king of England. However, the comte d'Artois disowned all connection with him. Hervagault then said that so many attempts were made to poison him that he was forced to take shelter in Rome, where he was unable to stay as the pope feared for his own safety. The latter, before Hervagault's departure, made certain marks with a red-hot iron upon the fugitive's right leg and left arm. This deed was recorded in a statement signed by twenty cardinals and deposited at the Vatican. The pseudo-Louis XVII first went to Spain, where he was kindly received by the duchesse d'Orléans, and then to Portugal. Pichegru having called him back to the French coast, he said that he reached Paris, after several other adventures, about the 18th *fructidor*. He was arrested in Vitry, February 17, 1802, as a swindler and a vagabond. His followers attended in court, but many of them refused to believe that he was guilty. He was sentenced to four years' imprisonment. Having been set at liberty, he tried to recommence his old tricks, but the imperial police had their eye upon him; the false Louis XVII was arrested once more and sent to Bicêtre, where he died in 1812, declaring to the last, says M. de La Sicotière, that he was the son of Louis XVI.

The other false Dauphins were not so clever as Hervagault. Mlle. Le Normand (*Mémoires historiques sur l'impératrice Joséphine*) relates that a young drummer in Belgiojoso's regiment managed to interest a number of his officers and several noble ladies in Turin, by giving out that he was Louis XVII (1800). But he was finally obliged to confess that he was only the son of a clockmaker in Paris. About the same time the police arrested an individual who, in order to prove his right to the title of Louis XVII, showed a mark on his right thigh representing several *fleurs de lis* surmounted by a crown and the initials of the House of Bourbon.

A letter from the duc de Feltre, dated from Ghent, April 4, 1815, announced, without however giving any details, the existence of a certain man named Fruchard, who called himself Louis XVII, and who seems to have been a royalist agent during the *Cent Fours*.

Even Naundorff himself helped to fabricate false Dauphins: he is said to have picked up an officer of the *Grande Armée*, Marassin by name, who was returning from Russia in a wretched condition, and after having given him very minute instructions concerning his conduct, he sent him to France in 1816 to see what sort of a reception he himself might expect there. Now it happened that Marassin played the part of Louis XVII so well and made so many dupes that he was arrested and imprisoned in Rouen.

Mathurin Bruneau, the son of a maker of wooden shoes in Vézins, near Cholet, was also inspired by Regnault-Warin's romance. Bruneau, who, like Hervagault, seems to have been more or less a maniac, began his career as an impostor at a very early age. He passed for some time as the baron de Vézins. This fraud having been detected, he returned to his native village, which, however, he soon left again. For some time he was an inmate of the workhouse at Saint-Denis, and then he enlisted in the marines. He deserted soon afterwards and went to the United States, where, for ten years, he managed to gain a living by occupying divers humble posts. He landed in 1816 at Saint-Malo, having in his possession a passport bearing the name of Charles de Navarre. His story, however, was received with derision. He was sent to Bicêtre, and then to Rouen, for having defrauded certain persons of the sum of six hundred francs by declaring himself to be related to the Phélypeaux family. It was while he was in prison in Rouen that he read Regnault-Warin's romance, which, on being released, he hastened to imitate. With the help of three accomplished thieves, whose tool he seems to have been, he succeeded in making several dupes abroad; he gathered quite a little circle of fanatics and charitable persons round him, and even caused seditious proclamations to be printed.

Having been condemned, on February 19, 1818, to five years' imprisonment for swindling

and assuming a false name, force had to be used to prevent his faithful partisans from rescuing him from Mont Saint-Michel, where he was incarcerated. He died in 1825 in a state of imbecility. Certain persons persisted in declaring that they had seen him in Cayenne in 1844.

In 1818 a madman named Jean-François Dufresne, a nephew of a statesman, was arrested outside the *Tuileries*. He asked to be allowed to see the king, declaring that he was Louis XVII, and that he bore certain characteristic marks on his body. Two years later a bailiff from Uzès, also a lunatic, declared that he had been sent from heaven that the king might acknowledge him as the son of Louis XVI.

We learn from an article upon Naundorff, which appeared in the *Supercheries littéraires*, from which we quote the following details, that America also contributed a specimen to this collection of false Dauphins. In 1824 an old soldier, Victor Persat, who had gone mad in consequence of a wound in his head, published several proclamations in the newspapers of that time: he declared that an organ-grinder had helped him to escape from the Temple during the month of February 1793, by hiding him inside his organ; another child was substituted in his place. A peddler then took him to a castle close to Riom, where he was brought up under the name of Persat. But the secret of his birth having been revealed to him while he was

in America, where he had gone to reside after the Russian campaign, he received a kind welcome from the Congress at Washington. On his arrival in France the police immediately seized him and shut him up in Bicêtre.

Another false Dauphin, Auguste Mèves, is better known in England than in France. M. de La Sicotière says that he was a sort of jack-of-all-trades, given to scribbling, daubing inferior pictures, and composing second-rate music. This man could only produce one proof to support his claims : he used to show the marks of an old wound, which he declared had been caused by Hébert, who, one day, had flung him against a door. He could not say how he had managed to escape from the Temple. Having been taken to England, he declared that the Mèves family had educated him in accordance with a promise made by his foster-mother to the queen, whose housekeeper she had once been. In order to make his story more probable, he mentioned the names of the marquis de Bonneval, the *abbé* Charles de Broglie, and several other actors in the affair of the queen's necklace. His memoirs were published after his death by his children (1868). We learn from the memoirs of M. Gisquet, prefect of the police, of the existence of another unhappy maniac, named Fontalève, who was condemned at Pontarlier in October 1831 for having declared that he was of royal descent.

The fall of the Bourbons gave a new impetus to the false Dauphins; we find that the persons who now assumed this rôle were remarkably intelligent, well provided with proofs and documents, and protected by powerful individuals who were persuaded to side with them either for hatred of the younger branch of the Bourbons or for sake of greed: several of these individuals founded dynasties which are still in existence.

It was in July 1831 that Richemont published his first work: *Mémoires du duc de Normandie, fils de Louis XVI, écrits et publiés par son ordre*. The identity of this person is somewhat difficult to establish; he was known by more than eleven different names. M. de La Sicotière thinks that his real name was Henri-Ethelbert-Louis-Victor Hébert. He was imprisoned in 1821 in Milan, at the same time as Silvio Pellico. He was liberated about the year 1824, when he went to Toulon, where he was employed for some time at the town-hall; it was said that he was mixed up in certain suspicious and rather shady speculations. According to M. Nauroy (*Les Secrets des Bourbons*), he addressed several petitions in his own handwriting to the two chambers in 1828, in which he called himself the son of Louis XVI. He began again after the Revolution of July, and, according to La Sicotière, from that time until his arrest in 1833, he was mixed up with all kinds of political intrigues, including royalist, republican and even

Bonapartist plots. He was a drunken and dissolute fellow.

About this time he had several well-known men among his supporters : M. de Brémont, the former servitor of Louis XVI, who defended him in the court of assizes ; the *curé* of la Croix-Rousse, Lyons ; Mother Alphonse, of the convent at Pontarlier, and even a former preceptor to the duc de Bordeaux, the *abbé* Tharin. From 1831 until 1833 Richemont published or caused to be published a number of pamphlets ; among the most important of these documents we find *La Révélation sur l'existence de Louis XVII*, published by M. Labreli de Fontaine, who declared that he was librarian to the duchesse d'Orléans (1831 to 1832) ; this pamphlet was accredited to a certain extent by Louis Blanc and Jules Favre ; we also find a reprint of Thomas de Gallardon's *Prophéties* and the *Souvenirs* of a certain Morin de la Guérivière. Richemont's love of sensational stories finally wore out the patience of the Government ; his apartment was searched by the police, who found a uniform and a sword, a plumed hat, some seals dating from Malet's conspiracy, and several compromising documents. He was arrested in August 1833 ; during his trial, which lasted from October 30 until November 5, 1834, he was accused of conspiring against the king's life and the safety of the State, of possessing prohibited arms, etc. He could say but little in his defence. He began by

disclaiming his own memoirs ; he then declared, without, however, giving any proofs, that he had been abducted from the Temple in January 1794. No one could believe his word. He was condemned to twelve years' imprisonment. Two striking incidents occurred during his trial : first the keeper Lasne appeared and solemnly swore that the Dauphin had died in his arms in the Temple ; then a white-haired individual, dressed in black, carrying a large envelope adorned with the arms of France, appeared, and declared that his name was Morel de Saint-Didier and that he came to " protest in the name of Naundorff."

Richemont escaped after a few years' incarceration at Sainte-Pélagie and then lived in hiding. His partisans, from time to time, bombarded the *naundorffistes* with polemical pamphlets. At last, in 1850, Richemont published, under the name of M. L. Esp. J. J. Claveri del Curso, a new and enlarged edition of his memoirs, entitled: *La Vie de Monseigneur le duc de Normandie, fils de Louis XVI et de Marie-Antoinette*. . . . Before reviewing this romance, which is full of improbable and ludicrous incidents, we will follow Richemont to the end of his career. He went back to France after the amnesty of 1840 ; the Revolution of 1848 threw him into the shade, and when, in 1850, he published the story of his life, no notice was taken of his revelations. A new statement of the case: *La Restauration convaincue d'hypocrisie*, published by

M. de Savigny in 1851, also passed unnoticed. Richemont died of apoplexy on August 10, 1853, in the château of Gleizé (near Villefranche), belonging to the comtesse d'Apchier, widow of one of Louis XVI's pages. It was said that the imperial Government, after his demise, placed seals on all his private papers.

One of M. de La Sicotière's friends relates in the following terms a visit paid by him to Richemont in 1851. "This personage resided in the rue de Fleurus. The house was rather shabby-looking. His wretched apartment consisted of a small bedroom and a kind of sitting-room, the walls of which were adorned with a red wall-paper; a sofa and a few rickety arm-chairs completed the furniture. The royal host, who was attired in a flowered dressing-gown, was fat and lame; his nose was covered with pimples, his face was bloated and coarse, and his voice was rough; in short, he was altogether a very vulgar-looking individual. And yet people declared that he was a typical Bourbon. I myself could not see the resemblance. I was told that he led a very dissolute life, and that he was a fervent worshipper at the shrine of Bacchus. He seems to have been very badly off for funds, especially towards the end of his life. . . ." And now let us hear Richemont's version, which is an exact reproduction of Regnault-Warin's romance (*Cimetière de la Madeleine*). He escaped from the Temple in a basket of dirty linen on January 19,

1794, the day on which Simon gave up his post as gaoler. A dumb child, who was sick and ailing, was concealed in a wooden hobby-horse and left in his place. Ojardias, who, together with the Simons, managed the transaction, gave the Dauphin, in Joséphine's presence, into the charge of Frotté, then in hiding in Paris. They left Paris that very day and went to le Bocage, where Louis XVII was acknowledged by the Vendéens at Beaupréau. In June 1795 the comte de Frotté gave the Dauphin into the charge of the prince de Condé. And now Richemont's story becomes altogether fictitious. Condé, after having announced the arrival of the son of Louis XVI to the sovereigns of Europe then in coalition against France, proclaimed Louis XVIII king on account of the youth of the lawful heir ; he then confided the child to the care of Kléber, who was to undertake his moral and military education. We next find our hero as an *aide-de-camp* (at eighteen years of age !) at Marengo, where he was wounded while fighting by the side of Desaix, who, on his deathbed, gave him a letter of introduction to Fouché.

From 1801 until 1804 he travelled in France and Italy, where he escaped from all danger, thanks to the protection of Fouché and the Virgin Mary. He then went to the United States and Brazil. He returned to France for the events of 1814 and 1815, a secret article contained in the treaties having insured his rights. Fouché took him to see the

dowager duchesse d'Orléans and the prince de Condé, both of whom gave him an enthusiastic reception. However, as Louis XVIII would not give up the throne to its rightful owner, the Dauphin withdrew in order not to expose his fatherland to the perils of another civil war.

Nevertheless, before leaving France he obtained an interview with the duchesse d'Angoulême, who refused to have anything to do with him in consequence of the accusations made by him against his mother in the presence of Hébert and Chaumette. He gave to Fualdès, the virtuous Fualdès, certain private papers which the Government did not scruple to seize. He then travelled in Asia Minor until 1818, when he went back to Italy. There he was arrested at the request of the French Government and thrown into the prison of Milan, where we find him in the beginning of this, our short *résumé*. The Revolution of July was a direct and just punishment for the crimes of the Bourbons. The old duc de Bourbon, who obstinately continued to support the claims of the son of Louis XVI, was strangled by order of Louis-Philippe, who then offered to buy Richemont's silence by giving him his daughter Clémentine in marriage (!) In 1848 he foretold the end of the monarchy of July ; the provisional Government refused to listen to him. The pope, who was now his only protector, gave him a private audience at Gaeta, and confided some important secrets to him. Richemont's miserable

death in 1853 was a worthy epilogue to this sordid romance. Our sole object in relating it is to show that, even if the Dauphin's escape was probable, those who tried to usurp his name were utterly unworthy of notice and of a place in history.

MARIE-ANTOINETTE'S LAST LETTER TO
MADAME ELISABETH

OCTOBER 16, 1793

I learnt, during my trial, that my daughter was separated from you. Alas ! poor child. I dare not write to her ; she would not be allowed to see my letter. I do not even know if this will reach you. Give them both my blessing. I hope, some day, when they are older, that they will be reunited to you, and that they will be able to enjoy your affectionate solicitude. Let them both remember what I always tried to teach them—that our duty and our principles are all-important in this life ; that fraternal affection and mutual trust can alone make them happy. May my daughter realize that she is older and more experienced than her brother, and may she give him all the good advice which her affection for him can prompt her to give ; may my son, in his turn, show to his sister all the care and attention which his affection for her can suggest to him. In short, may they both realize that, no matter in what station of life they may find themselves, they can only hope to be really happy by



Marie-Antoinette.

their union. May they take example from us, and remember how, in the midst of our misfortunes, our mutual affection consoled us. Happiness is doubled if we can share it with a friend; and where can we find dearer, truer friends than in our own family? May my son never forget his father's last words, which I now repeat once more: Let him never try to revenge our death.

LOUIS

(Signature of Louis XVI).

LOUIS

(Signature of the young Dauphin).

Copy of a Letter addressed by Naundorff to the
Duchesse d'Angoulême.

MY LAST LETTER TO MY SISTER

You have read, Madame, the last wishes of our good mother, written by her own hand just before her death. "She must help her brother; union alone can give them happiness." These words will remind you of what she had already said to you during a scene which took place in the chief tower of the Temple. And it is because these words are so absolutely true that our enemies, by spreading infamous calumnies, have done everything which lay in their power to keep you from me; they have deceived your sisterly affection by giving my name to several of those wretches whom they hold in reserve, and, by fraudulently extracting our secrets, they parody all my endeavours to make myself known to you. God, Madame, has given you eyes

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that you may see, and ears that you may hear. In the presence of our beloved mother, before the judgment-seat of the Sovereign Judge, you will have to explain why you would neither see with your own eyes he who has already given you so many proofs of his identity, nor hear with your own ears the reply to all questions put by you to your own brother.

CHARLES-LOUIS,

Duc de Normandie.

London, October 14, 1836.

PART III

NEW LIGHT UPON THE FATE OF LOUIS XVII

THE DRAMA IN THE TEMPLE

SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM, BY JOSEPH TURQUAN

P R E F A C E

IN choosing the title, "New Light upon the Fate of Louis XVII," I do not pretend to produce any new *documents* to solve a mystery about which no documents now exist. I only wish to offer a new and a very simple solution of the problem, and to support my theory I shall produce *proofs* and "*quasi-proofs*."

By comparing well-known, or rather manifest, facts which hitherto no one has thought of comparing, we shall discover the truth; and in this we shall be aided by two documents which, if we read and compare, will convince the whole world of the truth of our statements.

In the following pages I shall endeavour to prove:

Firstly: That the unfortunate son of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette was assassinated in the Temple on January 19, 1794, between eight and nine o'clock at night.

Secondly: That he was secretly and hastily buried, perhaps before life was extinct, in the moat of the Temple. Thanks to the evidence of an eyewitness, whose veracity no one can possibly doubt

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—in which evidence he declared that the child's skeleton had been accidentally discovered—we have been able to ascertain the exact spot in the moat where he was buried.

Thirdly : That a child of the same age, in feeble health, suffering from an incurable disease, whose days were already numbered, was immediately substituted in his place ; so that when the death of this sick child was legally and officially announced, the outside world might think that the Dauphin had died a natural death.

Fourthly : That the duchesse d'Angoulême knew everything, but not until some time after her return to France. And this would account for the strange inconsistency noticeable in her deeds and words concerning her unfortunate brother.

Such is my solution of this keenly-interesting problem, about which everything has been said and written—everything except the truth.

JOSEPH TURQUAN.

July 1907.

THE DRAMA IN THE TEMPLE

A MAN whose sincerity was above all suspicion, who never told a lie, who was the soul of honour and loyalty, the general, comte d'Andigné, father of the marquis d'Andigné, also a general in the French army, wounded at the battle of Sedan, for many years senator for Maine-et-Loire, and grandfather of the present *conseiller-municipal* for the city of Paris, was, in 1801, imprisoned in the Temple for a political offence. This gentleman wrote some excellent memoirs, which were published by that learned scholar, M. Edmond Biré. In the account of his imprisonment in the Temple we read :

“Several prisoners, in order to occupy themselves and to beautify their prison, determined to make little gardens of the heaps of earth which had been thrown from the moat into our quarters. M. Fauconnier, the *concierge* of the Temple, approved our project. We then divided the ground into plots and set to work. The soil thus placed at our disposal was very poor in quality. In order to enrich it, we dug up the turf in the courtyard wherever we could find any. One of the prisoners thought he saw some richer soil lying at the

bottom of the moat ; while he was digging it up, he was somewhat surprised to perceive the body of a child of considerable size, which had evidently been interred in quicklime.

“An isolated body, buried in such a spot and with such extraordinary precautions, made us think that we had discovered the remains of Monseigneur le Dauphin, Louis XVII, who died in the tower of the Temple. The flesh had been entirely destroyed; the skeleton alone remained. One of our number broke off a little bone, which he wished to keep as a relic. The body was re-interred with great respect, and in future we refrained from disturbing it. M. Fauconnier happened to be standing near when I went to look at the skeleton. I asked him :

“ ‘ Sir, that must be the body of Monseigneur le Dauphin ? ’

“ My question seemed to embarrass him, but he replied without hesitating :

“ ‘ Yes, sir. ’

“ This was in the month of June 1801.”¹

¹ General d’Andigné, *Mémoires*, vol. ii, p. 46–47, Plon, Paris. These memoirs had been shown to M. de Beauchesne forty years before their publication. M. de Beauchesne, in his great and splendid work on *Louis XVII*, quoted exactly the same passages which we ourselves here quote. M. Charles Nauroy in his *Secrets des Bourbons* borrowed some of his sentences from this same book. It is strange that neither of these two authors, nor any other writers since them, have attached more importance to such a weighty declaration. Not one of these authors has deigned to do more than touch lightly upon this fact. And yet the knowledge of this point leads us to the solution of the problem.

The supposition that this was indeed the skeleton of the son of Louis XVI perhaps resulted more from its accidental discovery in that particular spot than from the affirmative reply made by the *concierge* of the Temple. The latter's assertion, however, is not to be despised. Such a formal declaration is of the greatest importance. If Fauconnier was not an eye-witness of the drama or of the interment of the little body—for M. de Beauchesne tells us that Fauconnier did not enter the Temple until May 4, 1798—at least he learnt many secrets and traditions which were then still too fresh in the public mind for the truth to have been materially altered.

Let us also consider the state of public opinion at that time : we must remember and take into account the fact that a certain number of individuals, in those fierce bloody years of civil and foreign wars, held that the murder of a child, the son of the "tyrant" and the "Austrian woman," was a just and natural deed. This crime seemed to them, as well as to certain initiated persons, mute or subordinate witnesses, much less horrible than it seems now-a-days to tender-hearted beings or to the sober historian of modern times. Perhaps these witnesses gossiped with their friends ; but their secrets died with them, and even before them, so unimportant did the deed appear to them in those revolutionary days.

But let us return to M. d'Andigné's "evidence":

it is certainly important. The soldier-memorialist adds in a footnote :

“I have often regretted that no one has ever verified, by means of an inquiry, the facts which I here relate, and which were as well known to my comrades as to myself. I mentioned my opinion, during the *Restauration*, to the cardinal de La Fare, archbishop of Sens.¹ He replied that Madame la Dauphine was convinced that her unfortunate brother did not die in the Temple, and that, by making inquiries, we should only revive her grief without being able to persuade her to believe otherwise. Unfortunately, swiftly-passing time makes the task of ascertaining the real truth every day more difficult.”

And yet it is thanks to this very lapse of time that we are enabled to unveil the mystery of the Temple, discover the truth, and produce the following proofs. For many things are known to-day which could not be known in those days.

Let us now consider M. d'Andigné's testimony, or rather “evidence,” as we have already called it. It contains several little details which do not strike us at first sight ; when we examine it, however,

¹ This cardinal de La Fare was an excellent man. He succeeded M. de Saint-Priest in Vienna as Louis XVIII's agent under the *Directoire*. It was he who, while bishop of Nancy and when preaching before Louis XVI, said (May 4, 1789) :

“Sire, the nation over which you rule has given many proofs of its patience. It is a nation of martyrs, to whom life means naught but suffering.”

many things which seemed obscure, inexplicable or improbable become quite clear.

They must have been obliged to inter the child *without any coffin* in the moat of the Temple, *because they could bury him nowhere else.*

There must have been some reason, and a very important one, *to conceal this death.*

There must have been an equally important reason which made it necessary that all traces of the little corpse should disappear as quickly as possible.

It was impossible to declare his death (for then, as now, the death-declaration was strictly obligatory) ; *it was impossible to make any notification.*

Neither was any *acte de décès* drawn up.

Therefore it was impossible to send the body to any cemetery for interment.

We must therefore conclude from all these facts that the child, whose skeleton had been discovered by M. d'Andigné's fellow-prisoners, had died a violent death.

So some crime must have been committed.

Now there had never been more than one child in the Temple—and one only !—of whom any one could wish to get rid in order to suit real or imaginary interests.¹

Who was this child ?

¹ “ It is false, absolutely false, that a crime can ever be of use.” Speech made by Sylvain Bailly, quoted by the comte de Beugnot, his fellow-prisoner in the *Conciergerie*.

The Dauphin.

It would be very strange—so strange that we may almost consider the hypothesis as impossible—if another child, precisely of the same age as this child, precisely in the same part of Paris, in a place carefully guarded, into which one could only enter by special permission, and under the supervision of *concierges*, wardens and soldiers constantly going and coming in all directions, after having been obliged to pass in front of guards placed outside each door (these guards were instituted even before August 13, 1792)—it would be very strange, we repeat, if another child had succumbed in the Temple, and its death had been so shrouded in mystery that no declaration could be made. The child, whose body had been found in June 1801, in the moat of the Temple, could only have been dead for six or seven years. For the skeleton—children's bones are soft, spongy and friable—was intact and well preserved. Though the quicklime had destroyed the flesh, it had probably helped to preserve the bones.

But who could have conceived and executed such an atrocious crime, which, as Bossuet said, was “one of those things which it were better never to mention”?

Yes, who?

We will carefully refrain from recording facts which we ourselves have been unable to verify; but we will give a few hints which, if we compare

them, will furnish us with the clue to a whole chain of facts—not hypotheses, but facts which will throw an entirely new light upon the problem, and eventually solve it. With the help of this rough outline we shall be able to read the names of the principal actors in this painful drama.

M. d'Andigné's words, which we have just quoted, would be futile and unconvincing if we did not add one important fact to support our theory.

The first clue to the truth is contained in M. d'Andigné's statement.

We shall find the second clue, if we carefully examine and criticize the *procès-verbal* of the *post-mortem* examination drawn up in the Temple by the four doctors and surgeons who, on June 8, 1795, opened the body of a dead child, who, they were informed, was the Dauphin.

Dr. Cabanès,¹ having carefully examined this document, tells us that it proves beyond all doubt that the poor little victim succumbed to hereditary diseases, from which the son of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette *had never suffered*, and which *he could not have contracted* during his imprisonment.²

¹ Dr. Cabanès, *Les Morts mystérieuses de l'histoire*, p. 454-461.

² The *procès-verbal* of the *post-mortem* examination preserved at the *Archives nationales*, having been reproduced both in Dr. Cabanès' and M. de Beauchesne's works, we will not reprint it here. We will only mention the opinion expressed by the medical men who assisted at that examination.

Therefore we can be quite sure that the dead child examined by Drs. Dumangin, Pelletan, Lassus and Jeanroy was not the Dauphin.

But, on the other hand, we must not infer from this fact that the young prince had been abducted alive from the Temple. Abduction is by no means the only inference to be drawn from this non-identity.

The Dauphin was not abducted : he was assassinated—not murdered inch by inch, as has been reported, not deprived of the fresh air, food or attentions so necessary to a child of his tender years, not done to death by ill-treatment. This story was invented by the royalist party. Although Simon and his wife were both tolerably brutal, given to drinking, dull-witted, cowardly and servile, they treated the fair, delicate child of royalty as they would have treated their own child if they had had one ; in short, just as children were and are treated now-a-days in workmen's families, perhaps somewhat less brutally than people would have us believe. Was not even Sanson capable of feeling compassion ? In those days people were not so foolishly weak, and did not indulge their offspring as is the custom to do in these enlightened times ; parents were by no means anxious to make tyrants of their children ; they themselves were tyrants.

Simon, like all his comrades, was rather a despot. He was also something else, as we shall see later on.

The Dauphin was assassinated because he was too young to be dragged before the bloody tribunal over which Fouquier-Tinville presided; such had already been his mother's fate, and was soon to be his aunt's. All violent passions quickly degenerate into cruelty when any object stands in their way! In those days of mad fury we find victory as pitiless as it had been in the time of the Romans and in the history of all savage nations; in those days it was so easy to get rid of any embarrassing object or person that it would have been strange if some unscrupulous individuals had not profited by such facilities. Republican fanaticism was struggling wildly against royalist fanaticism and the only too well-founded fear that the Bourbons would be restored to power; all these facts explain—without, however, excusing—that thanks to the customs and opinions then prevalent, persons were found who, after having felled the majestic tree, could consent to sever the last roots binding that tree to earth. Pascal once said: "One never commits a bad deed more gladly or more gaily than when one is prompted to do so by some false principle."

This false principle is the cause, when on the contrary it is not the consequence, of sentiments which do not reflect honour upon the human race; they include: caste hatred, race hatred, mean egoism, latent barbarity, innate spite, in short all the worst passions which afflict the soul of the "human animal." The amalgam of these passions

in politics, when it is stronger than the natural laws of humanity and the rights of mankind, is adorned with the high-sounding title of "Reasons of State."

Reasons of State, on certain occasions, usurp the seat of justice and serve as a cloak to cover the Government's arbitrary deeds. The little Dauphin was assassinated for reasons of State. A quarter of a century later, for reasons of State resulting from the same evil passions, the duchesse d'Angoulême proved herself absolutely relentless towards several political prisoners. Mme. de La Bédoyère, Mme. la maréchale Ney, the princesse de la Moskowa and the comtesse de La Valette vainly threw themselves at her feet imploring her to pardon their husbands. She would not allow her uncle, Louis XVIII, to sign any pardons. Let us frankly consider her as she really was; do not let us shrink from examining this strange specimen of human nature. We want to see the woman in this princess, not the idol worshipped by crowds of time-servers.

Unfortunately we find that the class and race prejudices of this narrow-minded female politician, together with her loveless existence embittered by secret jealousy of other and happier women—for it was said that she was married to a weakling "of narrow intellect,"¹ and she had neither known the raptures of love nor the joys of maternity—

¹ *Journal du maréchal de Castellane*, vol. iii, p. 312.

prevailed over the goodness and mercy which, as a Christian, she ought to have shown towards her enemies. For had not her father and mother set her a striking and touching example of mercy? Kindness and mercy spring from the same source—love. But the unfortunate princess only knew enough of love to realize that it would never come to gladden her own life. In refusing to pardon these political offenders, she was swayed by her temper, truly a vindictive one! Blood alone possessed the power to calm her nerves, those poor nerves which had suffered so cruelly by her unfortunate marriage with her cousin, the duc d'Angoulême. Pity alone can soften our hearts; the duchesse d'Angoulême was as great a stranger to pity as to love, and she imitated, all unconsciously, the sanguinary errors of her brother's murderers. And, like them, she took good care to produce many excellent maxims to prove that she was innocent of any evil intentions.

But how did they get rid of the child-king? Was he poisoned? Was he stabbed? or strangled? Strangled very probably. For it would never have done to have left any traces in the room so soon to be occupied by the new-comer, and no tell-tale drops of blood must fall on the stairs. After all, the manner is of little consequence. It is only a question of detail, insoluble to-day for lack of written information or verbal tradition; after all, the means employed to get rid of him are of small

importance ; we can only make conjectures : the secret of the duchesse d'Angoulême was buried with her. For she knew the terrible secret, as we shall see later on.

Meanwhile let us confine ourselves to registering the pure, simple and evident fact that the child died a violent death. The body of the little Dauphin was buried while it was still warm, perhaps before life was extinct, without any coffin, in the moat of the Temple, where it was found by M. d'Andigné's companions in June 1801.

A few years later we find exactly the same case when his cousin, the duc d'Enghien, was assassinated after an odious judicial comedy, and buried at night, while the body was still warm, without any coffin, in a trench previously prepared to receive the corpse at the bottom of the moat of Vincennes.

They had procured from one of the hospitals a child of about the same age as the Dauphin, but a sufferer from rickets, scrofula and consumption, doomed to die within a few months on account of the lamentable state of his health. This unfortunate child even possessed one great advantage in that, by reason of the dangerous maladies from which he suffered, his end could be hastened or delayed either by more or less kind treatment, or by a more or less strengthening or debilitating *régime*, according to the needs of home or foreign politics.

When the representative Harmand de la Meuse was sent by the *Convention* with his colleagues Mathieu and Reverchon (December 19, 1794)¹ to visit the little prisoner in the tower of the Temple, he found in the corner of the child's room an earthenware porringer filled with some dark-coloured liquid in which a few lentils were floating.

They were in a hurry just then to get rid of this invalid, who was becoming extremely embarrassing, as he prevented the conclusion of peace with Spain, etc.

It was this child who had been substituted in place of him whom they had just suppressed.

When the *Comité de Salut public* decreed (July 1, 1793) that the Dauphin was to be separated from his mother, his own, as well as his mother's doom, was already sealed. For one as for the other, it was only a case of dates, a question to be decided by circumstances. The decree ordered—and this fact makes our hypothesis more plausible—that the child was to be placed “in a separate apartment, situated in the best-guarded portion of the whole building of the Temple.”

Then, on September 14, the *Convention* followed suit, and published a decree *expelling* from the Temple all the *ci-devant* comte d'Artois' former servitors then employed there, including Turgy,

¹ See Frédéric Barbey, *Madame Atkins et la Prison du Temple*, p. 184.

Chrétien and Marchand, valets; the *citoyenne* Leclerc, wife of a *gendarme*, *ci-devant* huntsman in the service of the comte d'Artois; and the wife and children of Salmon, his former footman.

What was the meaning of this wholesale expulsion, unless it was to facilitate the plot for substituting a sick child in place of the Dauphin? It would have been impossible to perpetrate such a fraud in the presence of all these servitors, who had often seen the son of Louis XVI; there was not one of them who would not have detected the fraud and immediately revealed it.

The *Commune* then nominated new employés, and justified this step by declaring that it was necessary to isolate the royal family from all suspicious neighbours, who, if a royalist attempt were made to abduct the child, might aid and abet the invaders.

After the death of Marie-Antoinette (October 16, 1793), Chaumette, public prosecutor in the service of the *Commune*, ignorant of the secret plans of the *Comité de Salut public*, took it into his head to discover that the expenses necessary for the maintenance and service of the prisoners in the Temple were exaggerated; he persuaded the *Conseil général* of the *Commune* to go *en masse* to the *Convention* and to demand that the prisoners should be transferred to the common prisons of the Republic, where they could be treated like the other prisoners.

This demand was made November 25.

The *Comité de Salut public* rejected the proposition.

But, when once the representatives of the *Commune* had departed, the *Comité* sent for Chaumette that they might have a private and confidential chat with him.

History, or rather historians, are fond of giving credit to individuals and governments for schemes of which they are often totally innocent. We do not think that we shall be guilty of such an error if we assert that, when Chaumette left the *salle*, the one or more members of the *Comité* who had summoned him (probably the Robespierre, Saint-Just and Couthon *triumvirat*, perhaps Robespierre alone) had convinced him that he was on a wrong track, adding that the little prisoner's fate had already been decided, and that he, Chaumette, leader of the band of ruffians who were ever ready to do any dirty work in the Temple, was commissioned to carry out their orders.

The *Comité de Salut public* kept its resolutions entirely secret, and naught was inscribed in the register of its *procès-verbaux* except what was meant to be inscribed. Therefore a decision made by one or more members, especially a decision of this sort made in secret and not during a regular sitting, could not be mentioned in a *procès-verbal*. That is why we are obliged, in this matter, to proceed by conjectures, especially when we know

on what lines business was conducted by the *Comité de Salut public!* To its care were entrusted all the deeds relating to the executive powers. Although the *Convention* had taken measures to prevent any of the members of the *Comité* exercising undue influence, it was easy to evade this command. The *Comité*, composed of twelve members,¹ was divided into bureaux, charged to report upon all affairs relating to their respective departments, and these matters were almost invariably decided by the members of each bureau. Carnot, during a considerable period of time, was, with the divers employés chosen by him, at the head of the *Comité's* military department. Robespierre, in his département, the general police bureau, enjoyed quite as much power in civil matters as Carnot enjoyed in military affairs. He was a veritable secretary of state for the home department, his powers enabling him to supervise almshouses, poor-relief funds, police, courts of justice, etc. He was all-powerful in his own department. One day Carnot, in a fit of anger, said to him : " Only arbitrary actions are committed in your bureau ; you are a dictator ! " ² And Carnot told the truth. The decree dated January 21, 1793, was signed by Robespierre ; any

¹ Barère, Couthon, Héault de Séchelles, Saint-Just, Jean-Bon Saint-André, Prieur (de la Marne), Robert Lindet, Maximilien Robespierre, Carnot, Prieur (de la Côte d'Or), Collot d'Herbois, and Billaud-Varennes.

² Tissot, *Mémoires sur Carnot*, p. 229.

one who can read can see that the decree of January 19, 1794, bears the same signature. Why, then, should we be astonished if the "Incorruptible" *did* wish to suppress the son after having been instrumental in causing the father's condemnation? For, as long as Louis XVII lived, all their efforts were utterly useless. Instead of Louis XVI, they now had Louis XVII: that was all! Instead of the full-grown monarch, they had a child-king. Must they not get rid of the one as they had got rid of the other? And it is probable that Robespierre wished to complete his task.

We have, therefore, every reason to believe that, at the conference held November 25, Chaumette received commands to make the necessary arrangements for the secret suppression of the child-king. And all this was done in cold blood, just as if they were merely voting for the purchase of new military baggage-wagons or decreeing the classification of the highways.

All these men of the Revolution had the same strange and fatal family likeness: their patriotism or heroism was tinged with dishonesty. 'Tis sad, but true. And things must have been in a terrible state for these men thus to interpret their duty towards their country. I know well that this is not Kant's theory, and that no plea can be admitted in the code of Duty; that, if you admit one plea, you must admit others; that one cannot pause on the brink of a precipice; that one must not let

oneself be governed by passion, but by cool reason ; that the public interest, the country's very salvation can, under no circumstances, justify injustice and murder. . . . But in revolutionary times are we governed by passion or by reason ? Alas ! human nature is always the same.

We will now say a few words about Chaumette and Hébert. The past history of these two men had not been particularly commendable. I think that, when writing their lives, it is better not to go into details. Hébert had a strange idea of honour. It seems that—we quote Camille Desmoulins—the former clerk of the box-office in the *Théâtre des Variétés*, this “charnel-house author,” as he called him, had been dismissed for theft. And this was not his only misdemeanour. With his *Père Duchesne* in his hand, he wallows on the ground at the foot of his ideal : vileness. Do not try to wean him from his loathsome idol ; do not expect him to be anything but vile.

As to Chaumette, high-priest of the goddess Reason, he was Hébert's friend : that explains everything. We might cite one or two details which would prove him to be far from honourable. It would not do to be over-nice if one wished to esteem him. And yet some historians have managed to give a touch of poetry to these two creatures who were well worthy of each other, and who eventually completely debased each other ! Simon, Chaumette's tool, in the capacity of

“tutor,” had been ordered to teach the “whelp” his lesson for the repulsive scene of October 7 (the Dauphin’s evidence against his mother), which lesson had been inculcated to him by his two masters.

Though we may not like to allow it, we must confess that these individuals were admirably suited to their post in the Temple. But the dastardly coolness, together with the horrible plans conceived by this trio of blackguards, make us shudder. Nothing is more dangerous or more foreign to the straight path of duty, generosity and mercy than when the populace, thanks to political disturbances, manages to climb up into power.

Alfieri, who, while passing through Paris in 1793, was arrested and ill-treated by the revolutionary authorities, wrote: “Until then I only knew the tyranny of the upper classes, but now I know what the tyranny of the lower classes means.” Shakespeare was familiar with it when he spoke of “the petty tyrants.” They were just as tyrannical as the “tyrants” whom they had so often reviled; they were even a thousand times more tyrannical, for they used all kinds of little refinements of meanness and coarseness unknown to the others. But as they were now the masters, everything was just and right—at least in their eyes.

Be that as it may, when men are vile enough to concoct the disgraceful scene which took place when the Dauphin was confronted with his mother,

we may be allowed to suspect that the child's murder had been planned, like any ordinary administrative combination, from an order given by some one occupying a very high position. That is why two men like Chaumette and Hébert were chosen to supervise the prisoners in the Temple. Who, else, would have accepted such a mission?

For they had accepted this mission. Sénar, who had been secretary-clerk to the *Comité de Sécurité générale*, and who, in this capacity, had learnt many secrets,¹ left a memorandum written by his own hand, and reproduced in M. de Beauchesne's work on Louis XVII.² Simon, according to this author, is said, one day, to have remarked to one of his masters, either Chaumette or Hébert :

"After all, what do they want to do with him? Deport him?"

"No."

"Kill him?"

"No."

"Poison him?"

"No."

"Well then, what?"

"Get rid of him."

And Sénar adds :

"He was neither killed nor deported, but they got rid of him."

¹ Some of these secrets were published in his work entitled *Révélation puistées dans les cartons du Comité de Sécurité générale*.

² Vol. ii, p. 77.

Sénar knew that they wanted "to get rid of him" without killing him or poisoning him, and he related what he had learnt. But he did not know, and very few *conventionnels* did know, that the first scheme had been quickly abandoned, and that they had decided to "kill him," but in such a manner that people might think that he had died a natural death.

Chaumette, by a verbal order from the *Comité de Salut public* or from one of its members, probably dated November 25, 1793, had found a hypocritical way of arranging everything very comfortably by "killing" the Dauphin and substituting in his place a sick child whose death could be *officially* announced. Could they prevent a child dying when it had such a feeble constitution?

We shall now see that the scene enacted October 7, 1793, bears the same stamp as the crime of January 19, 1794. Both reek of hypocrisy, and both bear the same manufacturer's mark. The brain which conceived the first conceived the second. The latter is *signed*, we might say: we note the same mechanism, the same tissue of lies, the same little game of double-barrelled deceit. A police inspector or an examining magistrate would immediately detect the fraud. Hébert, who had been clerk in a theatrical box-office, prided himself upon having been connected with the stage, as indeed Collot d'Herbois and Fabre d'Eglantine had once been; like both of

the latter, he flattered himself that he could scribble a play on occasion. And Chaumette, who re-organized the Paris almshouses and hospitals, was better qualified than any one else to procure the little invalid indispensable to the execution of this ghastly feat of legerdemain. It was he, moreover, who decreed that the funerals of rich and poor alike were to be conducted on the same lines. Do we not find traces of this idea in the summary burial given to the little Dauphin?

Nothing took place in the Temple without the permission, or except by order, of the *Commune's* prosecutor-syndic, Chaumette. Hébert, his devoted right hand, did nothing without his consent.

Simon executed all their commands with servile obedience; did he not owe to Chaumette his post as functionary with a salary of 6,000 *livres*, together with the sum of 3,000 *livres* for his wife, lodgings in the Temple in the apartment once occupied by Louis XVI, and all the nice little perquisites attached to such a position? So he asked for nothing better than to be allowed to prove his gratitude to his benefactor. When Chaumette and Hébert ordered him to teach his pupil the infamous lesson which the latter had to repeat first in their presence, and then in the presence of his mother and aunt, Simon did not protest; he thought it a capital idea; he considered that it was his duty to obey, and so he obeyed. If his masters had ordered him to strangle his pupil, he would have done so.

He did it, very probably—as we shall see. And for this job, worthy of a licensed assassin, he received a salary equal to a general's pay. And he earned it conscientiously.

The new scheme for the assassination of the Dauphin certainly dates from the days immediately following the execution of Marie-Antoinette (October 16). About this time¹ it was reported that the Dauphin was being treated with less severity. How can we explain this fact, except that his doom was sealed, and that, "for humanity's sake," they did not wish to embitter his last days?

In November and December they began to take the necessary administrative measures in order to facilitate the crime, insure secrecy, and hide all tell-tale traces. At first they only talked and discussed plans. Everything having been arranged and the ground well prepared, the prologue to the drama commenced on January 2, 1794.

A decree was first passed forbidding any functionary in the service of the State to assume the office of *conseiller général de la Commune*.

This decree had a secret meaning. Here is the key :

Chaumette and Hébert, having been commanded—or perhaps only authorized—to get rid of the prince, thought that it was time to put their theory into practice, and so they decided upon the following scheme :

¹ Dr. Cabanès, *loc. cit.*, p. 422.

They would ask the municipal authorities, under some futile pretext but without revealing the real reason, to publish the above decree ;

Then Simon, with a fine show of disinterestedness, preferring "honour" to pelf, was to give in his resignation as tutor to the "little Capet." This action would be worthy of the Romans or of the Spartans, who, in those days, were all the rage. It is needless to add that he was to receive compensation ;

Then Simon was to give his pupil into the hands of the *Commune's* delegates ; the latter, after having ascertained and declared in a *procès-verbal* that the child was in good health, were to sign Simon's discharge ;

Then Simon was to take the "whelp" back to its room and there . . . he was to perform the duty, the real duty after all, for which he had been summoned to the Temple with a deputy's salary ;

Then Simon, having done the deed, under pretence of removing his goods and chattels (he was to leave the Temple that very evening), aided by darkness (for in January the days are short, staircases dark and lanterns almost useless, and they were to wait until nightfall to act), Simon was to carry away the little body in a parcel or in a basket, and to throw it into a hole previously prepared in the moat of the Temple.

Meanwhile, what could be easier than to smuggle into the Dauphin's room, enclosed in



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another (or even in the same) basket or in a big cardboard hobby-horse, the little invalid destined to take the place of the dead child? It was all very simple, as we can see. And Simon, whatever happened, whatever History or posterity or his superiors might think of his behaviour, had nothing to fear; could he not show his *receipt* duly signed?

The scheme was carried out with the greatest exactitude. On JANUARY 2, 1794, as we have said, the *Commune* passed a decree forbidding any functionary to occupy more than one public post at a time (plurality of offices).

On JANUARY 5 Simon gave in his resignation, was complimented by the civic authorities upon his noble disinterestedness, and his name was put down for future employment in the service of the *Commune*.

The *Comité de Salut public* now only had to be informed of Simon's resignation and "its advice asked concerning the nomination of the *citoyen* who was to take the place of the *citoyen* Simon, guardian of the little Capet."¹

On JANUARY 8 five members of the *Conseil général de la Commune* repaired to the *salle* of the *Comité de Salut public* and accomplished this formality.

On JANUARY 16 the *Comité de Salut public*, heartily entering into Chaumette's scheme, and evidently well aware of the conspiracy (or at least

¹ De Beauchesne, *Louis XVII*, vol. ii, p. 176.

some of its members, including the head of the police department), gave out that "it considered Simon's mission useless, and thought that the members of the *Conseil* alone ought to have the supervision of the prisoners in the Temple."

The *Conseil général* then decided that four of its members, as guard-commissaries, to be changed every day, were in future to watch over the prisoners in the tower of the Temple. Why were they to be changed every day? Because if by chance one of them happened to perceive the child, very probably he would not see it again until several months had elapsed, and would notice nothing; whereas a permanent guard might, especially at first, detect the substitution.

Until now, everything had succeeded admirably. There was no reason why the *dénouement* should not be hastened. Moreover, the hour had been well chosen. They were preparing to celebrate the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. Cowardly passions were so excited, the mad thirst for blood was so universal, that, if by chance the truth transpired, no one could be shocked at such a horrible crime. The anti-royalist zeal of the Parisian populace was not allowed to languish for want of official manifestations. Any one who knows how easily crowds get excited can imagine to what a pitch of excitement the public mind had risen, especially during this hard winter, doubly hard to bear by reason of the terrible poverty then

prevalent. Pierre Charron said—and his remark applies to all periods of history—"We are influenced by the air which we breathe and in which we exist, and in this we do but imitate our first parents." And as we are all more or less influenced by circumstances, according to our individual natures and according to the violence of our passions, often stronger than ourselves, enslaving us and forcing us to blind obedience—especially when those passions are evil ; as, during great public calamities, during *guillotinales*, plagues or wars, the sense of tenderness and pity, instead of increasing fourfold, becomes blunt and worn ; as people begin to pay no attention to a deed which, in ordinary times, would make every one shudder with horror—so people were by no means astonished to hear it said that the best way to celebrate the anniversary of the execution of the last king was to slaughter his son. Truly such morals are worthy of the savage tribes in Central Africa. But which of us can be certain, really certain, that in those times, and under the same circumstances, he would not have been attacked by the same moral and mental malaria which assailed these creatures, thirsting to commit murder ? One must have an intimate knowledge of human nature to be able to judge fairly of any epoch ; it is impossible in times of peace, in the still solitude of one's own study, to think calmly and justly of those bloody, turbulent days. Fouché, who had shown himself more

bloodthirsty than any of his companions, who perhaps had found the cup of remorse more bitter than his unfortunate victims had found the cup of suffering—Fouché, the sanguinary, while engaged one evening, during the *Restauration*, in private conversation with M. de Caraman, suddenly covered his face with his hands, crying: “ Ah! don’t speak to me of those days; we were all suffering from a bloody fever, we were mad for blood!”¹ Fouché had good reasons, and very personal reasons, in speaking thus and in trying to forget unpleasant memories; but it is nevertheless true that, during the Revolutionary epoch—as at all times—every one walked, or rather ran, blindfold. Did not the principal actors in this drama, and Robespierre in especial, hold themselves up to the public as models of virtue and sensibility? And—oh, miracle of sophistry!—it was in the name of virtue and sensibility that they decided to slaughter this ten-year-old child.

The crime must have been committed on the evening of January 19,² while Simon was removing

¹ Baronne de Montet, *Souvenirs*, p. 429.

² “ On January 19 we heard a loud noise in my brother’s room, which made us conjecture that he was leaving the Temple; and we were convinced of this fact when, on peeping through our shutters, we saw a number of parcels being taken away” (*Memoirs written by Marie-Thérèse-Charlotte de France on the captivity of her royal parents from August 10, 1792, until her brother’s death, June 9, 1795*). And to think that, while Madame Royale was watching the removal of Simon’s furniture, she probably saw the parcel containing her brother’s corpse!

his furniture under cover of nightfall. For why was this change of residence not finished before nine o'clock at night, as M. Lenôtre, that indefatigable searcher of old documents, tells us? And yet this sorry couple could not have been overburdened with goods and chattels, as the greater part of the furniture belonged to the Temple and to the State. This removal by night was therefore intentional. Why? That they might remove the little Dauphin's body more easily, and that they might smuggle his substitute into his room. And that is what happened in the dark night, up those winding, badly-lit staircases, while furniture was being pushed roughly about, while men were tramping up and down stairs, opening and shutting heavy doors, no doubt just at the very moment when the room would have to be rather deserted in order to smuggle the little invalid. And he was brought in one of those great baskets used for removing china, or in a cardboard hobby-horse, the so-called present which Simon's wife wished to give to her little friend to console him for her departure. He was immediately placed in the warm bed, but lately occupied by the son of Louis XVI. The body of the real Dauphin was obviously wrapped up by Simon, made into a parcel or placed in a basket—according to the preconcerted programme—and carried to the moat. He was thrown—perhaps while he was still breathing—into the hole which had been prepared to receive him, and hastily covered

with the quicklime placed by the side of the little mound of loose earth. The grave having been filled, Simon no doubt stamped upon it with all his might.

Meanwhile the commissaries Legrand, Lasnier, Cochefer and Lorinet had come to receive "Capet's son" from the hands of Simon. The woman Simon, who knew all about the drama which had just taken place, in which she had played a part by putting the new-comer to bed, showed them, by the feeble light of a flickering lantern, a child asleep in a bed at the far end of the room. The commissaries went away quite satisfied. The woman Simon then followed her husband, who, having accomplished his ghastly task, had gone to cheer himself up in the wine-shop situated within the Temple walls, and was now drinking with the other servitors to the success of the *fête* which was to take place two days later. It is probable that he blabbed while touching glasses with his boon-companions. And thus it was that, in 1801, M. Fauconnier, the *concierge* of the Temple, knew that the Dauphin's remains had been deposited in the moat surrounding the old fortress.

After having drunk heavily and blabbed freely, to the delight of all their companions, the *citoyen* and *citoyenne* Simon departed to their new abode, satisfied that they had done their duty and convinced that they had saved the Republic.

M. de Beauchesne, who has so carefully and

minutely studied all the events which took place in the Temple, had no suspicion of the drama enacted January 19, because, although he had read M. d'Andigné's evidence, he did not realize its importance; he did not know that the child who died in the Temple, June 8, 1795, was not the Dauphin, and that a sick child had been substituted in place of the young prince—and this substitution, when we learn that a child's skeleton had been discovered in the Temple grounds, gives us the key to the problem.

On the other hand, he informs us most minutely of all the events which happened in the tower on the day following Simon's departure.

"The *Comité* decided," he writes, "that Simon was not to have a successor. . . . Chaumette and Hébert, who had the management of all the affairs concerning the Temple, accepted this decision, which left them practically free to act as they thought best.

"They declared that, although the permanent guard had been withdrawn, they would take good care to insure the safety of the little prisoner; and on the morrow, that is to say, on the 1st *pluvôise*, an *III* (January 20, 1794), they ordered that his lodgings were to be limited to one room; the child was therefore shut up in the end room, which had belonged to Cléry, and, later, to the woman Simon during her illness. The door of communication between the ante-room and this door was

cut down to about three feet from the floor, securely fastened with nails and screws, and grated with iron bars from top to bottom. A shelf was affixed to the top of this partition; some of the bars were then cut to form a wicket, closed by other movable bars fastened with a huge padlock. The little Capet received his coarse victuals through this wicket; it was on this ledge that he had to place anything which he wanted to send back.”¹ Does this not prove that they wished to keep the new-comer entirely in the background, so that no one might discover the substitution? Does it not also prove that they wished, by confining in a prison-like chamber this little invalid who more than any one else needed exercise and fresh air, to hasten the unhappy child’s end? The child of the people was certainly treated with the same cruelty and neglect which had embittered the last days of the child of royalty.

“All these arrangements,” continues M. de Beauchesne, “were decided and carried out on the 1st *pluviose* (January 20). Night having fallen, the work was finished by the light of lanterns. By some cruel calculation, or by some fatal coincidence, the royal orphan entered his new prison on the very day on which his father ascended the scaffold.”

We know that this little prisoner was not the “royal orphan,” but his substitute.

¹ De Beauchesne, *Louis XVII*, vol. ii, p. 181.

“ Ah ! cruel cowards,” cries M. de Beauchesne, addressing the poor child’s tormentors, “ why did you not put the knife to the lamb’s throat ? Oh ! why did you not throw over that little head the bloody net in whose meshes you had already caught other members of his family ? Why did you pause in your murderous fury ? It would have been better to have drunk this last drop of royal blood than to have mingled wormwood, gall and poison with it. It would have been better to have suffocated the child, as Richard III’s emissaries had already done in the Tower of London to two other innocent beings, than to have debased and sullied his mind by this slow murder, endeavouring to kill the soul before you killed the body. You ought to have sacrificed him a year, two years ago ; you ought to have helped those little feet to ascend the rough steps of the guillotine. . . . Alas ! History must perforce regret that Louis XVII did not expire in the motherly arms of the scaffold.”¹

M. de Beauchesne and History are mistaken ; like his father and his mother, the child did not languish very long. His fate was similar to the fate of the children of Edward IV. They were strangled in the Tower of London : he was strangled in the tower of the Temple. In his place, a little nameless child, sick unto death, was condemned to suffer all the tortures of imprisonment, isolation,

¹ M. de Beauchesne, *Louis XVII*, vol. ii, p. 215.

filth and never-ending night. . . . The Dauphin was happier than his substitute.

Poor little children !¹

The bloodthirsty minions who had just made away with this beautiful boy—for the Dauphin was a beautiful child—whom, if not on account of his tender age, at least on account of his beauty, they ought never to have hurt, thought perhaps that they had accomplished a very meritorious deed. These monsters had observed the greatest secrecy; this fact alone ought to have betrayed them: people only hide when they are up to no good. Perhaps they boasted of their crime. But the individuals to whom they boasted in the hope of gaining honour, glory and profit, although they themselves were not over-scrupulous, probably ordered them in a tone which admitted of no reply to keep their tongues behind their teeth. Robespierre, who had commanded Chaumette and Hébert to get rid of the Dauphin, was too wary to allow such witnesses to exist, though they were bound to him by the chains of brotherhood in crime. For the sake of prudence he had to get rid of them just as if they were mere Dauphins. It was

¹ Victor Hugo was not thinking of the Dauphin, however, when he wrote in his *Quatre-vingt-treize*: "What do we not forgive a child? We forgive him for being a noble, a prince, or a king. His innocent soul makes us forget the sins of his race; his feeble body makes us forget his high rank. He is so little that we forgive him for being so great. The slave forgives him for being his master." None of the Dauphin's sins were forgiven.

such an easy matter in those tumultuous, troublous days, when Barère said : "The guillotine is all-powerful ; it alone governs us." And then Fouquier-Tinville and the guillotine were such excellent creatures ! So a few days after January 19, Robespierre got up the case against the *hébertistes*, and on March 24 Hébert was guillotined. Not much time had been lost in getting rid of him, and thus insuring silence on his part.

Three weeks later Chaumette, too, was silenced. Care was taken to implicate the prosecutor of the *Commune* in the case against the *dantonistes*, although he had had nothing to do with it ; and on April 13 his head fell on the scaffold. Did not Saint-Just, in his sententious, academical affectation, allude to the Dauphin's fate when he said in his report, that report which led to the impeachment of Danton and the *dantonistes* : "Little does it matter if time leads divers forms of vanity to the scaffold, to the grave, to *nothingness*, provided that liberty triumphs ! We shall then learn modesty. The French people, after having been oppressed, . . . will, in their turn, become the oppressors of false prejudices and tyrants" ?

The fact that Hébert and Chaumette were accomplices in a crime which Robespierre was extremely anxious to hide, has been quite overlooked—and for a very good reason—by the historians of the Revolution. And yet this fact was the principal cause, the only one perhaps, for

which the *hébertistes* were arrested, condemned and executed.

Let us observe, meanwhile, that the fact of sending to the scaffold such accomplished terrorists as "the high-priest of the goddess of Reason" and the principal editor of *Père Duchesne*, both governors of the Temple, would suffice to prove their complicity in a crime of which Robespierre was anxious to suppress all the witnesses ; this fact proves that the Dauphin had been murdered, and that the instigator of January 21, 1793, was the instigator of January 19, 1794.

Certainly Robespierre was not the only member of the *Comité de Salut public* who knew of the secret drama in the Temple. Saint-Just was surely not ignorant of it ; Couthon, Collot d'Herbois and Billot-Varennes were equally well aware of what had happened. . . . And, as we have just read in the extract from Saint-Just's report, it would be very easy to find in their speeches many an allusion to this secret. The *Comité de Salut public* did not personally participate in the crime. Robespierre had acted independently, on his own authority. The *Comité* had been obliged to accept the accomplished fact, although it did not mean, by so doing, that it approved the crime. On the 9th *thermidor* Robespierre, together with Saint-Just and Couthon, understood many things about which they had hitherto been in doubt. And yet, as they were bound by a sort of moral engagement, they were

one and all obliged to keep silent on this subject ; but surely the *conventionnels* must have discussed the matter among themselves.

Hébert and Chaumette were not the only actors or witnesses of the crime who were suppressed. The others were reprieved, but only for a time ; their turn had still to come. Nearly all ascended the scaffold.

Of the four members of the *Conseil général de la Commune* who received the little sick child destined to take the place of the Dauphin in the Temple, three were guillotined.

Cochefer was executed on the 10th *thermidor*.¹

Lasnier,² who certainly knew the secret of the

¹ Christophe Cochefer, upholsterer by profession, a native of Gonesse, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, residing in Paris, rue Merry, No. 413 (*Procès-verbal* of his execution). Extract from the *Moniteur* for the 6th *fructidor*, an II. For it was not until the 6th *fructidor*, that is to say, twenty-six days after the execution of Robespierre and his scaffold companions, that the *Moniteur* decided to publish the list of the men executed on the 10th *thermidor*. Barras said : " Even after his execution, on nearly all sides vague fears were expressed that this implacable man, whose inexorable discourses and merciless decrees had caused so much grief and sorrow, might return to life " (*Mémoires*, vol. i, p. 202).

² *Commune de Paris. Conseil général.*

1st *pluviôse*, an II (January 20, 1794), Lasnier says : " One of your decrees orders that the young Capet is to remain under the immediate supervision of the commissaries on guard in the Temple ; yesterday, Simon and his wife gave the child, who was in good health, into our care, requesting us to give them a receipt, which we did."

The *Conseil* ratifies the receipt given to the *citoyen* Simon (*Moniteur*, January 22, 1794).

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drama in the Temple, was guillotined on the morrow, the 11th *thermidor*.¹

Legrand was guillotined the same day.²

The steward of the Temple, Coru, a member of the *Conseil général de la Commune*, who, assuredly, knew all about the affair, was also guillotined on the 11th.³

Simon was guillotined on the 10th.⁴

After the events which took place in *Thermidor*, the *Commune* was nearly entirely reorganized, and the secret of the Temple was soon forgotten by every one.

The four "municipal guards" on duty in the tower, who were changed every twenty-four hours, were now "guarding nothing but stones," as one of their number remarked—for no one ever saw the little prisoner.

As to Simon, he had conscientiously fulfilled all the conditions of the bargain and completed the task for which Chaumette had got him appointed

¹ Jacques Lasnier, man of business by profession, fifty-two years of age, a native of Ozouer-Laférière, in the department of Seine-et-Marne, residing in Paris, rue du Four-Germain, No. 286.

² Pierre-Jacques Legrand, man of business by profession, aged fifty-one years, a native of Paris, there residing, rue d'Enfer, in the City, No. 5.

³ Jacques-Pierre Coru, seedsman by profession, aged sixty-three years, a native of Noof, in the department of Orne, residing in Paris, rue Antoine, No. 229.

⁴ Antoine Simon, shoemaker, aged fifty-eight years, a native of Troyes, in the department of Aube, residing in Paris, rue Marat, No. 32.

to the Temple. He had earned his salary. While waiting for the *Commune* to nominate him to the post for which his name had been inscribed, he had been authorized to lodge, as we have already seen, in a building adjoining the Temple. On April 6, 1794, he was nominated inspector of army baggage-wagons.¹ Having imprudently returned to Paris a fortnight before the 9th *thermidor*, his presence was discovered, and he was outlawed by a decree from the *Convention*, with ten other former members of the *Conseil général de la Commune*, arrested and guillotined together with Robespierre, Couthon and Saint-Just. . . . Some of the *thermidoriens*, embarrassed, no doubt, by the presence of this brute, who knew too much, thought the opportunity favourable in which to get rid of him, so they inscribed his name on the list of those who were ripe for the guillotine.

One actor in the drama of the Temple now alone remained. Only a few *conventionnels* still survived who knew exactly, by tacit connivance rather than by complicity, what means had been employed to get rid of Louis XVII. No doubt they had sworn to keep silent ; that is why the drama, notwithstanding all the ensuing divisions, proscriptions and deportations, was never discovered ;

¹ No doubt in place of Étienne Ragondet, *ci-devant* horse-dealer, commander of the battalion for the Section of the Republic and inspector of army baggage-wagons, guillotined 24th *germinal* (April 13, 1794) in the same batch as Chaumette.

that is why they allowed the little invalid, by his death, to corroborate the lie. The *Convention* was accustomed feebly to disclaim excesses because they were excesses ; but it approved any system by which it could rid itself of any powerful enemies. This terrible Government must not, could not be in the wrong. So strict orders were given that on no account were the two children in the Temple to be allowed to walk or to play together in the garden ; they must not meet, not even in the staircase of the tower ; they must not see each other, not even from a distance. And yet, though some may deny the fact, how many times did Madame Royale beg to be allowed to see her brother ! This favour was always refused ; they continued to refuse her request even after *Thermidor*. Why should they so sternly and cruelly forbid the sister to see her brother, even from afar ? Because the young prisoner would have immediately exclaimed : “ But that child is not my brother ! ”

And she who was condemned to live would have loudly declared that they had substituted a child in place of him whom they had condemned to die.

This also explains why the *Convention* refused to allow M. Hue to enter the Dauphin's room. When in the beginning of 1795 reports were spread that the Dauphin was ill, Louis XVI's former *valet de chambre*, truly a faithful servant, begged the *Comité*

de Sûreté générale to allow him to be shut up with the young prince that he might take care of him.

His request was refused.

Why ?

Because M. Hue, who had seen the Dauphin many times, would have immediately discovered the imposture, and would have denounced the substitution.

Ah ! that State secret, truly the most odious secret possible to find in the history of a civilized nation, was very carefully guarded. But why were they silent after *Thermidor* ? Why did they not change the little prisoner's *régime*—which *régime* was not shared by Madame Royale ? . . . For they were now beginning to treat her with more attention ; her hard lot was softened, her food was carefully cooked and nicely served. . . . If the little sick child who died in the tower in such misery had really been her brother, he would have been treated like her. Why did they treat him so harshly ? Why did they let this poor child die without having seen his sister, without a doctor, utterly uncared for ?

For reasons of State. This child, Robespierre's legacy, was in the way ; his end had to be hastened, so that they might get rid of him as soon as possible, for the most insignificant incident might lead to the discovery of the substitution. It was necessary to announce the death of the son

of Louis XVI as soon as possible, so that people might cease to mention his name.

This crime had united all the members of the *Convention* into one brotherhood—the brotherhood of crime. The *Assemblée* could not openly declare that its *Comités* had allowed such a deed to be perpetrated, had closed its eyes to such a fraud. This twofold shame would have completely ruined the *Assemblée*. No matter what happened, it must indorse all responsibility and accept the heritage of the past. The few remaining parties to the crime, the survivors of the hecatombs, and especially of the last, the hecatomb of the 11th *thermidor*, took good care not to breathe one syllable of the secret drama. As we have already said, they were bound by vows of secrecy. Could the *Convention* do otherwise than also keep silence? . . . This terrible assembly, which had sent so many persons to their death, was afraid of the grim spectre: it did not wish to commit suicide. But this false position was very painful. On more than one occasion, motions had been made by various uninitiated members—prompted, no doubt, by a desire to put an end to the reports of abduction and imprisonment which circulated from time to time—demanding that the Dauphin and his sister should be liberated! The *Convention* felt that it must say something, either give an evasive answer or express some hypocritical sentiments. However, on January 22, 1795, Cambacérès gave a decisive

answer. This declaration had been provoked by the attitude adopted by M. Lequinio, the representative for le Morbihan.

M. Cambacérès said :

“There are only two courses to take with regard to the individuals to whom we refer : we must either banish them from the territory of the Republic, or else we must keep them in captivity. If we adopt the latter course, we may have reason to fear that their presence in our midst may cause endless riots and disturbances. If, on the contrary, we banish them, we shall be placing in our enemies’ hands a dangerous weapon which, one day, may be used against us, and occasion undying hatred, cruel vengeance and bloody wars. Shall we not, by so doing, furnish a centre, a rallying-point for the cowardly deserters from the fatherland ? . . . Our enemies are far less dangerous when they are in our power than when they pass into the hands of those who support their cause or who are anxious to espouse their party. . . . Calumny will never weary in her attempts to sully your good name ; whether Capet’s children be banished or whether you keep them in captivity, your enemies will say that you are keeping the royal offspring to place them on the throne, or that you are giving them into the enemy’s hands that they may serve as a weapon with which to fight the Republic. Follow, then, the road prescribed by wisdom and energy. Wisdom commands you to be on your guard ;

energy orders you to strike all the enemies of liberty. . . . We have little to fear by keeping the members of the Capet family in captivity ; if we banished them, we should be doing a very dangerous thing. The banishment of tyrants has nearly always led to their re-establishment. If Rome had kept the Tarquins, she would not have been obliged to fight against them." Thus spake the future prince, arch-chancellor and arch-glutton of the Empire. For reasons of State it was necessary that they should vote as he wished, and so the Government's advice was followed. Never was a nation oppressed so cruelly by despotic monarch or blood-thirsty tyrant ; never did Robespierre weigh so heavily upon the consciences of the peculators, "thieves" and "corrupted" who caused the 9th *thermidor*,¹ as the memory of this little dead child weighed upon the minds of all his tormentors !

It told upon foreign politics, as was inevitable. Let us judge for ourselves.

In 1794 the king of Spain caused peace overtures to be made to the Government of the French Republic. Charles IV, as a Bourbon, remembered that two little waifs of the House of Bourbon were still living, dragging out a miserable existence in Paris. He asked, therefore, as a first condition, that the son and daughter of Louis XVI

¹ Mallet du Pan described them exactly when he said : "They are valets who, having murdered their masters, have snatched the sceptre from their dead hands."

might be confided to his charge. He said : “ Not only his Catholic Majesty, but the king of Sardinia also, will never consent to a reconciliation with the French Republic until they have obtained satisfaction founded upon human nature’s strongest feelings.” Tuscany, also, began similar negotiations.

The French Government was extremely embarrassed ; how could they send Madame Royale to Spain or Italy with a poor invalid whom she would immediately disown ? What a scandal it would make ! It was quite impossible. They could not accept such a proposition before death had put an end to the sufferings of the dying child. They need only wait a little longer. These negotiations, meanwhile, served to conceal the crime. Who could have imagined such an *imbroglio* ? The French Government was talking of releasing the Dauphin—who they knew was dead—and was trying to delay the said negotiations until the death of the substitute, so that the crime and the fraud might be buried from sight for ever. When he was dead, they would give the daughter of Louis XVI to any one who cared to take her ; the French Government would make no objections.

So the *Comité de Salut public* tried to gain time. Making a great show of dignity in order to hide its embarrassment, for some time it vouchsafed no reply ; but at last it sent the following instructions to Simonin, its representative at the court of Madrid : “ If we appear too eager, they will think

that we wish to make advances ; now, a great nation should never make advances when it is threatened."

It was probably about this time—they said that it was on May 11, the day following the death of Madame Elisabeth—that Robespierre paid a visit to the Temple. But did he really do so ? If he did do so, it was probably in order to ascertain *de visu* the state of the pseudo-Dauphin's health, and to judge of the shorter or longer period of time during which it would be necessary to prolong the said negotiations. Let us note this coincidence, without, however, attaching too much importance thereto, and then pass on.

As to the Spanish Government, which, unlike the French Government, did not need to waste time, it disclosed its propositions to Simonin without further delay. These the latter transmitted to Paris. "The king of Spain," wrote he, "is prepared to negotiate peace on the following basis :

"I. Spain is to recognize the French Republic.

"II. France is to deliver the children of Louis XVI into the care of his Catholic Majesty.

"III. The French provinces on the borders of Spain are to form an independent State for the son of Louis XVI, which State he is to govern under the title of king of Navarre."

Thereupon the *Comité de Salut public* flew into a passion—and for a very good reason. Convinced that the king of Spain would only add other equally unacceptable conditions to that of the release of the children of Louis XVI, it immediately recalled its agent from Madrid. Moreover, it sent orders to the two generals commanding the two armies of the Pyrénées—Dugommier, so soon to die on the field of honour and to be replaced by Pérignon, and Muller, soon replaced by Moncey—to resume hostilities and to advance steadily. These two generals won several victories, and, as the little invalid in the Temple at last consented to die, *June 8, 1795*, peace was concluded with Spain *during the following month*.

Peace was likewise concluded with Sardinia.

Then, as all obstacles had been removed, Montgaillard began secret negotiations with the Austrian Government. This official had much trouble to convince the baron von Thugut that Austria would find it well worth her while to receive the daughter of Louis XVI. But Austria did not want her. Thugut, foreseeing at last that his fatherland might benefit by accepting France's proposals, yielded. The French Government was now in a position to issue a decree declaring that it was willing to exchange Madame Royale for its subjects then imprisoned in Austria. This decree was dated the *12th messidor, an III* (July 30, 1795).

So we see that, since June 8, the French

diplomatists had not wasted their time, but that, on the contrary, they had acted with remarkable rapidity.

Why ?

Because their hands were no longer tied ; because the little prisoner in the Temple no longer stood in their way.

We may also remark that Spain, in 1794, *had asked* that the children of Louis XVI might be given into her care ; while in 1795, almost immediately after the death of the pseudo-Dauphin, it was France *who asked* Austria if she would kindly accept the unfortunate sovereign's daughter.

Why ?

Because France, no longer embarrassed by the presence of the little invalid whom she could show to no one, was only too delighted to get rid of Madame.

The years, as they fade away into the dark mists of the past, may be likened unto a sphinx. Though we question them, they answer not, yet we can sometimes force them to speak.

But how many human lives were sacrificed to conceal the crime and fraud ! How many soldiers, both in the French and Spanish armies, fell on the bloody battle-field ! . . . That "unknown philosopher," Saint-Martin, would say : " As I thought I beheld the hand of Providence in our Revolution, so I can believe that it is perhaps necessary that sin-offerings should be offered up in order to consolidate the edifice."

Joseph de Maistre considered the edifice "satanic," but he had to acknowledge that the Revolution was a judgment from God. And probably, when he heard the official announcement of the Dauphin's death, he repeated to himself that verse in the Bible : "Propter peccata patrum filii affligentur. . . ."

As to the duchesse d'Angoulême, she changed her opinion several times upon her unfortunate brother's fate before she was able to arrive at a fixed decision.

We can quite understand this fact : she did not learn the truth until some time after her return to France. . . .

When did she learn it ?

The date of the Dauphin's murder is less easy to prove than to assert ; we can only guess at the date. Let us, however, express a few conjectures founded upon common-sense and the knowledge of human nature.

At first, as was very natural, she believed the allegations of the two eye-witnesses ; they were honourable men whom, though people have denied the fact, we have no reason to disbelieve. Their names were : Gomin, who entered the Temple the 18th *brumaire*, an *III* (November 8, 1794), and Lasne, nominated April 3, 1795, the successor to Laurent. The latter, it was said, had been appointed by Barras on the morrow of the 9th *thermidor* at the recommendation of Madame de

Beauharnais. This report gave rise to the story that Joséphine had caused the Dauphin to be abducted from the Temple.

Lasne and Gomin had attended, until the last day of his life, the child who died June 8, 1795, and whose body, as we already know, had been examined after death by four celebrated doctors and then interred in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite.

We find in the *Archives nationales* the declaration of the Dauphin's demise, the *procès-verbal* of the *post-mortem* examination, and the *procès-verbal* of the interment. All the papers concerning this Dauphin *malgré lui*, this false Dauphin, were in order.

Lasne and Gomin related all they knew, all they saw, all they did—only they did not know that the child whom they had tended was not the son of Louis XVI.

When, in 1814, the duchesse d'Angoulême returned to Paris, ignorant of all the terrible revelations which she was to hear concerning her brother's death, she ordered researches to be made in the church,¹ and probably in the cemetery, also, of Sainte-Marguerite. These researches were, however, unsuccessful.

A few years ago the *Commission du Vieux Paris* made similar researches in the same spot, but these also were fruitless.

¹ Vicomte Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, *Mémoires*, vol. v, p. 45.

Why?

Because—in order, no doubt, to avoid any annoyance or manifestations *à propos* of this coffin—the Revolutionary committee of the Luxemburg section caused it to be removed on the night of the 25th *prairial*, an *III*, and transferred to the cemetery of Clamart, where it was immediately interred.¹

After her return to Paris in 1814, the duchesse d'Angoulême changed her opinion. Although she still believed that Gomin and Lasne had told her all they knew, she was now convinced that the sick child who died in the Temple in their presence was not her brother. She knew that another child had been substituted, not in order to rescue the prince and thus set him free, but to conceal a crime.

She was told everything.

But she herself could say nothing. She appeared anxious to have people think that she believed that her brother had been rescued. She would say nothing more. Cardinal de La Fare's reply to general d'Andigné² clearly shows that she desired to place a barrier between herself and the would-be revealers of the mystery. And by a strange fate the very man who had seen her brother's skeleton, and who could have shown her the exact spot where it was buried, was not allowed to have an

¹ M. de Beauchesne, *Louis XVII*, vol. ii, p. 363–365.

² See p. 278.

audience with her. One would have thought that the cardinal de La Fare, whom, since the duchesse d'Angoulême had made his acquaintance in Vienna, she had learnt to trust, would have known her opinion upon such an important matter.

And yet he did not.

Even to him the princess could say nothing ; and when he replied, as we have already read, to that estimable man, general d'Andigné, who had fought for the royalist cause in La Vendée, he was acting in obedience to "orders" and "instructions" given by the duchesse d'Angoulême, who thus hoped to rid herself of the numerous "revealers" of secrets concerning Louis XVII. And they were many, if we believe some one who was sure of his facts when he stated that there were between one and two hundred false Dauphins in existence at that time.¹

The duchesse d'Angoulême had, therefore, adopted a plausible version—a uniform reply—which she directed her servants to give to all those who wished to know her opinion.

She kept the terrible truth to herself.

But how did she learn the truth ?

We can only conjecture.

As the duchesse d'Angoulême never vouchsafed the smallest explanation—never gave the simplest detail about her brother's death, as she kept *absolute silence* on this important subject,

¹ Vicomte de La Rochefoucauld, *Mémoires*, vol. v, p. 6.

important both to herself and to the Bourbon dynasty, it was because *she could say nothing*.

Why?

There is only one explanation.

She had received either directly, or more probably indirectly, from one of those few initiated survivors of the drama, the exact account of all that had happened. Her informant had made her utter a solemn vow never to reveal the secret. It is more than probable that this person, sick unto death, nearing the end of life's journey, "near unto God's hour," as Bossuet terms it in one of his beautiful sermons, wished to free his conscience from this torturing crime. It is also more than probable that he confided his secret to a priest under vows of secrecy, but with the understanding that the holy man was to reveal the terrible truth to the victim's sister after having made her swear that she would keep for ever silent.

And this was how the duchesse d'Angoulême found herself in possession of the rabid terrorists' secret, and obliged, like them, to keep it.

The great religious reaction which followed the vast hecatombs of the endless wars of the Empire, and the return of the Bourbons to France, makes this hypothesis even more probable.

Let us now examine a few of the numerous facts which all tend to endorse our statements.

After the re-establishment of the House of Bourbon, when the duchesse d'Angoulême went

to visit the Temple, she ordered that some cypress-trees and a weeping-willow should be planted on a certain spot indicated by her, on the piece of ground once occupied by the tower of the Temple.¹ Do we plant these symbols of death elsewhere but on graves? . . . Let it not be said that she caused them to be planted in memory of her unhappy parents' sojourn in the gloomy tower. The king, the queen, and Madame Elisabeth had their own tomb; they even had a *chapelle expiatoire* on the spot once occupied by the cemetery of the Madeleine; pious hands had planted cypress-trees and weeping-willows in memory of their sufferings.² The little Dauphin now had his own, planted by his sister's orders, perhaps by her very hand.

That is why the princess caused a wooden fence—similar to the fences usually used for that purpose—to be placed round this gloomy little grove. And the profane thought that, by so doing, she wished to mark the site occupied by the dreadful prison where she had passed so many weary days. Little did she care for archæology! She only wished to mark, quietly and unostentatiously—being bound by solemn vows—the place where a poor child, her brother, was sleeping his last sleep under the shadow of a weeping-willow.³

¹ This tower was demolished, as we shall see later on, in 1811. See M. de Beauchesne, *Louis XVII*, vol. ii, lib. xxi.

² See *Souvenirs de quarante ans*, p. 285.

³ This weeping-willow is still alive. It stands in the Square du Temple, and marks, as we have just seen, almost the exact

We will now indicate, according to the plans of the old buildings of the Temple, the exact spot whereon the little Louis XVII was buried. We quote from general d'Andigné's memoirs.

"I can well remember, from the cursory glance obtained in 1801," says he, "that the Dauphin's body must have been buried about five feet below the surface, from ten to twelve feet distant from the east wall, and forty or fifty feet from the north wall, in a hole previously prepared to receive it, and later opened by a trench in which they wished

spot occupied by the Dauphin's grave. When M. Alphand, the Le Nôtre of Paris, traced the plan of the Square du Temple, he took care not to disturb the weeping-willow, which he knew had been planted by the duchesse d'Angoulême, but he was unaware that this tree marked the exact spot on which the poor victim had been buried. If he had known this fact, would he have placed on the grave of this child, for whom men had been so pitiless, Schœnewerck's pretty statue, entitled : *This age is pitiless*?

Oh, infernal irony and contradiction of things ! Oh, supreme *qui pro quo* of fate ! But this biting jest, enthroned on the child's grave, will for ever re-echo adown the centuries in the ears of his executioners, who, in their turn, were caught in Death's icy clutches, and some of whom now rest in magnificent tombs surmounted by epitaphs in which they are likened to saints and angels !

This age is pitiless. We see it there on the little grave ! It makes us shudder. Shakespeare could not have imagined anything so dramatic.

Note.—These lines were written three years ago. I do not wish to alter a single word. I will only add that to-day (1907) the weeping-willow no longer exists, and that Schœnewerck's bronze, *This age is pitiless*, has been removed, and replaced by a statue of Diogenes, who, lantern in hand, is looking for a man.

Is he not rather looking for a child ?

to lay some new foundations, traces of which would facilitate our task. Unfortunately, a triangular plot of ground, measuring fifty odd feet, has been separated from the old *enceinte* in the angle leading to the Rotunda.¹ A fire-brigade station and a wine-shop have been constructed on this spot, so that, if I am not mistaken in my statement that the Dauphin's remains were interred about fifty feet from the north wall, his resting-place must now be hidden by these buildings.

"These remarks having been inscribed and signed by myself and all those present, I gave the document into the hands of the Mother Superior.

"After the Revolution of February, the good sisters were banished from their retreat. I do not know what became of the site once occupied by the Temple buildings."²

When we examine the plans of the Temple, and especially those made in 1808 and 1840, engraved in colours and published in a splendid work upon old Paris,³ it is easy to recognize the exact position indicated by M. d'Andigné; we find it equally clearly indicated in the plan of the Square du Temple (1881), and in the plan of the Temple grounds (1881), printed in red upon

¹ General d'Andigné revisited the grounds of the Temple in 1840. They were just as he describes them.

² General d'Andigné, *Mémoires*, vol. ii, p. 47. Note added in 1852 in the general's own handwriting.

³ *Paris à travers les Ages*, 2 vols. in folio, vol. ii (Firmin-Didot).

tracing-paper and superposed over the plans made in 1808 and 1840. Now, in 1808 we find that the grounds and buildings had not altered since 1794.

This examination shows us that the present rue des Archives passes exactly through the middle of the site formerly occupied by the principal tower, that the town-hall of the 3rd *arrondissement* is built over the old garden, and that the little king's grave is now covered by the north wall of the said town-hall. The weeping-willow was therefore placed, not on the grave itself, but in front of it. The cypress-trees were planted on the grave.

We can now understand why the duchesse d'Angoulême, who knew everything, when she heard that Simon's widow was still alive and living in the Hospital for Incurables,¹ refused to do anything for her, whereat the latter complained. Nothing could induce her to see this woman, the accomplice of her brother's murderer; but although she refused to listen to any communications which people might wish to make to her—as she had already done in the case of M. d'Andigné—she sent some of her ladies-in-waiting to question

¹ Police report of November 15, 1816. “. . . She is astonished that the duchesse d'Angoulême, who knows her condition and the valuable services rendered by her to the princess's august brother, does nothing for her. . . . She says that the Dauphin is still alive, that she is sure of this fact, and that he will eventually come to his own again” (Dr. Cabanès, *loc. cit.*, p. 476. See also Charles Nauroy, *Les Secrets des Bourbons*, p. 80-95).

the child's *gouvernante* in the Hospital for Incurables. Did they question Simon's widow upon the fate of the Dauphin? No, they only asked her about his daily life, what he had said and done during his captivity in the Temple.

The minister of the *Police générale*, M. le comte Decazes, evidently knew nothing about the revelations made to the duchesse d'Angoulême, and of course the latter could tell him nothing. What a strange state of affairs! . . . Perhaps, however, she herself commanded him to make inquiries; perhaps she allowed the minister of the police to act as he thought best, feeling that, in so doing, she was satisfying the public by pretending to take an interest in researches which could never again have any interest for her. M. Decazes then ordered the most careful inquiries to be made concerning the Dauphin's sojourn in the Temple, his death and burial; he gathered together all the documents and all the information which he could discover, and declared that he intended to reward all those persons who had rendered any services to the prisoners in the Temple. . . . And that is why he caused the inmate of the Hospital for Incurables to be interrogated.

This good woman, who knew that Louis XVIII had returned to France and that the Bourbons had been restored to power, did not wish to get herself into the Government's bad books. On

the contrary, she thought the occasion favourable in which to speak a word for herself. That accounts for the optimist views expressed by her in the presence of the police officers and the royal "interviewers." Her assertions were tinged with a certain amount of truth ; but in her anxiety to make a good thing out of her allegations, she allowed her imagination to run away with her. Did she not affirm the existence of the Dauphin¹ in order to curry favour with the royal family, force them to be grateful, and give her substantial proofs of the said gratitude ? Any one who knows and who has studied the lower classes must be struck by the remarkable facility with which they lie—especially the female portion. So we must not trust too implicitly in the old woman's one-sided assertions ; we should do well to consider them as simple hearsay. Simon's widow declared that the Dauphin did not die in the Temple, that he was not dead, that he was still alive, very much alive, that she had seen him several times, and that he had even visited her in the Hospital for Incurables. She had invented and repeated all these stories in order to force the Bourbons to show their gratitude.

And let us observe that these declarations could not—at least, so she imagined—compromise her in any way. She thought : " Let them and their

¹ " The love of self was far more highly developed in the woman Simon than in any of her companions " (De Beauchesne, *Louis XVII*, vol. ii, p. 88).

police look for him ; let them find him if they can ; I wash my hands of the whole affair."

We *may* believe the old inmate of the Hospital for Incurables ; but we must be on our guard when she informs us that "a coach was brought containing several pieces of furniture, a wicker hamper with a false bottom, and a cardboard hobby-horse, out of which they took the child who was to be substituted for the prince." But we *must not* believe her when she declares that "the latter was placed in a bundle of dirty linen, which was put, together with the hamper, in the coach."¹ This is nothing but the lie of an old woman who is anxious to pay court to those in authority so that she may reap benefits thereby ; and this lie was disproved by the ghastly discovery made in 1801 by the State-prisoners in the Temple, and by a hundred other facts ; it was merely a lie made to prove that other lie affirming that the Dauphin was still alive. "When the coach was about to leave the courtyard," she added, "the guards wished to inspect it." But she flew into a passion and pushed them aside, screaming that it only contained her dirty linen, and that they must let her pass.

It was to mark her brother's tragic death, and not the transitory sojourn of her parents in the Temple, that the duchesse d'Angoulême established a convent on the very spot once occupied by the

¹ Cabanès, *loc. cit.*, p. 433. Charles Nauroy, *loc. cit.*, p. 73-85.

hotel of the *grand-prieur*, south of the site whereon the principal tower once stood, and not because her husband, the duc d'Angoulême, in his position as *grand-prieur* of France, which position he held together with the title of admiral, owned the site of the Temple.

It was for this same reason that she added, in 1823, a chapel to the convent buildings.¹

Is not the name of the lady chosen to act as Mother Superior in this convent somewhat significant? Her name was *princesse Louise-Adélaïde de Condé*, abbess of Remiremont, and she was aunt to the duc d'Enghien! . . . This Bourbon princess, now the head of a community of Benedictine nuns belonging to the order of the "Perpetual Adoration of the Holy Sacrament," passed her time praying, on the very spot where one of her relations had been murdered, for the members of her family, one of whom had been buried in the Temple moat in 1794, and the other in the moat of Vincennes in 1804.

If the duchesse d'Angoulême really believed that her brother did not die in the Temple—as cardinal de La Fare declared to M. d'Andigné—would she have caused a weeping-willow and cypress-trees to be planted on this spot? Would she have caused a convent and a *chapelle expiatoire* to be erected as she had done in the cemetery of

¹ See the valuable plans contained in *Paris à travers les Ages*, vol. ii.

the Madeleine ?¹ That is why the royal family, who also knew the terrible secret, and were bound by a solemn vow to keep silent, never mentioned the name of Louis XVII. Little did they care for what people might say, nor for the accusations of insensibility, neglect and egoism, nor for the suspicion of complicity caused by the silence of Louis XVIII, called by some "the usurper" ; this poor little victim seemed to be completely forgotten, not only in their prayers and public ceremonies, but even in outward signs of mourning.²

¹ "Fontaine and Mercier erected this monument," says Chateaubriand, "in accordance with the pious wish expressed by Madame la Dauphine."

² "This child's very name would have been forgotten in his family epitaph if I had not reminded the *Chambre des Pairs* . . ." (Chateaubriand, *Mémoires d'outre-tombe*, vol. i, p. 269, Edition Ed. Biré). On January 9, 1816, Chateaubriand pronounced the following splendid speech—alas ! but little known :

"Surrounded by so many pitiful sights, we still bestow our pity on things least worthy of our compassion. This child-king, this young martyr who sang God's praises in the fiery furnace, has scarcely been mentioned in your divers projects and plans. Is it because he held such a humble place in our existence and history that we forget him ? But how long that life of suffering must have seemed to him ! how full of sorrow was his reign ! No aged king, bending under the weight of regal cares, hath ever borne such a heavy sceptre ! Never did the crown press so heavily on the forehead of Louis XVI, that pilgrim nearing the tomb, as the badge of innocence weighed on the brow of Louis XVII, but lately an infant in its cradle. What has become of that royal ward left in charge of his executioners, that orphan who could say with David's heir, 'My father and my mother have abandoned me' ? Where is the companion in adversity, the brother of the orphan in the Temple ? Would he hear me if I uttered that terrible,

In 1816 the police made inquiries which, though they were unsuccessful, satisfied the public.

That is why, when Dr. Pelletan, who had assisted at the *post-mortem* examination in the tower of the Temple and had surreptitiously removed the child's heart and placed it in a bottle of alcohol, offered this heart to Louis XVIII, his offer was rejected.

That is why the same child's hair, which had been cut off during the *post-mortem* examination and carefully collected by M. Domont, civil commissary for the *Section du Nord* on guard in the Temple on the 21st *prairial* (June 9) and present during the examination, when it was offered in 1815 by him to the duchesse d'Angoulême, she refused his offer.

That is why the duchesse d'Angoulême would not authorize any researches to be made in the cemetery of Sainte-Marguerite or in the *Marais*, where the body of the little sick child, who died in the tower of the Temple on June 10, according to the *procès-verbal* preserved at the *Archives nationales*, had been interred—when the *curé* of

well-known, too well-known question, 'Capet, are you asleep? Get up'? He rises, gentlemen, in all his celestial glory, and he comes, asking us to give him a tomb! . . . To the resolution of the *Chambre des Députés*, I propose to add an amendment completing the resolution of January 21: 'We humbly beg the king to command that a monument be erected to the memory of Louis XVII in the name, and at the expense, of the nation'' (*Opinions et Discours*, p. 79).

the parish of Sainte-Marguerite, M. Lemer cier, came and offered to look for the little Dauphin, whom he believed to be buried there.¹

The duchesse d'Angoulême, being bound by vows of secrecy, could give no explanations whatever. And that is why, when any one mentioned in her presence the burning question of her brother's death, she always refused to give any explanations or the smallest details concerning his sad fate. Moreover, she did not like people to speak of him before her ; every one realized that it pained her to hear his name mentioned, and so they respected her wishes. Besides, she would not have allowed herself to be drawn into a discussion unless she could have given very palpable proofs of her conviction. She kept her grief to herself: alone with her secret and her sacred memories, she was invariably silent. Her sorrows and her family

¹ See Ch. Nauroy, *Les Secrets des Bourbons*, p. 98, note, and p. 99. The vicomte Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, on the contrary, says in his memoirs that the duchesse d'Angoulême caused researches to be made in the church (he does not say the cemetery) of Sainte-Marguerite. All this is very possible, if we compare the dates. These researches were probably made before the princess really knew in whom to believe, perhaps they were made without her consent ; the work was, no doubt, accomplished in secret. Be that as it may, even if the duchesse d'Angoulême already knew the truth, she probably allowed these researches to be made before M. Lemer cier offered his services, hoping thereby to settle, once and for all, the question of Louis XVII, and thus to satisfy the curiosity of the public. She probably gave, or ordered to be given, to the *curé* of Sainte-Marguerite the same reply which the cardinal de La Fare had given to M. d'Andigné.



LA DUCHESSE D'ANGOULÊME.

losses could have no interest for the public ; they could only arouse old memories and old passions which it were better to leave in peace.

So when, during her exile, after the fall of Charles X, if any one dared to mention the mystery in her presence, she would reply very evasively, hoping thereby to discourage importunate and indiscreet questioners. And in 1832, on her return from England, during an excursion to the Hague, she said to M. de La Rochejaquelein, who was convinced that the Dauphin had been abducted and was still alive : "How could you ever think that, if there had been the smallest doubt about the matter, I should have hesitated to recognize him publicly ? Is it likely that I should prefer my uncle to my brother ?" ¹

Observe that she gave no reason to explain why she was so certain that he was not her brother.

And again on December 12, 1833, she wrote to a certain person who supported Naundorff's claims : "I am too clearly convinced of the sad certainty of my brother's death to be able to recognize him in the person who claims to be that brother." ²

Yet another time, Naundorff, whom she would never consent to meet, one day placed himself in

¹ Duchesse de Gontaut, *Mémoires*, p. 379.

² Vicomte Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, *Mémoires*, vol. v, p. 136.

her path, and, just as she was passing, threw himself into her arms, calling her "my sister!" She pushed him aside, and said to the duchesse de Parme, who was walking with her: "Don't I know that he is dead?"¹

Alas! yes, she knew it, and these words, uttered in her strange, peculiarly harsh and cavernous voice, are most impressive and heart-rending in their sad, despairing resignation.

Let us now, at the risk of repeating our assertions, give a short summary.

We think that we have clearly proved, by what we have just related, that the Dauphin died a violent death, and that a little sick child of about his own age, chosen from one of the hospitals, and condemned by reason of his miserable health to a speedy death, was substituted in his place. This poor nameless creature's death was legally and officially announced under the name of the Dauphin.

As the body of the son of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette had been interred at night-time in a corner of the Temple grounds, and covered with quicklime, as had been done to *the bodies of the king and queen in the cemetery of the Madeleine*, the death of his substitute was useful in that it enabled his guardians to fulfil all the formalities required by law. Everything was in perfect order, and the Administration was unimpeachable. We

¹ Comte d'Osmond, *Reliques et Impressions*, p. 87.

know well that, although we may acknowledge that the child whose corpse was examined in the Temple was not the Dauphin, although we may believe in general d'Andigné's statements, it may be urged that the discovery of a child's skeleton in the moat of the Temple does not *prove* that the said skeleton belonged to the Dauphin.

Granted ; but if we compare these two facts, we must necessarily be convinced of the truth of our assertions. The probabilities in favour of our statement that this was the Dauphin's skeleton are such that it must appear absolutely *certain* to an unbiassed thinker.

Perhaps it will be interesting to learn that Fouché, the *thermidorien*, after having been made duc d'Otrante, did not like to walk near the tower of the Temple. That great black silhouette, dominating a whole *quartier* of Paris, seemed to distress him. Towards the end of the Empire, when, perhaps, he was thinking—who knows?—of becoming an honest man, he suggested to Napoleon that the building should be demolished. Napoleon, like Fouché, was not fond of monuments which had witnessed embarrassing historical events ; he knew, also, that certain reports had been circulated about Pichegru's death, and he did not wish the gloomy tower to keep those reports fresh in the people's memory. The spectre of Pichegru, who had been found strangled in his cell in the Temple—although Napoleon was quite

innocent of his death—came, perhaps, together with the ghost of the duc d'Enghien, to haunt him and to disturb his dreams of glory.

And then, this tower reminded the people that they could get rid of troublesome sovereigns with the same facility with which the latter had once got rid of any one who stood in their way. So, when the Empire fell, the tower had already been demolished for four or five years. The ground was now level where, during eight centuries, the majestic pile once stood. Not even a stone remained : *etiam periere ruinae*.

If we wish to judge calmly of any epoch, we must call imagination to our aid to help us to live in the past, we must participate in the enthusiastic transports of those feverish days, realize the events and circumstances which caused those troublous times, put ourselves in the place of the principal actors in the drama, and be swayed by the same passions and assailed by the same temptations to which they succumbed.

We must remember that the *conventionnels*, in their exalted patriotism, had become quite fanatical ; that the endless perils at home and abroad had exasperated them until they could no longer bear the strain, and that their hatred of the monarchy had almost maddened them ; we must remember their youthful ardour (for they nearly all died before attaining their thirtieth year), together with the intoxicating delight of possessing unlimited



NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

powers in those strenuous, passionate days, under the eyes of an ever-seething populace, and that, under such peculiar circumstances, and when such immortal deeds had been accomplished, they had the right to plead many extenuating circumstances.

Having said this, we must also remember that if, during an exceptional crisis in the life of a nation—"a crisis of growth," as Taine termed the Revolution—any mud lies in the lowest ranks of the populace or in the people's conscience, it is sure to rise to the surface; even the finest wines are not entirely free from dregs; though the flood carries golden nuggets in its bosom, it also carries filth and impurities. Many of the *conventionnels*, although not entirely devoid of noble and spirited feelings, were subject to fits of meanness; though some were courageous and unselfish, others cringed in obedience to the petty tyrants of the day instead of boldly asserting their independence. We must remember that Madame Roland called them "an assembly of cowards";¹ that the *abbé* Grégoire, future count and senator during the Empire, said that "the *Convention* contained two or three hundred scoundrels, and was chiefly composed of cowards."² And yet time in its flight has metamorphosed the men whom Madame Roland called "pigmies"³ into the "giants" of the *Convention*.

We cannot agree with those who only give

¹ *Lettre à Buzot*, published by Dauban, p. 44.

² *Mémoires*, vol. ii, p. 45.

³ *Mémoires*, vol. ii, p. 95.

praise when they can do so without any mental reservation ; the *Convention*, in the matter of meanness, had no cause to envy the old court, "that vast storehouse of knaves and imbeciles."

The Revolution, with all its principal actors and their deeds, is now so far away ; the overheated passions which caused so many crimes are now as cold as the bodies of their slaves ; every one can now speak openly. And that is why the historian ought to search calmly and impartially for the truth and to examine thoroughly the actions and consciences of those men who, no matter the epithets bestowed upon them by their friends, enemies, contemporaries, or successors, played the principal parts during this crisis in our national life.

So it is not at all surprising that one or more of these "cowards" and these "pigmies" of the *Convention*, in conjunction with other "cowards" and "pigmies" belonging to the *Commune*, should have plotted the drama of the Temple such as we have just related. After having sent the father, mother and aunt to the scaffold, can we be surprised that they killed the child ? But the fact that they covered their crime with a veil of hypocrisy is truly surprising. His tender age, if not the law which only allowed the murder of grown persons, ought to have protected him. But these "law-scribbling executioners," as they were stigmatized by one of their most illustrious victims,¹

¹ André Chénier.

did they observe any laws? Did they not know how to distort and violate them according to their good pleasure? Never have men more blindly obeyed their evil passions, and even those of their neighbours, than in those days—and they fondly imagined and pretended that they were acting in accordance with their principles! Every day they committed cruel deeds, and thought they were doing good because they tricked out their atrocities in pompous, stilted Latin phrases. Verily they seem to have read, not the gentle Jean-Jacques Rousseau, not Voltaire's mad witticisms, but *Mascurat*, in which Gabriel Naudé gave recipes for what he considered lawful practices according to circumstances: murders, imprisonments and other proceedings equally creditable to politics and civilization. Though they were always talking of fraternity and spouting empty phrases full of allusions to equality and liberty, they were longing to strike; they threatened, and the deed immediately followed the threat.

This cynical way of looking at things was not peculiar to the Republicans. The Vendéens, with one or two splendid exceptions, as, for instance, the generous Bonchamp, were all cut to the same pattern. They, also, had no pity for their fellow-creatures. We need but remember the massacres at Machecoul, Charette's brutality and Pageot's atrocious conduct in the *Marais*. Both sides, *bleus* as well as *blancs*, were pitiless. "No mercy!"

was the cry of *Commune* and *Convention*. "No quarter!" was the password of prince and Vendéen. The pages of the history of these intolerant times are stained with blood. Happily we can view these men in several lights; appearances are often deceptive, and many of these men were born for better things. Lebon, of Arras, a tender-hearted fellow, was baptized "the well-named" by his friends. These enthusiastic partisans of civil war, these admirers of *Convention*, *Commune* and club, who both in Paris and la Vendée had a greater opinion of themselves than of their duty to their fellow-men, were all afflicted with the same mental disease, the same mad impulses which attacked many a heart more generous than high-principled, and from which both sides alike suffered more or less according to their passions and prejudices, their interests or their characters. Can one escape the maladies of one's time? Impulse has much to answer for. Fear at that time was stronger than enthusiasm; the wildest passions were omnipotent, and, then as now, brutal tyrants drove before them flocks of timid peace-lovers, grumblers, dogs in the manger, turncoats and "the frogs in the marsh." And yet, in private life, with a few exceptions, these men who, to gratify their love of high-flown sentiments and to show off their oratorical powers, used to call each other cowards, bandits, brigands,¹ who

¹ See the *Mémoires de La Revellière-Lépeaux*. Paris. Plon. 3 vols. in 8vo.

seemed to think fire, pillage and murder necessary to the foundation of all good republics, and who sent each other to the guillotine—these men were easy-going, soft-hearted fellows who loved peace and hard work, cherished their wives and adored their children. We need only look at Fouché in his *daily* family life: was there ever a better papa? And he was such a good-hearted fellow!

And yet these men murdered the little child in the Temple. They were as pitiless then as the duchesse d'Angoulême was pitiless in 1815. But in her case, as in the case of the executioners of her family, this cruelty was caused by the desire for revenge. And to this very day both political parties continue to worship their respective ideals.

But let us try to look calmly at the matter and repeat with La Bruyère: "It is ever a new source of astonishment to me to behold with what cruelty men treat their fellow-creatures." And yet La Bruyère had witnessed neither the Revolution nor the Empire, nor the first years of the *Restauration*.

But how could they find it in their hearts to kill a child? . . . English history, however, can furnish us with a precedent, a double precedent! Why should these men be more scrupulous than the English who, when they beheaded their king, Charles I, set the example imitated by the Parisians in order to rid themselves of Louis XVI? And then, the two children of Edward were murdered in the Tower of London; the son of "Capet" and

of the "Austrian woman" could easily be murdered in the tower of the Temple. And then they would let the daughter go free. Besides, this was not the first step in the downward path to bloody crimes and guilt; they were up to their knees in blood, Vendéens and republicans alike wallowed in it.¹

What did it matter to the authors and approvers of the September massacres whether they shortened

¹ General Turreau, having asked M. d'Elbée, who had been made prisoner by the *bleus*: "If we were in your power, what would you do with us?" He replied: "I should do what you are going to do to me." He knew very well that he was going to be shot. (Mme. de Sapinaud, *Mémoires*, p. 64.) When writing about the inhumanity of those days, I usually prefer to cite female evidence, for women ought to be more humane and charitable than men. Mme. de La Rochejaquelein, who was escorting on horseback the carriage in which her first husband, M. de Lescure, lay dying, wrote: "I must confess that on that day, having noticed the bodies of several republicans lying by the roadside, a kind of secret and involuntary madness made me, without uttering a word, urge my horse to trample on those who had killed M. de Lescure." (Mme. de La Rochejaquelein, *Mémoires*, p. 273.) We find these acts of fanaticism, these bloody deeds of vengeance, this cold-blooded cruelty on all sides and in all civil wars. The Vendéens, although we are obliged to esteem them, and although they were made the object of a kind of worship, were, no less than the revolutionists of Paris, swayed by these terrible passions. They also had their "guillotine furies." But we find tender-hearted women in both camps. Mlle. Pauline de Tourzel (later comtesse de Béarn), having been saved from the September massacres by Manuel, public prosecutor to the *Commune*, was taken to the house of a lady, who received her with the greatest kindness. "This person," she wrote in her gratitude, "this person, to whom I owed these first moments of consolation, was Mme. Carnot, sister-in-law of the future *Directeur*" (*Souvenirs de quarante ans*, p. 219).

the life of this child or not? . . . Many a perverted conscience, by coolly and calmly considering the possibility of committing some bad deed or crime from which it hopes to reap pleasure or profit, finally ceases to feel any horror of that crime.

Besides, sophisms were just as fashionable in those days as cold-blooded cruelty and false sensibility. "It is no good to punish them, we must annihilate them,"¹ cried Couthon, speaking of the "enemies of the fatherland," and we know that this saying can be interpreted in many ways. Collot d'Herbois, for his part, said: "What does one care for justice or injustice in revolutionary times!"

It has been often said that they wished to poison the Dauphin. The royalist Eckard, in his *Mémoires historiques sur Louis XVII*, quotes several motions made by representatives: Mailhe, Chabot, Brival, etc., tending to get rid of the "little Capet." It would be easy to quote other similar proposals. This proves that the crime was in the air, that the plot was boiling and bubbling, ready to burst forth from the crucible in a molten crimson stream. We may mention that proposals to kill the Dauphin were made after the 9th *thermidor*, that is to say, more than six months after the unhappy child had been suppressed. So the secret had remained among a few of the initiated; the 9th *thermidor* swept away the greater number of those who were concerned

¹ Couthon, *Rapport du 22 prairial, an III*.

in the plot. Not all of them, however, for Courtois seems to have known the truth, and there was probably some one (he himself, perhaps ¹) who told, or rather charged a second person to tell, the whole story to the duchesse d'Angoulême. Unless Barras, who was not a republican *à la Cato*, and whom Taine called "the most shameless of the corrupted," told her the secret in order to escape the law of January 12, 1816, which banished all former regicide-*conventionnels* from France. For Barras seems to have possessed fewer rights to royal mercy than any of his companions; it was he, in fact, who, on the 19th *nivôse, an III* (January 8, 1795), made a motion tending to celebrate in future by a grand *fête* the anniversary of the day on which *the last tyrant-king expiated on the scaffold the crimes with which he had sullied his name*. In his *Mémoires* ² he modestly, all too modestly, reminds us that it was he who took the initiative: "The *Commission extraordinaire des Cinq* seemed only to have been instituted in order to serve as a scapegoat for the *Comités*. As the Commission's agent, I was ordered to draw up a report upon the *fête* of January 21."

Barras wrote three accounts of his visit to the Temple. Therefore he must have realized the

¹ Courtois, who had purchased the estate of Montboisier, had erected a monument to the memory of M. de Malesherbes, the defender of Louis XVI.

² Vol. i, p. 224.

importance of the subject—even from his own exclusively personal point of view. These three accounts are all precisely similar except for a few insignificant details. This does not mean that the author really meant what he wrote ; on the contrary, perhaps. . . . Like the widow Simon, he was an accomplished liar. M. G. Duruy, the editor of Barras's *Mémoires*, says in his introduction : “ What a heart this gentleman must have had who, though he mentions the subject three times in the notes made in his own handwriting, does not once seem touched by the memory of that visit paid to the dying child of his king ! ” This is rather a naïve remark, when we remember that he is talking of Barras ; but it tends to prove the fact that the child seen by Barras in the Temple on the 10th *thermidor*, at six o'clock in the morning, was not the son of Louis XVI—and Barras knew it ! But does he not allude to his *murder*, the work of so many active or passive accomplices ; does he not seem to acknowledge that this murder influenced, in some mysterious manner, the fate of the *Convention* when he wrote the following rather ambiguous sentence : “ Although this epoch (the epoch preceding the 9th *thermidor*) may seem easily explained by human passions, pretexts and the ever-present dread of the enemy at our gates, there must have been other and more mysterious circumstances which caused such a state of universal terror ; philosophers and publicists would

do well to examine this question very carefully before deciding whether this was an anomalous case in the history of truth or not.”¹

Tallien was also authorized to remain in France, and he certainly knew as much about the Dauphin as Barras himself knew.² Perhaps he also spoke; perhaps it was thanks to his revelations that he escaped the fate of his accomplices. It has been said that clemency was shown towards him in gratitude for his conduct on the 9th *thermidor*³—but is this really true?

But we must let sleeping dogs lie. Once more we must doubt and pass on. Be that as it may, the whole atmosphere in 1793 and 1794 was full of fire and blood; mad whims and fanaticism obliterated all traces of common-sense, all feelings of humanity; cartloads of human beings were

¹ Barras, *Mémoires*, vol. i, p. 211.

² Tallien, however, went to Bordeaux, October 16, 1793, and remained there until February 22, 1794. So he did not participate—at least, so we may suppose—in the suppression of the Dauphin. And yet about 1796 the anonymous author of a work, in which Tallien is apostrophized in violent terms upon his conduct, says to him (p. 169): “If your cheeks are not bedewed with tears as you read this article, if your heart is not galled by repentance . . . you are not a man. . . . Then, deaf to all else but righteous indignation, I shall unveil the frightful picture of the past, I shall tell on what spot, at what hour, and by what monsters that fatal draught was prepared, and how this innocent victim expired in the Temple!” (*Manuel des assemblées primaires et électorales de France, Hambourg et Paris*, in 12mo, undated.—Quoted by Dr. Cabanès, also in Eckard’s *Mémoires*).

³ Chancelier Pasquier, *Mémoires*, vol. i, p. 115.

sent like sheep to the slaughter-house, as in old days religious fanatics burned their fellow-creatures because they did not agree with them concerning the interpretation of sundry passages in the Holy Scriptures. Fanaticism is always the same, no matter what disguise it may assume ; but it is strange that its victims belong chiefly to that class of men so cleverly described by La Bruyère when he said : “ A devotee is a person who, under an atheistical king, would be an atheist.” And Payan explains the meaning of fanaticism in his letter dated 18th *brumaire*, an II: “ Even if Philippe (d’Orléans) had been innocent, if his death could have been of any use, he would have had to die.”¹

This argument, propounded by Payan with astonishing ingenuousness and arbitrary cynicism, explains the “ principle ” by virtue of which the Dauphin had to disappear. They had declared that “ his death might be of use, and so he had to perish.” Fine jurisprudence, forsooth, but it was current in those days !

It is only too true that those who were implicated in the abominable murder of this child then tried to throw all the blame upon the man who was certainly more guilty than his accomplices, but who could no longer defend himself, and whom they made the scapegoat for all the crimes

¹ *Papiers inédits trouvés chez Robespierre, Saint-Just, Payan, etc., supprimés ou omis par Courtois*, vol. ii, p. 396.

—including their own—committed during the Revolution. This man was Robespierre, whom M. Thiers, so partial, so unreasonably indulgent towards the *thermidoriens*, loaded with all the latter's misdeeds. Politicians already knew how to lie at that time.

In fact we read, among the papers found in Robespierre's lodgings and published by Courtois, a letter giving us some very valuable clues: it is evidently the work of a forger; it is anonymous, although signed *Niveau*;¹ it was probably never sent to Robespierre, but it would seem as if it had been placed among his papers after the 10th *thermidor*—as if it had been put there in order to replace some papers which had been stolen and which the thief took good care not to publish.

This is what the letter says:

"A few more heads off and the dictatorship is yours. . . . For political reasons, leave the little Capets and their aunt in peace; if you killed the boy, the crowned brigands would immediately proclaim as their king the stout gentleman at Ham. . . ." This anonymous letter tends to throw the responsibility of the Dauphin's murder, if it were discovered, upon Robespierre. Perhaps it was concocted by one of the latter's accomplices, a *thermidorien* no doubt, some quack dispenser of humanity and virtue, who, by this letter, wished to throw his pursuers off the scent. Such a hypothesis

¹ Niveau = level,

is quite possible if we recollect that he who is afraid of being suspected of a misdeed which he is anxious to conceal, tries to justify himself even before he is accused, tries to deny his fault and to lay the blame upon some one else before any one thinks of suspecting him.

On the other hand, this letter would tend to prove all the conjectures and "quasi-proofs" concerning the murder of the Dauphin as quoted by us. It would seem as if Courtois, or some other *thermidorien*, one of Robespierre's accomplices, had, by this letter, tried to throw all the blame upon Robespierre—Robespierre of whom they rid themselves according to the laws and customs of those times, as he himself had got rid of Hébert and Chaumette, because he wanted to call them to account for all their thefts, extravagance and other misdeeds.

In Hérault de Séchelles' letter to Carrier we find something tending to prove that the document signed *Niveau* was a forgery: "When a representative has been sent on a mission, and when he has to strike, he must strike hard and leave all responsibility to the executioners; he must never compromise himself in writing."¹

That is why we possess no written proofs of the drama in the Temple. It is easy to understand that no one wished to leave any traces of it. Besides, many of those who knew the secret

¹ *Hist. parlement*, vol. xxxiv, p. 193.

perished on the 11th *thermidor*; most of the conspirators had already perished, and the few survivors kept their tongues behind their teeth. Barras, who must have known everything, confirmed the official lie with another lie. Barère, who never compromised himself more than he could help, said nothing; Levasseur (de la Sarthe) followed suit. . . .

It would be useless to try to discover the names of those responsible for the murder of this child: what does it matter whether they were *hébertistes* or *dantonistes*, *robesspierristes* or *thermidoriens*? All these men now belong to ancient history. The *Convention* governed through its two powerful *Comités*; and any Government is guilty which cannot prevent or which ignores the arbitrary deeds and cruel actions committed under cover of its own tyrannical misdeeds. We must remember Carrier's terrible but truly apposite saying; when he was summoned before the *Convention* to give an account of his mission in Nantes, he cried: "Every one is guilty here, every one and everything, even the president's bell is not innocent!"¹

And here we finish our task of examination.

The lines which we have just read are by no means mere idle gossip overheard in salons or whispered by the fireside; nor are they more or

¹ Thibaudeau, *Mémoires*, vol. i, p. 142.

less literary fancies such as we find in many so-called historical works written in the interest of certain political parties to whom the author lends his pen and his opinions ; in such works he forgets to consult nothing except reliable evidence and authentic documents ; he looks for everything but the truth. Having no documents to help us in our task—and we have explained in the words of Hérault de Séchelles why no documents exist on the subject—we have refrained *as much as possible* from expressing mere idle conjectures ; but having compared facts and documents, we drew our own conclusions.

And thus we discovered the truth.

Before concluding, we will say one word concerning Naundorff. As medical science had already proved that the child who died in the Temple, June 8, 1795, was not the same as the boy who entered the prison, August 13, 1792, so it proved that Naundorff *could not* be the son of Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette. Let us simply copy the following lines, published in a scientific periodical, concerning the marks or “stigmas” transmitted by parents to their offspring :

“We find numerous traces of this mark (prominent lower jaw) among the members of the French royal family. Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette both bore the distinguishing features of the House of Habsburg. From this family

likeness, M. V. Galippe has drawn an extremely interesting inference, especially important to all those who are interested in the fate of Louis XVII. He considers that the Naundorffs have not inherited the prominent lower jaw, and that therefore they are not descended from the son of Louis XVI ; the mark of the Habsburgs should be even more pronounced in their case, as both father and mother bore the distinguishing family marks.”¹

And yet the vicomte Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, after his first interview with Naundorff, wrote to the duchesse d'Angoulême (November 16, 1833) : “I found myself in the presence of a man who certainly bore some resemblance to the well-known portraits of Louis XVII and whose features were not unlike the features of the Bourbon family.”²

But who does not know with what facility, after more or less time spent before the mirror, actors manage to resemble any historical personage whom they may wish to represent ? How many have we not seen who, according to Napoleon's contemporaries, could paint their faces to resemble the Emperor ? During the reign of Louis-Philippe,

¹ *La Nature* for November 4, 1905, article by Dr. A. Cartaz on the work by Dr. V. Galippe, member of the *Académie de Médecine*—*L'Hérédité des stigmates de dégénérescence et les familles souveraines*. 1 vol. in 8vo, 456 pages. Masson et Cie., éditeurs, Paris.

² Vicomte Sosthène de La Rochefoucauld, *Mémoires*, vol. v, p. 125.

Gobert of the *Théâtre de la Porte-Saint-Martin*, and Edmond of the *Cirque*, became famous for this resemblance. Doubtless Naundorff, for his part, tried to resemble, as much as possible, Louis XVI and Marie-Antoinette.



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